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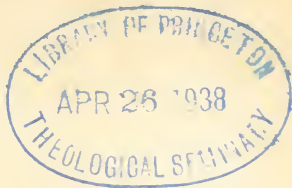




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THE

A M U L E T.

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SOUR GRAPES.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

“ I have frequently observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the object of our desire begins to lose its attraction in our eyes.”

Mr. Collins—Pride and Prejudice.

THOSE tempting grapes!—how rich their hue,
Amidst the green on which they rest!
Their purple blood seems bursting through,
As eager to be pressed.

A bunch of beauty!—hue and shape
Combined to form the fair design;
A group of fairy globes—each grape
A little world of wine!

Most beautiful to every sense;
The heart drinks pleasure through the eyes;
And now its longing grows intense—
The hand would seize the prize.

It seizes—no ! but try again ;
Another catch—on tip-toe try ;
One effort more ;—the hope is vain,
 They hang so very high.

A dreary change—a chilling shade,
A sudden breath of blighting power,
Falls on the grapes—their colours fade—
 The fruit, in fact, is sour !

So is it with us ; hour by hour,
Age after age ; and this were meet,
If calling sweets beyond us sour,
 Could make our sours more sweet.

It may be wise to scorn the prize,
For which in vain we read or wrote ;
But wiser far to see a star
 Still radiant, though remote.

If happy he, who, should he miss
The fruit, can pass it as pernicious,
More bless'd his lot, who, losing bliss,
 Still thinks the grapes delicious ;—

Who sees the crowning cluster—where
His hand *may* reach in two more summers ;
And laughs, and leaves its sweetness there.
 A feast for after-comers.

SOME ACCOUNT OF
THE ISLAND OF JERBI,
AND
THE TOWER OF HUMAN HEADS.

From information obtained on a visit to that Island during the
Summer of 1833.

BY THOMAS KERRICH.

It will doubtless sound rather singular to the reader, that a person should undertake a voyage to the coast of Barbary, beginning in June and continuing throughout the three following months, for pleasure and not from necessity; yet such was the case, in spite of anticipated heat. In conjunction with some relatives, I hired a good stout brigantine of 120 tons, which was entirely at our disposal for any length of time, at a stipulated price per month. We sailed direct for Algiers, but from baffling winds and calms, were some time before we made this new colony of France. Of this paltry possession I will say nothing, as it is now so well known, and has been so

often described in different colours. Suffice it that we were treated with every attention by the governor, notwithstanding an idea at first prevalent, that we were accredited emissaries, charged to spy out the nakedness of the land. After a fifteen days' stay, we coasted to Bona, another point of French occupation. We put in here for two reasons; first, to know if there were any foundation in the report of two Greek pirates being out; and secondly, to visit the remains of the ancient Hippo Regius;—antiquities being the principal object of our trip. I cannot say we were here treated as civilly as at Algiers, owing to our having a renegade Moorish Jew on board our vessel, as interpreter, who had been, by chance, for a short time, in the service of the Ex-Dey, when at Naples. We had landed very early in the morning, and having procured an escort of about two hundred Arabs, in French pay, under the command of the well-known Yusuf, scoured the woods, which lie about a mile from the town, and visited the remains of the city above-named. If I were to describe this little excursion in full, it would take up too much of my brief space; suffice it, therefore, to say it was one I never shall forget. The novelty of the scene, the exquisite scenery itself, the wildness of the Arabs, dashing over every impediment in their way, a chance shot or two, which led us to expect an attack from the enemy, and consequent preparations, all combined to produce a degree of excitement, which has left a lasting impression of delight in my mind. Before, however, we had quite completed our excursion, and in the midst of our enjoyment, the escort was recalled by an aide-de-camp from the town, and any future pleasures we

had proposed to ourselves, were soon after damped by a most singular act of the Commandant of the place. We had returned on board our brig for dinner, intending to re-land and pay our respects to him in the evening, but, during our meal, were not a little surprised at seeing a man-of-war's boat pull alongside, whose officer informed us that he had to transmit the notification, that no one belonging to the vessel would be permitted to land. This, on the part of the officer despatched, was done in the most polite way imaginable ; although we were further requested to get under weigh as soon as possible. I have every reason to suppose, that this curious proceeding (for which no plea was at the moment given) arose from pique on the part of the General, at our not having waited upon him immediately on arriving, but on remonstrance, he informed us, that our having an agent of the Ex-Dey, in the person of our Moorish Jew, on board our vessel, fully justified him in preventing any communication with the shore. Owing to foul winds, we were obliged to stay two days longer ; during which time we received several milder messages from the town, giving permission to land, with the exception of the servants ; but at the same time I must conceive the General mistrusted us, for even our water-casks were examined by the corvette near us, lest arms should be carried on shore when the boats went to water. We declined availing ourselves of the permission to land, as we had already drawn up a statement of our case, to our Consul at Algiers. This, I feel happy I have it in my power to say, was instantly attended to by the Governor, and in consequence the General received an appropriate reprimand.

We met with nothing but calms and light winds on our way to Tunis. This dull and monotonous life was once changed by our having one night to muster all hands on deck, as a long, suspicious-looking craft, full of men, refused to answer our repeated hailing, and was nearly alongside of us. It was only when they perceived us to be well-furnished with arms, and giving unequivocal signs of our proceeding to use them, that they bore away when within pistol-shot. Their design was evident: if they had found us unprepared, they would have boarded us, but the light of a fuzee proved to them that the attempt would not be unattended with risk to themselves.

Our reception at Tunis is not to be forgotten. Every one who has been received at the *Abdalleah*,* has found hospitality in deeds, not words. We spent some time here, as our vessel had to be careened; but that time was pleasantly passed. The vicinity of the plains of Carthage caused many an interesting walk. When our brig was ready, we sailed towards Tripoli, having fixed to take Medhdia, Susa, Sfakus, and the island of Jerbi, in the way. From Medhdia, our Arab pilot conducted us to Sfakus, through the narrow and intricate passage of the Kerkenna Isles. Those who have been either through this passage, or seen Captain Smyth's beautiful chart of this perilous coast, will know, or easily judge, how hazardous the undertaking is, unless there be every favourable chance of sea and wind. If the former be not calm, no vessel drawing seven feet water, can pass without bumping. Our passage was in every way successful; although, at times, we felt a little nervous, inasmuch as the lead-line

* *Abdalleah*. The residence of the British Consul.

constantly told us we had but fifteen inches of water under the keel of the brig. "Providence is great!" said our Arab.

We anchored at Sfakus, from whence we made a most interesting journey inland as far as *El-Jemme*,* where there is a most splendid and perfect amphitheatre, built, it is supposed, by Gordian. On our return from this excursion, which took up five days, we proceeded direct to the island of Jerbi.†

Our reasons for visiting this place were various. First, we had heard reports, although contradictory, of ancient remains; next we were induced by curiosity, for almost every one is more or less curious to see places very little known; and lastly, we were tempted by the facility of visiting it, being within a few hours' sail, with a fair wind; besides which, our time was our own, and we did not care much whither we went. The appearance of the island, as viewed from the anchorage, (which is four miles out) is not worthy of remark, as little of it is to be seen, owing to the extreme flatness of the land, such being the character of that part of the coast of Barbary. The tops of the lofty date-trees, which appeared to cover the island, were the only distinguishable objects. These trees are here most beautiful; the most so, indeed, I ever saw, especially as I beheld them to advantage, clothed, as they were, in the lustrous yellow garlands of their delicious fruit. The island is famous for dates, and olives. Of the latter tree, I saw some trunks partly decayed, of immense dimensions.

* El-Jemme was the ancient Thyrsus.

† Vertot, p. 247, Tom. iii. calls it Gelves or Gerbi; again, p. 333, Zerbi or Gelves.

I witnessed an Arab ride through an aperture in one, on horseback. We found here, that a considerable commerce in the particular produce of the country was carried on. Great quantities of oil are exported, also date-brandy and fine wool. Jerbi is famous for its manufactures of sefsaars, and bournoozes, which compose the clothing of the Arabs. There are also considerable potteries. Water is bad and bitter, and though the mastic-bush grows here, I am not sure whether in sufficient quantities to answer the labour of gathering the gum. Jerbi belongs to the Pashalic, or kingdom, of Tunis, and is nearly on its confines towards that of Tripoli, from which place I should imagine it to be distant nearly 130 miles in a straight line. At a guess, I should put down the island in dimensions at about 20 miles in length and breadth, its extremities bearing, as near as can be, to the four cardinal points of the compass.

I was much struck with the island, and as much so with the natives, who seem unadulterated Arabs. In every new scene, some points may forcibly strike one person's fancy, whilst others may catch another; but there is an object in this little island which can hardly fail to call the attention of even a casual visitor; and which must arrest the attention of every one who takes a deeper interest in the fate and history of those who have preceded us on the surface of a globe which, even in its most desert spots, presents mementos fraught with moral instruction in the history of ages passed away;—this is no other than a pyramidal monument of human skulls, embedded in masonry, situated at the usual landing-place on the sea-shore.

As to its history I was for a time quite at a loss, but trusted some local tradition might be brought to light, which would put me on the track of discovering it. True it is, I was aware of the island having been the scene of more than one sanguinary contest betwixt the "true believers" and the "dogs of Christians," as the Turks are wont to express themselves; and, although fairly acquainted with the details of these combats, yet I could in no wise tax my memory with having either read or heard of the building of such a barbarous monument. Amongst the various trophies of victory, or vengeance, to be met with in the wide world, this one is, I believe, solitary. In the flush of victory, barbarian conquerors have caused piles of slaughtered enemies' heads to be erected at the very entrances of their tents, in order that their eyes might feast on the "bloody and gory harvest;" but I feel sure that a solid, compact monument of "heads," bedded in masonry, like the present, exists nowhere but in the little known, and less frequented, island of Jerbi. In shape the aforesaid monument may be most aptly compared to one of the great Senegal ants' nests; conical, but not coming to an abrupt point, from 30 to 35 feet high, and 25 in diameter at its base. The whole consists, or is formed, of human heads, in layers, supported on thigh-bones. It appears, that in the first instance, these were simply filled up without any other material, but afterwards emplastered with cement to preserve the whole from the sea-spray. This is obvious; as, on the side facing the sea, the cement has, in part, given way, and the skeleton heads are for a considerable space exposed to view. I have now in my possession some teeth, extracted

in my presence by one of our sailors, who climbed to the top of the tower, using irreverently many an empty mouth with his foot as the steps of a ladder. I learned from our Arab pilot that the tower was called Burj-er-Roos, and that it was formed of Christian heads; but as to any thing more, he seemed to think it of no earthly consequence. I had first addressed myself to him in particular, as he was a native of the island. I then tried many other persons, but with no better success; so that I was half-inclined to despair of ever finding out the real history of this extraordinary construction. We were luckily furnished with every requisite order from the Bey of Tunis, to the Governors of the different places in the Pashalic which we might visit, and we were thus sure of every possible attention. Amongst the rest we had a letter to the Kaiade or Governor of Jerbi. He himself was absent, but his locum tenens proved just as useful as the principal could have been.

He was a fine, old, thorough-going Mussulmaun, one who, scorning the reforming principles of the day, would as soon have eaten "pork sold by a Jew," as have clipped his fine beard to dimensions laid down by tariff from Stambool; yet he was liberal in his ideas, for he took wine—but as medicine; and liked rum better, because it was stronger. When "*drinking a pipe*"* with him, a bottle of old Jamaica used, quite by chance, of course, to appear from the dragoman's pocket; upon which his eyes would strangely dilate, and his lips half give out a *Wullah ! Wullah !* I used on such occasions to feign my surprise as naturally as I could. He, in return, swore by "his

* An ordinary eastern term for smoking.

beard and father's grave," that I could be nothing else than a "true believer," and devoutly wished, he said, that I might "safely pass over the narrow-edged bridge to Paradise." To a certain degree, I believe these pious wishes for my future welfare, arose from a humble gift of a brace of Birmingham pistols, expressly perpetrated, by conscientious makers, for the use of "true believers;" but we have no right to judge of motives. For my own part, I consider the gift as extremely trifling, inasmuch as I would, on no consideration, have fired them off when loaded in the Turkish fashion. Customs and ideas are fortunately different. The Mussulmaun trusts in Fate to such an extent as sometimes to neglect even common precautions.*

The Sub-Kaiade and myself speedily becoming friends, I prevailed upon him, without much difficulty, to promise me a visit on board our vessel—after giving him an assurance of finding something better than plain kous-kous. He kept his word—came—enjoyed himself vastly—ate hugely—and swallowed divers doses of his pseudo-medicine in as

* I must here venture to quote what I myself have witnessed, as an instance. At Tunis, by permission, we visited the Powder-Manufactory: it so happened that it took place after our having been presented to the Bey, so that we were in uniform, and, to make the matter worse, cavalry uniform. On entering the Manufacture, we were rather surprised at finding part of the guard quietly enjoying their pipes under the archway, within a few yards only of many cwt. of powder drying on frames. One spark, carried by a sudden gust of wind, would have sent them, us, and the fabrique Heaven knows where. This is not all. We went through the place with our sabres on, not to name spurs. Some of the mules, too, working at the mill, were shod, and very little attention seemed to be paid as to whether or not there were flints on the ground. And yet, who ever heard of an explosion of a Turkish powder-mill? At Tunis, at least, the thing was never dreamt of as probable, or possible; and I was informed, never had in the memory of the inhabitants occurred. Go into an English store-room, and behold list shoes, &c. And yet, where has Dartford, &c. been more than once.

many shapes as presented. All seemed alike to him, provided there was a sufficiency of alcohol in the material. I took the slight precaution, at our repast, of serving the wine in earthen jugs, so that he might not see its colour, and the consequence was, that not seeing it, his light conscientious feelings about openly drinking the forbidden liquor were tranquillized at the very smallest expense imaginable. I must remark, that to liqueurs he made no objection whatever, as they were classed outside of the pale of wine. Champagne was put down on the list as bubbling sugar and water; porter as barley-water, &c. Indeed, I cannot to this day comprehend how the old man contrived to swallow so much indiscriminate spirituous liquid without showing its unequivocal effects. Wondering at the supernatural solidity of the Sub-Kaiade's cranium, I thought this the moment (one evidently of great satisfaction to himself) to begin my inquiries respecting the "Tower of Heads."

After a great deal of *palaver*, if I may use the term, in which I perceived a decided reluctance on the part of the Moor to answer some questions I caused to be put to him through the dragoman, the conversation took a regular form. It was most richly interlarded with true Islamite phrases, of which I shall not insert the whole, as they might offend more delicate ears than mine own. I firmly believe the Moor did not intend them to come to my hearing, but the rogue of a dragoman was so hugely tickled with them, that not only did he translate them literally, but at the same time kept so marvellously steady a face and bearing, that the scene was doubly enriched. Although Ali the interpreter cared not a bunch of dates

for the Sub-Kaiade, yet, to appearance, he was all humility, as the following brief conversation between them will evince :—

“ Might your servant,” said he, at the same time filling the Moor’s glass with neat rum, which quickly disappeared with a grunt of satisfaction, “ presume to ask on the part of his Master, if it enters into your memory, to relate when and why the Burj-er-Roos was erected.”

“ How should I know ?” replied the Moor, “ when it was before my father’s father’s time—may their graves be undefiled, and rest in peace !”

“ But still,” insinuated Ali, “ you might recall some of your father’s words respecting it, as one remembers the secrets of hidden treasures handed down to us in the same way.”

“ Aha !” said the Moor, “ is that it ? Well, but they are words only after all. I have heard something about the Tower, but—(puff, puff, from his pipe and mouth) I cannot exactly recollect now. Hark ye (sotto voce to the dragoman) the tower of which you are talking, is built of ‘ Christian dogs’ ’ heads ; and, between ourselves, I wish their fathers roasted in hell, so that it won’t suit me to say too much on the subject in your Master’s presence ; and yet (puff, puff) I cannot, Ali, believe that he is really an infidel ” (here, I must observe, he looked at and handled the afore-named two pistols committed to his charge, which were at the very moment swelling his belt.)

“ You judge rightly of my master,” replied Ali, “ for he loves the Mussulmauns, detests the Greeks, and delights in hearing of the noble deeds of the true believers of Islam.”

“If that be the case,” cried the Moor, “Inshallah, I will tell him all I know about the tower. Ask him to drink a pipe with me to-morrow. But Wullah ! Wullah ! is it not odd to make such a whirlwind of dust about a few dogs’ heads ? (puff, puff, and again sotto voce in a kind of running bass growl) may their livers be turned into pomegranates and eat by Jew pigs. May the father of all dogs defile their graves,” &c. &c.

“Is there no writing about it,” resumed Ali.

“Writing ! writing !” hastily replied the old Moor, “the curse of *Shitoun** on writing ! What should they do with writing in these days ? Mashallah ! I can only write my name, and never yet required more.”

Here, the conversation dropping, my friend took some more pseudo-medicine, and, tumbling into his boat, owing to wind and tide, was soon out of sight.

As may be readily imagined, I did not fail to wait upon the Moor, according to appointment, to hear the story of the Burj-er-Roos. I made my notes, and took my sketch, and embarking at “high water,” from the remains of an ancient mole or pier most narrowly escaped being swamped in returning to the ship, the kindness of our Moorish friend having loaded the boat to the gunwale with provisions.

The word, “high-water,” used in regard to the Mediterranean, sounds extravagant, for the tides, in general, are scarcely perceptible. At Naples I have noticed a rise and fall of from three to four inches ; at Venice, of two inches, and this is only on close attention to be discovered. At Jerbi, the tide rises and falls above eight English feet.

* Or the Evil Spirit.

It is passing strange that no decided notice has been made in modern times of this extraordinary fact; for I find in old books, relative to the sanguinary struggles betwixt the Christians and infidels in the time of Suleiman the Great, frequent mention of strong currents, which left the coast at times dry for a great distance out to sea. Both Turkish and Christian accounts of the Spanish invasion of Jerbi, agree that the great slaughter the Spaniards sustained on that occasion, was owing to their finding their boats, which they had left afloat on landing, *high and dry** when they returned in flight. The water on this coast is very shallow, so much so as to cause vessels drawing seven feet as we did, to anchor at the distance of four miles. The first time I went on shore it was nearly low water, and I was obliged to be carried a long way on a sailor's back to land dry, our boat having grounded. So scanty was the water for the last two miles, that we were obliged to keep a look-out at the bow, to prevent our deviating *from a narrow kind of channel* of deeper water which we had got into,† and which made our course any thing but straight. A second boat, determining to be wiser, took a

* See Vertot, page 403, Tom. iii., *Les Galeres qui faute de l'eau se trouverent alors arretees dans le Bancs de sable qu'on appellent les seches ou les Basses.*

Again, page 395, *La Flotte remit a la voile, tint la route de Tripoli, et s'arreta aux seches de Palo ainsi appelez a cause de differens courants qui laissent quelquefois cet endroit de la mer a sec.*

† It appears the nature of the coast has not varied for centuries, if we take Vertot as authority, for I find a remark made by him, and put into the mouth of one of the knights of Malta engaged in an expedition to another part of the island, previous to the Spanish invasion—fully coinciding in my observations as marked. Vertot, page 343, Tom. iii., *L'eau, comme vous scavez, est basse—et s'il se trouve, comme on dit, entre les bancs de sable quelques canaux plus profonds, &c. &c.*

direct course for the landing-place, grounded, and had to wait two hours before she floated. That day returning to our ship, I stepped, as I have before said, into the boat from the pier, which, on landing, I had been obliged to climb up. I then calculated the rise of tide at six feet, but after observation, proved it at least eight. One measurement came to ten, but I must remark there was a strong on-shore breeze. This rise and fall can apparently proceed from no other than the ordinary cause of tides in other places. It may be supposed, indeed, to take place from a column of water constantly propelled by some local pressure of the air against the island; but were this column to be six feet only, it must require the aid of something more than a land breeze, however strong, to prevent this peculiarly low place from being undermined or inundated, as the occurrence is frequent, and the supposed remedy not so sure. Respecting the tides, however, I have only named what I, in conjunction with many others, witnessed, and took notes of. In what I have collected respecting the Burj-er-Roos,* I have been at great pains to keep to historical facts, as I believe no description has ever yet been given of it—at least not that I am aware of. Of the Sub-Kaiade's tradition I have only availed myself as suited my purpose, without deviating from the main facts.

The island of Jerbi appears to have been first conquered and partly colonized by the Eastern Arabs during the

* I may here observe that on writing to a relative much more conversant than myself in Antiquities, about the island of Jerbi, he informs me that its ancient name was *Menics*, which, in *Punic*, literally means the *place of receding waters*. This is a singular and most interesting piece of information. I am also indebted to the same person for much information respecting the Turkish accounts of the island.

campaign of Basher, under the reign of *Moawyah I.* (about, I believe, the forty-second year of the Hegira) and, secondly, a few years after, more completely so by the great conqueror of Africa, *Akbah*, whose tomb is still to be seen at *Keerwan*, the African *Mekkah* of Islam, about three days march from Tunis in the interior. At the time of the Spanish expedition, of which I am about to speak, Jerbi, although governed by a native chief, formed part of the Pashalic of Tripoli, and was tributary to the Porte.

In the year 1561 (Vertot says 1559), *Philip II.* of Spain, at the instigation of *La Valette*, the famous Grand Master of Malta, caused a numerous body of veterans, and a strong squadron of galleys, to be collected to form a junction with the marine force of the Order, with a view of retaking the city of Tripoli. That place had been a short period before so slightly defended by the Knights, then in possession of it, that it fell an easy prey to the notorious *Dorghooth*, but not without suspicion of treachery being entertained by many to the great scandal of the Christian world at large. The grand Master at that period was *D'Omedes*, between whom and the knights were constant accusations and recrimination in this disgraceful affair. *Dorghooth*, who saw the importance of his conquest as a stronghold from whence he could easily annoy the Christian trade, immediately busied himself, not only in repairing the old fortifications, but in building new and formidable batteries, which rendered the recapture of the place in no way easy. Such was the state of affairs at Tripoli when the expedition for its recovery was first proposed. The fleet of the Christians amounted to

fifty galleys, and twenty-eight large transports, commanded by the veteran Doria, and had on board 30,000 of the best troops of the day, besides a considerable number of *knights*, a matter of no mean importance in those days. Of this force, and its destination, Dorghooth had timely notice from his well-paid emissaries, and instantly dispatched a light brigantine to Stamboul for aid. Scandal even goes so far as to say, his information was received from some of the knights themselves in revenge for their having been degraded after the fall of Tripoli. *Lacerda*, *Duke of Medina Cæli*, just appointed *viceroys* of Sicily, was named commander-in-chief of the land force. All, except Doria, thought the fall of Tripoli a certainty. He, taught by experience, always cautiously examined the characters and bearings of the persons with whom he had to act in concert; and in the present case, a few days at Malta (the general rendezvous) convinced him that the opinion he had formed of Lacerda's *talents, courage, and intentions*,* was not founded on loose grounds, as the sequel will show. The arrogance of this man was beyond common conception, on finding himself the leader of such a formidable expedition. He loudly boasted of nothing less than the total extirpation of the Islamite power in Africa; but, to use an old proverb, the dog that barks loud bites not. The armament sailed from Malta under the most favourable auspices, in excellent order, and full

* Vertot, in naming Lacerda, says that he formed a plan of operation. "*D'on il eseroit tronver de ta gloire sans peril.*" Now the Turkish account. Dragut, or Dorghooth, reported Lacerda, at the Porte "as a compound of hen-partridge, and gazelle livers." At the same time he said, "*The fleet is commanded by the Lion-eater, soul-consuming, and devastating infidel, Doria, whose soul will assuredly roast in hell for fifteen centuries, as a compensation for the ills he has done to true believers.*"

equipment both for the land and sea service. In three days, it presented itself before Tripoli. Here the true character of the Viceroy showed itself; his heart failed him at the sight alone of dangers he ought unhesitatingly to have encountered. After a survey of the place and new batteries, he gave it as his opinion that an attack would be too hazardous, and attended with useless waste of life, unless he had a battering-train of heavier metal. To cover his cowardice, he dispatched two galleys to Malta for some heavy pieces, and, appointing Jerbi as a place of rendezvous, gave orders to the fleet to bear up to that island.* It appears he was aware of the weakness of the island, and more fully so of the necessity of doing something to dazzle the eyes of the multitude at home, however unimportant such an acquisition as Jerbi might be to his royal master. When the orders for this ignominious retreat were made known, all the efforts of the officers were required to prevent an open mutiny amongst the old Spanish veterans. They, at least, had never been accustomed to retire without a trial; most of them had served long and with distinction, and consequently felt their leader's conduct as a reflection on themselves. The *offi-*

* Vertot gives a different account of this. He makes out that Lacerda went first to the Kerkennes islands, to the north-east of Jerbi, and thence to the latter place, which, he says, he visited twice, the first time to take in water—the second, with a view of taking it. Lacerda, it appears, had proposed to La Valette the capture of the island, but the latter strongly opposed it, and even refused to allow his knights to embark without a solemn oath on the part of Lacerda, that he would make Tripoli his sole object. It is quite evident, however, from both accounts, that Lacerda never from the first really intended an assault of Tripoli. Besides, how could he want water, in such a short space of time. I must here remark the only great difference between the Turkish and Christian accounts of the expedition, consists in the space of time it consumed; the former making a short affair of it, the latter one of many months. In main facts there is little discrepancy.

cer,* as well as soldier, saw the facility of the conquest of Jerbi, as also the impracticability of retaining it, owing to its situation and resources, and reasoned rightly as to the Viceroy's intentions and motives.

On arriving off the island the larger vessels of the fleet were brought to an anchor about four miles from the shore; the transports, owing to their lighter draught of water, approached somewhat nearer; and a part of the troops, embarking in boats, effected a landing *without much difficulty*, at the very spot where the Burj-er-Roos now stands. Nothing could equal the surprise of the natives on seeing this unexpected force arrive off their island, but still, of course, supposing it to be hostile, with their usual courage they rushed in crowds to oppose the landing of the *troops*.† What could a body of brave but undisciplined people do against the armoured ranks of the Christians? The loss of the latter was but trifling; on the part of the natives, hundreds drank “the sherbet of death,” shouting “Allah! Ackbar!” The town was quickly entered. Then followed horrid scenes of plunder and licentiousness—the unavailing cries of females for mercy—the groans of the dying—the imprecations of the murderers,

* Vertot, page 396, Les officiers qui composoient le Conseil, et qui dependoient de lui, n'oserent etre d'un avis different, &c. &c.

† Vertot, page 396, Les Chretiens débarquerent dans cette isle sans obstacle, et sans qu'il parut aucun Maure qui leur disputat l'entree, &c. And yet, page 395, when he relates Lacerda's landing for water, he says, Cependant le Viceroy pour faire de l'eau fut oblige en differentes fois de débarquer. Les Gelvains, quoique ennemis secrets des Turcs, dont ils souffroient impatiemment la domination—mais irrités du pillage de deux vaisseaux marchands qui leur appartenoient, s'opposerent a ces descentes, chargerent les Chretiens et dans ces escarmouches, *Alvare de Sande*, un des principaux Chefs de l'Armee, y fut blesse; et les Chretiens apres avoir perdu pres de deux cens hommes et cinq capitaines d'infanterie, furent obligés de se rembarquer. La flotte remit a la voile, &c. See note on page 21.

were mingled in one wild tumult. Discipline was at an end, and the horrors of war raged triumphant. Neither age nor sex were spared, except some few reserved for a more wretched fate; the harems were forced open, and their inmates preserved or butchered according to the caprice of the soldiery. Amongst the male prisoners after the conflict, some underwent the most refined tortures to make them discover their hidden wealth, but not a recreant was to be found. "They drank the cup of felicity amidst their sufferings, looking forward to a state of bliss in paradise as martyrs to their faith. Their souls took flight, accompanied with a faint 'Laillah-e-illullah. Ma-hummud rusool-ullah."

No lack of priests was there at these impious offerings to a God of mercy. The cross, that blessed symbol of peace and good-will, was here in mere mockery held to the lips of these wretchedly-expiring victims of cruelty, avarice, and hypocrisy, with promises of wealth and happiness to those who would embrace their butchers' creed—promises never intended for fulfilment. "Is this your religion?" said one poor wretch writhing in agony, "Is this the way I am to believe your faith as one of mercy and kindness?—Is this the way I am to obtain wealth, happiness, and comfort, by forsaking the creed of my ancestors?—Dogs! robbers! infidels!—I spit at you and your cross!" An over-zealous soldier here dashed his brains out with his halberd, much to the disappointment of the priests, who were not dissatisfied at the idea of having found so resolute a subject for all the refinements of cruelty, so well understood at that period by the followers of Loyola.

A small body of the natives had hastily thrown themselves into the Burj-es-Sook, or Tower of the Market Square, a fort to the eastward of the landing-place; but finding resistance in vain, cut their way through the Christians opposed to them, and the chief part escaping, joined their brethren at some distance from the town. To them they related the scenes of horror they had witnessed; each was known to be a sufferer, but to what exact extent no one could tell.

It is impossible for any one to form a just estimate of the feelings of the desert-warriors, without having lived amongst them. Revenge, as with the Indians of North America, is their strongest passion, it rules them in all their actions; to obtain it they will wait any length of time, or undergo any privations, but they never forget their object. In the present case all were sufferers, and all equally anxious to "*reap a bloody harvest of lives*;" but they were shrewd enough to see that by a general encounter, their end was not likely to be gained, as the morning's repulse too plainly proved. It was in a grove of date-trees near the village of *Wad-ez-Zebee*, or Valley of Grapes, that the chief of the island, *Yokhdah* by name, rallied his followers, determining to wait events, and seize on any favourable moment for attack. Among other things he trusted to, was the scarcity of good water, and the distance from which the Christians had to fetch a supply; and it appears also that he gave orders to collect as much date-brandy as he could, on a short notice, and place it in the track he supposed some part of the invading army would take to ravage the island, which seemed to him the natural consequence or end of the attack. In

regard to means both of offence and defence he had to provide every thing for the moment; as the invasion by the Christians had been so entirely unexpected, that no measures had been taken to remove either families or valuables, and consequently, the chief part of the tribe were left quite destitute. For sustenance, indeed, the Arab requires little, so that beyond a few dried dates and water, no stock of provisions was necessary to the watchers for revenge collected in the Valley of Grapes.

But let us here, for a short space, leave the Arab camp, to relate the fate of one person in particular; in order to prepare the reader for a summary act of vengeance and justice narrated at the end of this tale. It was that of *Zobah*, only daughter of the Arab chief, *Yokhdah*, “the delight, the care of his heart, the very light of his eyes, the melting of his soul in tenderness.” She had escaped, apparently by a miracle, from the almost indiscriminate slaughter of her father’s household, and imagined herself in safety in a place of temporary concealment; alas for her! she had been seen, and was in a short time discovered by the emissaries of a fiend in human shape, by name Don José di Saera, or Savera, a captain in the body-guard of Lacerda. He was a distinguished officer and good soldier, but his courage seems to have arisen from a kind of natural recklessness of danger—a species of bulldog-ism, rather than from the fine feelings which in reality constitute the quality properly so denominated. In other respects, his character was black enough. It must be said that in those days when extermination of infidels was considered as the greatest desideratum, every thing like generous compassion in a soldier’s mind was blunted

by the knowledge of little or no quarter being either given or expected, so that one must make some allowances for the common hireling ; but one blushes to think, that officers, men of rank and, for that period, education, could participate in the revolting scenes that presented themselves in a town taken by assault, and given over to pillage. True, it was not general ; but still, instances occurred which cast a stigma upon Spanish reputation. Saera was the first man who landed in Jerbi ; his impetuous character could brook no delay. Thus it was that he cast himself into the sea before the boats touched the shore, and for a time unsupported, met the enemy in that element. He had singled out Yokhdah as his antagonist from his evident chieftain-like bearing, and would probably have mastered him, had they not been separated in the ensuing conflict. Both were slightly wounded ; and not only from the above circumstances was he a marked man, but by his gay accoutrements, of which he was foppishly vain. Again, he was the first who entered the town, and the scenes which followed were only too familiar to his eye, and accordant with his inclinations. He paused at nothing which tended towards gratifying them, and he now had full liberty, as by the time the troops he commanded had fairly entered the town, the effective force of the natives was withdrawn to Wad-ez-Zebeebe, and consequently there was little further opposition. Now it was that his agents, who I have observed had traced the retreat of Zobah, dragged her before this monster as a prize worth his noticing. Had he possessed one single spark of feeling, or pity, he would have listened to the fervent prayers of this poor young creature to be saved from

insult. Death would have been a mercy at the moment. But she spoke to a fit agent of Beelzebub; prayers and tears were in vain—she was his victim.

How she ultimately managed to escape from the town, no one can tell; but she was found near the Arab encampment, apparently lifeless. Although immediately conveyed to a tent, and attended upon with every care which affection and art could suggest; she only recovered sufficiently to relate her tale of woe to her father, and close her eyes for ever.

At such a spectacle Yokhdah's passions were wound up to such a pitch of desperation, as to render force necessary to prevent him mounting his horse, and going singly in search of the author of his misery and dishonour. The feelings of the parent, however, soon gave way to his imperative duties as chief. He called a council of war, in order to fix upon some general plan for defending themselves, and annoying the enemy, throughout the island. In this meeting, various schemes were proposed and rejected; and probably, owing to diversity of opinion, nothing would have been finally determined upon, had not a scout arrived, reporting the Christian forces to be separated in different bodies, seeking for plunder, and for the most part, overcome by fatigue and excess in drinking date-brandy. Yokhdah now found that he could reasonably coincide with the desire of the younger members of the meeting, for an immediate attack upon one of the divisions of their over-confident and careless enemies. The difficulty then was, which individual body to fall upon. This was soon removed by a further report of a party of the invaders having entered the village of Wad-

ez-Zebee within a mile and a half of the Arab encampment, where they remained in confusion and excess. The Christians thought so little indeed of the opposition they had met with on landing, that they, in despising their enemy, did not even take common-place precautions, and never dreamt it possible their opponents could or would rally. Even if they did, a few companies, they imagined, would suffice to disperse such a force, "The veil of security was closely wrapped over their hearts."

Yokhdah saw the crisis, and easily convinced his followers that complete success depended chiefly on rapidity and silence in their movements.

Scarcely a moment elapsed after giving his orders before a thousand saddles were gallantly filled, and twice that number of infantry ready to advance. A short time brought them close to the village, from whence the sounds of rioting proved to them the correctness of their scout's report. Here Yokhdah halted for a time, until he could completely effect the surrounding the village, which, he foresaw would be of consequence in preventing the escape of any fugitives.

On a preconcerted signal being given, the whole Arab force moved briskly forward to the attack. Not a sentry was placed by the Christians, so that the surprise of the village was complete, and the victory equally so; for the invaders, sober or not, had all laid aside their cuirasses and back-pieces, on account of fatigue and heat. Habit led the Christians to attempt the forming a front, but without success; the spears were amongst them, and broke them instantly. The hour of retribution was come. It is not to be supposed that an instance of giving

quarter occurred either in this or the ensuing combats; the ravages committed were too recent to admit of the bare idea. From Wad-ez-Zebeebe not a Christian escaped to report the attack. In it alone, the Turkish accounts say, "*two thousand souls went to perdition.*"

Nothing now could restrain the ardour and impetuosity of the Arabs; down they poured upon another party of Christians at the village of Essook, about a mile from the principal town of the island; their long lances projecting far beyond their horses' muzzles, and each saddle "*adorned with rich trophies of resplendent victory.*"

Flushed with success, the Arabs did not maintain the same cautious silence in approach, and consequently met not only some resistance, but considerable loss. Still victory was not for a moment doubtful, where every individual fought as a hero, and those who fell considered themselves martyrs in a good cause. Resistance added fuel to the fire of the Arab. He charged the Christian, and was repulsed; with double fury he recharged, and, at last, succeeded in breaking the line. At this critical moment, one of those unaccountable panics which sometimes take place amongst the best of troops, seized the Christian force, of whom, many even threw down their arms to accelerate their flight to the main body in the town, the rest were on the spot indiscriminately cut to pieces. The Arabs, following up their success, dashed after their fugitives, and entered pell-mell into the town with them. The panic, spreading like wildfire, soon became general, even here every one sought his safety in flight to the boats, without considering why or wherefore he was flying. In vain did their officers (and

Saera in particular) exert themselves to re-establish some kind of order. Threats, promises, and blows, were alike in vain. On the soldiers went to the landing-place in order to reach the boats. These, to their great dismay, were found "*high and dry*,"* owing to the receded tide. Still they *floundered* on in hopes of gaining their ships by passing the shallows, which I have before noticed as characteristic of the coast. The Arabs followed into the water. The Christian, being partly in armour, and in bulk a heavier man than the Arab, sank deeper, and thus became an easy prey to his pursuer, who, simply clothed in his *Sefsaar*, and armed with a long spear and sword, despatched his enemy at his leisure. Very few of those who had landed escaped with life. *Saera* and a few officers, who had made a stand on the shore, fought with desperation, and hewed down many an over-eager Arab; but what could a few dispirited Christians do against hundreds? One by one the little band fell; until *Saera alone*† remained. He was at last overpowered, and taken alive, according to express orders. Happy for him had some hand numbered him with his slain comrades. Yokhdah reserved him for a more protracted death.

The dastard Lacerda had remained on board the flag-ship, intending to have landed next day with due pomp to take possession of his imagined conquest. His terror was indescribable at the sight of the massacre of his troops, but assistance to the fugitives could not be given to any extent, as almost all the boats were away; and

* See Page 21.

† Vertot says of *Sande*, page 405, Il n'eut pas la consolation de mourir les armes à la main; il fut pris et mis à la chaîne.

none of the larger vessels could approach more in-shore. By a singular, and to the Christians a disastrous coincidence, the Turkish fleet, amounting to *eighty-five sail*,* hove in sight just as matters were in this state, and immediately bore down to the attack. This was the force dispatched from Stamboul, owing to Dorghooth's representation. It had arrived at Tripoli only a few hours after Lacerda's departure, and its able commanders, *Kara Mustafa* and *Pioli Pasha*, guessing the probable destination of the Christian fleet, owing, it is supposed, to Dorghooth's informations from Malta, lost no time in pursuit. It has now seen how fortunately for their *really great master*, *Suleiman*, they arrived to complete the destruction of the whole force.

Doria was the first who perceived the approach of the Turkish fleet, and easily divined how the event would turn out, not only from the actual situation of his fleet, but also from existing circumstances, of which the Mussulmauns were not as yet aware. Slipping his cable instantly, he ordered the galleys to follow his movements, and if not successful in gaining an offing, to attempt the cutting through the Turkish line then formed in a crescent. The first manœuvre, owing to the disheartened state of the force, was ill executed, the latter, consequently, worse; so that only Doria and five galleys succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy's line; all the rest fell into the hands of the Turkish admirals. In this naval combat alone, the Christians lost, according to the Turkish account, 14,000 men; whilst the former make out their whole loss in the expedition at 15,000.

* Vertot gives exactly the same number.

Calculating the total destruction of the troops landed, and the very few who escaped with Doria in his five galleys, I suspect the Turkish account, which gives 25,000 as the grand total, nearer the truth.

Immediately after the victory, Kara-Mustafa steered for Stamboul, and presented his prizes to Suleiman, as substantial proofs of success. It is said the latter, seated himself in a kiosk, feasted his eyes a whole day on the goodly rows of galleys taken.

It is not necessary to name Lacerda further than to say he escaped with Doria, and ended his days in disgrace and ignominy. The vengeance of the Arabs was now wreaked; but a lasting memorial thereof still remained to be constructed.

It is not known in whom originated the idea of erecting the Burj-er-Roos; perhaps it sprang from a general feeling amongst the people on being thus almost miraculously preserved. The Arabs, however, cut off all the heads of the fallen Christians, collected them in huge piles, and with these proceeded to build up one large one. Once begun, Yokhdah ordered it to be carried on systematically. We shall see how it was terminated.

We left Saera a prisoner, in the power of the very man he had so deeply injured, and of this he was purposely informed. As his offence had been great, so in proportion was his punishment studied. After he had undergone a variety of the most excruciating tortures, he was led down to the spot where the Burj-er-Roos was erecting, and given over to the executioner to undergo the horrors of a lingering impalement. In vain did he pray for death—of mercy he had shown none, and such mercy as immediate

death was regarded as too great for him. In vain he taunted and reviled the Arabs to gain his end. They were as pitiless as he had been. I will not dwell longer on this scene. Suffice it to say Saera's sufferings were skilfully prolonged until the tower was all but finished. The last head to be placed was his own. Deafening shouts announced the completion of the work, and to this day the Burj-er-Roos remains a striking monument of satisfied revenge.

THE HERMIT'S GRAVE.

BY L. E. L.

The days are gone when pilgrims knelt
By sacred spot or shrine,
The cells where saints have lived or died
No more are held divine.

The bough of palm, the scallop-shell,
Are signs of faith no more ;
The common grave is holy held,
As that on Salem's shore.

Yet, when I knew that human knee
Had worn the rock away,
And that here, even at my feet,
Earth hid the righteous clay ;

I felt this was no common spot
For any common thought,
The place's own calm sanctity
Within my spirit wrought.

The cave was dark and damp, it spoke
Of penance and of prayer,
Remorse, that scarcely dared to hope,
And heavy grief were there.

But at the entrance was a scene
Which seemed expressly given,
To bring the heart again to earth,
Yet win it back to heaven.

For so benign an influence
Was falling from the sky,
And, like a blessing on the earth,
The sunshine seemed to lie :

The long green grass was full of life,
And so was every tree,
On every bough there was a bud,
In every bud a bee.

And life hath such a gladdening power
Thus in its joy arrayed,
The God who made the world so fair,
Must love what he has made.

Fed by the silver rains, a brook
Went murmuring along,
And to its music, from the leaves,
The birds replied in song ;

And, white as ever lily grew,
A wilding broom essayed
To fling upon the sunny wave
A transitory shade.

Misty and grey as morning skies
Mid which their summits stood,
The ancient cliffs encompassed round
The lovely solitude.

It was a scene where faith would take
Lessons from all it saw,
And feel amid its depths, that hope
Was God's and Nature's law.

The past might here be wept away,
The future might renew
Its early confidence in heaven,
When years and sins were few :

Till, in the strength of penitence,
To the worst sinner given,
The grave would seem a resting-place
Between this world and heaven.

'Tis but a pious memory
That lingers in this dell,
That human tears, and human prayers,
Have sanctified the cell.

Save for that memory, all we see
Were only some fair scene,
Not linked unto our present time,
By aught that once hath been.

But now a moral influence
Is on that small grey stone ;
For who e'er watched another's grave
And thought not of his own,

And felt that all his trust in life
Was leaning on a reed ?
And who can hear of prayer and faith
And not confess their need ?

If he who sleeps beneath thought years
Of prayer might scarce suffice
To reconcile his God, and win
A birthright in the skies,

What may we hope, who hurry on
Through life's tumultuous day,
And scarcely give one little hour
To heaven upon our way !

MORNING HYMN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

LAUDED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver,
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
Rule the auphes and elves at will,
That vex the air, or haunt the hill,
And all the fury subject keep,
Of boiling cloud and chafed deep ;
I have seen and well I know it,
Thou hast done and thou wilt do it.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

I have proved thy wondrous might,
Through the shadows of the night,

Thou who slumber'st not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
Spirits from the ocean under,
Liquid flame and levelled thunder,
Need not waken nor alarm them,
No ; they cannot, cannot harm them.
God of evening's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity,
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night,
Thine are all the stars of even,
God of angels, God of heaven,
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever !

Altrive Lake, the longest day, 1835.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FIRST EMIGRANT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

UPON the dreadful battle-field, methought,
High on Breeds' Hill, after the fight was done,
Amid the dead, yet fearing not the dead,
I stood before a form, that sadden'd night.
" Featureless presence ! Are thy tresses mist ?
Or hast thou lineaments ? The blast unveils thee,
Visage of mystery ; and swirls the cloud
That seems thy carpet." From the earth it rose
Slow, from a nameless tomb, with human gore
Polluted in the fight of yesterday,
Nor scattered the red death-dews from a flower ;
A dim form, mingling with the tempest's light,
All indistinct, as the moon's shrouded beams,
Seen through the snow-flakes, when they fluttering fall,
Muffling the mountain echoes silently.
The seeming brow was turned to heaven, the hands
In deprecation waved. " Cloud-involved moon !

Stars, that from earth's blood-bolter'd face withdraw
Your blasted beams," exclaimed a hollow voice ;
" For peace I cross'd the sable-rolling seas,—
Left country, friends, all but my God, for peace
To worship him in truth and purity.
I first, from persecution flying, rear'd
The white man's home amid Columbian woods,
God's altar, in the unhewn temple wild,
Of nature. There, where bright Connecticut
Waters a sin-found Eden, with my sons
I kneeled, and gave the God of deserts praise :
I kiss'd their hands, I bade them live in love,
And sometimes think of me ; and then I slept.
They wept ; they delved near ocean's echoing shore
My narrow bed of rest ; and unknown flowers
Bloom'd o'er it, drooping lonely. But the blood
Of murder hath profan'd the shuddering tomb,
And call'd the slumberer from his bed of worms.
In vain for peace, for peace I cross'd the seas,
And vainly left, far east, my mother's grave ;
Nor may my children's children dwell in peace,
Nor worship God in truth and purity."

THE DROWNED FISHERMAN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

IN the immediate neighbourhood of Duncannon Fort, along that portion of the coast which contracts into the Waterford river, there are a number of scattered cottages standing either singly or in small clusters along a wild and picturesque sea-shore—more wild, perhaps, than beautiful, although the infinite number of creeks, and bays, and overhanging rocks, vary the prospect at every hundred yards; and I know nothing more delightful than to row during a long summer-evening, from the time when the sun abates his fierceness until the moon has fairly risen upon the waters, nothing more delightful than to row—now in, now out, now under the hanging rocks, now close upon the silver-sanded bays, where thousands of many-coloured shells form the most beautiful Mosaic beneath the transparent waters. So deep is the tranquillity of land and sea during these happy hours, that travellers would find it



difficult to believe they were really floating beneath the shadow of the Irish coast: that the lovely village of Templemore smiling on the brink of the Waterford river, was inhabited by the “savage cut-throats,” which it is the delight of a peculiar party to denominate the suffering peasantry of a land who for centuries have “laughed and laboured” upon worse food and worse treatment, than we in rich and happy England, bestow upon our dogs—oh, it makes my heart ache, and my blood boil, when I think of what I have seen, and contrast it with what I hear; when I remember that whether priest-ridden or law-ridden, the heads of either party have been fanatics or worse—but what have I to do with this? I love the green turf of my native country, I laugh at its follies, I weep over its sorrows and grieve for its crimes; ah! a woman’s smiles and a woman’s tears are alike useless—but what have you, gentle reader, to do with that? I have never entered upon, and do not wish to enter upon, any subject that trenches on the *political* grievances of Ireland: I can only pray—which I do with all my heart and soul!—that times may mend, and speedily. I have endeavoured to win the suffrages of my dear English friends for the virtues and domestic privations of my *humble* countrywomen; and I have endeavoured to show to Irish people how their besetting sins of carelessness and inconsiderateness might be corrected—corrected without much trouble, and with great advantage to themselves; as far as Ireland is concerned I have no ambition beyond what I have stated, and having so said, I will tell my story:—

“And what ’ud ail the boat but to do? Sure she’s done, ay, and done a dale for us, this ten years; and as to

the hole, Jemmy 'ill plug his hat into it, or stick in a piece of *sail-cloth*, and what 'ud ail her then, but sail, God bless her!—like a swan or a curlew, as she always does?”

“Dermot—Dermot, darling! listen to me for onc't!”

“Faith,” replied Dermot to his better half, Kate Browne, while his keen blue eye twinkled with that mixture of wit and humour so truly Irish, “Faith, my dear, I'll accommodate you in any way I can, for I'll listen to you onc't for three speakings—come, out with it, and don't stand twisting your face that was onc't so purty as to win the heart and hand of the handsomest man in the parish, and that is—myself, Dermot Browne at your sarvice, Mistress Kate Browne, madam! Don't keep lengthening your face to the length of a herring-net, but out with it!—out with it!—at onc't!”

“Dermot, I've got the box of tools quite convanient; I brought it with me to the shore, and the last time I was in Waterford I bought all sortings of nails, large and small; and there's plenty of *boord* in the shed—and Dermot, mend the hole, and God bless you!—sure its the sore heart I'd have when you'd be on the wather, to think that any harm would happen you—it won't take you any thing like an hour—”

“An hour! God bless the woman, why a body would think you had never been a fisherman's wife! An hour would turn the tide—and the luck!—an hour! Why, the herrings out yonder would miss my company if I waited; and all for what? To go to the trouble of nailing a bit o' boord on a mite of a hole, when it will be just as easy to stop it with a hat!”

“But not as safe, Dermot!”

“Be asy with your safety! You’re always touching on that;—ay, will it, and as safe too; havn’t I done it before?—Why, turn up every one of the boats along the shore, and I’ll bet you the cod I mean to catch against a branyan that there isn’t as sound a boat as my own on the sands; doesn’t Harrison’s go without a rudder?—doesn’t Micban’s go without a mast—barring a gag of a gate-post that he pulled out of Lavery’s field? I’m sure Michael Murphy’s craft is bang full of dowshy holes like a riddle: and a good noggin he won on that, for he betted Lanty Moore that at the present time the keel of his boat had more holes in it than Lanty’s English sieve which he had for winnowing corn; and sure enough he won; for the holes in the sieve were all stopped up with the dirt! Lend a hand, old girl, and help me and the boy to shove her off!” He continued appealing to his wife, “What!—you won’t? Why thin, Kate agra, what ails ye?—I’ve been your true and faithful husband next Candlemas will be seventeen years, and you never refused me a hand’s turn before!” Still Kate Browne moved not; and her husband, using, with his eldest son, considerable exertion to push off the boat, became annoyed at her obstinacy.

Kate saw, but, contrary to her usual habit, heeded it not. She stood, with folded arms and tearful eyes, surveying the proceedings, without possessing the power of putting a stop to preparations, of the termination of which she had a fearful presentiment.

“Why, thin, look at your mother, Benje!” exclaimed Browne to his son, “sure she’s enough to set a man mad, and her’s the help that’s as good as five—she has such

a knowledge of setting every thing straight. Kate," he exclaimed to his wife:—

"Let her alone, father dear," interrupted the boy, "let her alone, and don't vex her more, *don't ye see there's a tear in her eye?*"

"And how can I help that?" expostulated the father, looking kindly towards his wife at the same time; "them women are ever so hard to manage, and manage as ye will, ye can't find 'em out;—there's the sun shining above her head, the waters dancing and capering, like jewels, at her feet, the herrings crying 'Come, catch me,' and Benje, between you and I, as handsome a husband, and as fine, ay, and for the matter of that, as good a boy for a son as woman's heart could wish, and yet the tears are in her eyes, and the corners of her mouth drawn as far down as if she did nothing but sup sorrow all her life." Benjamin, the fisher's only child, made no reply; and, after a moment's pause, his father looked at him and said, "Why, boy, you look as much cast down as your mother—stay on shore, and good luck to you!"

"No, father, that I won't! I'll not put more to the throuble she's in, by letting you go by yourself; I wish from my heart the boat was mended, if it would make her easy."

"Don't bother about the boat, boy," replied Browne, "I never meddle or make with her house, or land business; hasn't she got a back-door for the cabin?—a sty for the poor pig?—a *chaney* dish for the pratees, and a white table-cloth for saints'-days and bonfire-nights?—can't she stay at home and mind them, and let me and the

cobble alone?" Benjamin loved the wild and careless spirit of his father better than the prudence and forethought of his mother; yet did he not forget that the very arrangements and luxuries to which his father alluded, were solely the effects of her care and industry.

"Won't you say, God speed me, Kate?" inquired the fisherman as he pushed off his dangerous craft with a broken oar, "Won't you say, God speed me and the boy?" The woman clasped her hands suddenly and fervently together, and dropping on her knees without moving from the spot on which she had been standing, uttered a few earnest words of supplication for their safety. Benjamin sprang on the shingles, and raising his mother affectionately in his arms, whispered—

"Keep a good heart, we will back with such bouncing fish, before morning, any how; and mother, darling, if you see Statia Byrne, here is the neckerchief she promised to hem for me; tell her not to forget her promise." The kisses Mrs. Browne bestowed on her son were mingled with tears. She watched the boat until it had dwindled to a small speck on the horizon. As she turned to ascend the cliff, she saw the round laughing face of Statia Byrne peer from behind a rock, and withdraw itself instantly on being perceived. She called to her; and after a little time Statia came blushing, and smiling, and lingering by the way to pluck every sprig of samphire, every root of sea-pink, that grew within her reach.

"I just came down to gather a few bits of herbs for the granny's cures, and a few shells to keep the childre asy," said Statia—pulling her sea-pinks to pieces at the same time.

“And what does the granny cure with these?” inquired Mrs. Browne.

“Sorra a know I know,” replied the girl, blushing still more deeply.

“Maybe,” continued Mrs. Browne, gravely, “maybe, Stacy honey, there’s a charm in them like the yarrow you put under your pillow last Holy-eve night?”

“Ah, thin, Mistress Browne, ma’am, let me alone about the yarrow—sure it was only out of innocent mirth I did it, and no harm; and, any way, I’ve no belief in such things at all, at all.”

“And why do you disbelieve them?” inquired the fisherman’s wife. Statia made no reply. “I can tell you,” she continued; “because though you neither spoke nor laughed that blessed night, my poor girl, after you placed the yarrow under your pillow—still you did *not* dream of Benje Browne. Stacy, Stacy, I mind the time myself when, if a spell worked contrary, I’d disbelieve it directly—its only human natur, darling.”

Statia Byrne flung her handful of sea-pinks upon the shingles, and passed the back of her hand across her eyes, for they were filled with tears.

“You have thrown away the granny’s pinks,” said Kate, pointing to the flowers that the sea-breeze was scattering far and wide.

“Ah, thin, let me alone Mistress Browne dear!” exclaimed the girl. “And good bye, for the present, ma’am; I’m sure the child ’ill be woke before this, and mother is carding wool, so she’ll want me now.”

“Good bye, Statia—but stop child: Benje desired me to put you in mind, that you promised to hem this necker-

chief for him; and tell your mother, jewel, that if she'll let you come down to my cabin to-night, when the *grawls* are all in bed, I'll be for ever obliged to her; Browne and the boy are out to sea, and there's something over me that I don't care to be quite alone this blessed night: so come down, a lannan,—and thin you can hem the neckerchief—before morning.

“I will, I will,” said the maiden, with whom smiles had already taken the place of tears, for she loved Mrs. Browne's cottage almost better than her own; “I will, and I've learnt a new song; oh, I shall be so happy!” and she danced up the cliffs with all the light gaiety of fifteen!

The fisherman's wife set her house in order and then commenced mending her husband's nets. It would have been evident to any observer, that her mind was ill at ease, for instead of pursuing her occupation with her usual steadiness, she frequently suffered the hard meshes to drop from her bony fingers, and the wooden needle to lie idle on her lap. She would rise and peer from her small window, or more frequently still from the open door, into the heavens, but there was no cause for disquiet in their aspect—the moon was in her full, calm glory; and the stars, bright, glittering, and countless, waited round her throne as handmaids silently attending upon their mistress. She could see the reflection of the moonbeams on the far-away waters—but her ear, practised as it was, could hardly catch the murmur of the ocean, so profound was its repose: and yet Kate continued restless and feverish. Benjamin was her only surviving child—although five

others had called her mother—and, indeed, while he was absent from her, she felt that undefined, but perfectly natural, dread which steals over a sensitive mind for the welfare of a beloved object, whenever the one is separated from the other.

It was a great relief to her spirits when she heard the light foot of Statia Byrne on her threshold, and she felt new-sprung hope within her heart when she looked into the bright eyes and observed the full smile of the joyous girl.

“They’re all a-bed, and the babby went off to sleep without an *hushow*! and mother says, as you’re all alone by yourself, I might stay with you all night, Mrs. Browne; and so I will, if you please—and I’ve brought my needle, and—I’ll hem the handkerchief, if you please—and then, maybe—maybe you’d shew me how you mend nets—I should so like to mend Mister Browne’s herring net; he gave mother (God bless him!) as many herrings last year as lasted all Lent!—I’m sure we can never forget it to him.”

“Pray for him then, Stacy—pray on your bended knees—for Dermot and Benjamin Browne this night.”

“Why so I will,” rejoined the girl—astonished at the woman’s earnestness of manner—“but the night is fine, the sky is blue, the waters clear as chryshtal; they’ve been out many a night when the winds do be blowing the waves into the sky, and I’ve wondered to see you heart-easy about them—what, then, ails you to-night?”

“God knows!” replied Kate Browne, with a heavy sigh, “I think I’ll go over my *bades* a bit; ough, Stacy

darling, it's a fine thing to have the religion to turn to when the heart turns against every thing else." Kate sprinkled herself with holy water out of a small chalice, and knelt down, with a "decket" of beads in her hands, to "say her prayers;" almost unwittingly, she repeated them aloud, but they had, in a degree, lost their soothing power, and she mingled the anxieties of earth with her petitions, not to heaven but to its inhabitants; her "mingled yarn" ran thus:—

"'Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us'—Statia, open the door, agra, and listen, myself thinks the wind's rising—'now, and in the hour'—the cat! avourneen, don't you see the cat at the herring-tub, bad luck to that cat!—'now, and in the hour of our death!'" There was a long pause, and she continued murmuring her petitions, and speaking aloud her anxieties, while Statia went on hemming the handkerchief; at last she looked up at her young companion and inquired, "Where did I leave off, my darling, was it at 'Virgin most powerful,' or at 'Queen of Confessors?'"

"I did not hear," replied the industrious maiden.

"Hear what?" exclaimed Kate Browne, starting off her knees.

"Lord defend us, you startle the very life out of me!" ejaculated the girl, devoutly crossing herself.

"But what did you hear, Stacy?"

"Nothing. I told you I did not hear where you left off."

"Ough! ay, ay!" exclaimed Mrs. Browne, "God forgive me, I am a poor sinful thing; quite full of sin; I must give up the prayers for to-night, I can't steady my

heart to them, good nor bad ; there ! finish your work, and we'll go to bed, jewel—it is, as you say, a beautiful night, thanks be to God for his mercies ! and I ought to have more faith.”

Long did they both remain awake during that calm moonlight : the fisherman's wife muttering prayers and fears, and raising her eyes to the little window which opened at the foot of her bed, and from which, as she lay, she could catch a view of the distant sea—at last she fell off into a deep, deep sleep. But Statia, though free from all anxiety as to the fate of the absent, could not close her eyes—poor girl ! her young imagination had passed a gulf of years, and she was thinking, that perhaps she might be to the young fisher what Kate was to the old ; and she thought how good he was—and how handsome ; and how happy she should be to mend his nets, and watch the return of his boat from the highest cliff that “toppled o'er the deep.” The grey morning was stealing on the night, yet still Kate slept—and still Statia Byrne continued with her eyes fixed on the window, creating—not castles but—nets, and boats, and cottages in the air ; when, suddenly, before the window stood Benjamin Browne—she had not seen his shadow pass—she had heard no step—no voice—no sound ; nor did she see a figure, but there was his face almost pressed to the glass—his long, uncurled hair hung down either cheek—and his eyes were fixed on her with a cold, unmoving, rayless gaze—she endeavoured to sit up—she felt suddenly paralyzed—she could not move—she tried to speak, to call Mrs. Browne who still slept heavily, heavier than before—she could make no sound—

still her lover gazed—gazed on. And what occurred to her (for she afterwards declared, she never, for a moment, was deprived of consciousness) as most strange was, that though the room within was dark, and his head obscured the window, still she could see his features (to use her own expressive phrase) “Clear like wax;” while as he gazed, their beautiful form assumed the long, pale hue of death—by a sudden effort she closed her eyes, but only for a brief, brief moment. When she re-opened them, he was gone—and she only looked upon the grey mingling of sea and sky; trembling and terror-stricken she at last succeeded in awakening her companion. Mrs. Browne heard her story with apparent calmness, and putting her lips close to the ear of the fainting girl, whispered—“HE IS DEAD!”

It was long, long before Statia recovered from her swoon, for when she did, the morning sun was shining on her face—and she was alone, quite alone in the fisherman’s cottage; at first, she thought she had fearfully dreamed, but the realities around her recalled her to herself; she flew to the same cliff where, the evening before, unconscious of the strong affection which bound her almost childish heart to her young lover, she had watched his departure; and looking down on the beach, her painful vision was too truly realized—Dermot Browne was leading his wife from a group of persons who were bearing the corpse of the young fisherman to the shore; in the distance could be seen the keel of the doomed boat floating upwards, while crowds of sea-birds overhead screamed the youth’s funeral dirge!

It might be about two months after this occurrence—

which plunged the warm-hearted people of the neighbouring villages into deep sorrow—that Kate Browne visited the cottage of Statia Browne; it was the first time the bereaved mother had entered any cottage, save her own, since “her trouble.” As soon as Statia saw her, she flung herself upon her neck and sobbed as if her heart would break; the fisherman’s wife held her from her, and parting her hair from off her brow, said,

“Sorrow has worked with you, and left his mark upon your face, avourneen; and though, my darlint, you did not drame of *him that’s gone* last Holy-eve, you’ve drammed of him often since.”

The poor girl wept still more bitterly.

“You must have been very dear, very dear entirely, to him,” continued Kate Browne, “for his blessed spirit found it harder quitting you than his own mother, who nursed him a babby at her breast; but whisht, darlint, don’t I love you better for that now? Sure every thing—let alone every one that he regarded—that his regard only rested on, is more to me than silver or goold, or the wealth of the whole world! Didn’t the bright eyes of his spirit look from the heavens on you, my jewel? And what I’m come here for Mistress Byrne, ma’am, is, that as you have so many childre, (and God keep them to you!) maybe you’d spare Statia to bind *my heart from breaking*, and let her bide entirely with us—we have prosperity enough, for when the Lord takes one thing away, why he gives another—blessed be his holy name! And sure, since the boy’s gone, nothing can equal Dermot’s industry and carefulness, stopping every hole in every fisherman’s boat—when he’s ashore the hammer and

nails is never out of his hand. Let her be to me as my own child, Mistress Byrne, and you'll have a consolation that will never leave you, no! not on your death-bed. Sure you'll see her every day the sun rises—let her bide with me, for I am very desolate!”

The mother, as she looked round upon seven rosy, healthy children, felt, that indeed her neighbour was desolate, and in a voice hoarse with emotion, she said,

“Statia may go, and take our blessing with her, if she likes!”

Many little voices wept aloud in that cottage, although they knew they should see their sister daily; but the maiden was firm in her resolve, and that night greeted, as a father, the father of him whom her young heart had loved with an entireness of affection which the heart can know but once.

Statia is now long past the age of girlhood, and it is pleasant to see how perfectly her simple life is an illustration of the pathetic exclamation of the Jewish damsel, “Thy people, shall be my people, and thy God, my God!” She manages admirably between her “two mothers,” as she calls them, so that the one may not be jealous of the other: but though she has had many suitors for her hand, she has never forgotten—the drowned fisherman!

LUDLAM'S HÖHLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SELWYN, &c.

“Ludlam's Höhle”—the scene of a fantastic drama by Oenschlager, which suggested the following lines, is a celebrated cave in Surrey, whose legend, as well as name, has probably been appropriated by the Danish poet. His play is too deficient in national as well as dramatic probability, to bear translation into English; but the writer is indebted to it for the general idea, as well as leading incidents of her poem.

BLOW, Summer breeze! and from the greenwood bower,
Where dreams the poet at bright noontide hour,
With playful pinion wave the pall aside,
Flung by cold Reason's envious hand—to hide
From gifted eyes the charms of fairy land!
'Tis done; and once again the elfin band
Ride dight by; their robes of ether wove
Mocking the earth-born tints of mead and grove.
Like hosts of dazzling insects on the wing,
While in still noon their tiny bridles ring,
They thread the sunbeam's path in mystic maze,
England's lov'd, long-known, legendary fays!

“ Children of Fancy, denizens of song,
E'en from her hallowed precincts exiled long,
I greet ye—as in life's chill waste we hail
One passing breath of youth's enchanted gale,
One heaven-born echo of that blissful time
When life itself was like your fabled clime !
A boon, a boon ! ere in yon haunted bower,
Ye wait the moonlight revel's distant hour ;
Light as the gossamer's fantastic wing,
Some tiny mantle o'er your votary fling
With magic fraught, to weave again the lays
The wild, heart-stirring spells of England's olden days.”

Is yon a voice, that with its silver sound,
By chirping grasshopper's harsh music drown'd,
Still rises on the perfume-laden breeze
With sweets oppress'd, like home-returning bees ?
No mortal lips those dulcet tones distill'd ;
Thanks, gentle fay ! for wishes thus fulfill'd.

THE FAIRY'S REPLY.

Child of the earth, whose homage rare
The greenwood monarchs still would hail,
To mortal ears be thine to bear
Yon haunted cavern's wondrous tale.

Seest thou yon rock whose mossy fount
Bright pearly tears for ever lave ?
Once e'en the rustic could recount
The legend of its crystal wave.

Shunned by the happy and the gay,
Whose shuddering footsteps turned aside,
Oft by the bold, in sorrow's day,
Its magic powers were dauntless tried.

Well knew the wight by need opprest
Of aught beyond dull mortal scope,
There lacked but courage for the test,
To chase despair, and summon hope.

There lack'd but faith to weave the spell,
And hardihood the terms to bide,
To conjure from yon sparkling well,
The fairy treasure, ne'er denied,

Wer't glittering sword to conquer fate—
Wer't wealth to shame a miser's hoard,
The precious boon was granted straight,
But, mark me ! still to be restored !

For years, for days, for moments, lent
Whate'er the space the suitor named ;
Woe, woe ! to him who rashly rent
The mystic bond the fairy claim'd.

If once elapsed the fatal hour,
Which should the elfin gift restore,
Victim of Fate's relentless pow'r,
The faithless debtor liv'd no more !

They perished oft, beside yon wave,
The proud, the headstrong, and the blind ;
These fell unwept, but o'er the grave
Of heedless youth, I've sadly pined.

Mine was the wayward wizard doom,
To sit beside yon haunted well,
For centuries breathe yon cavern's gloom,
And count the drops that sadly fell ;

And, harder yet, 'twas mine to yield
Each gift the sorrowing heart could crave ;
Then Fate's dread sword reluctant wield,
And give the sterner boon—a grave !

Now rescued from the penance drear
By woman's truth and woman's love,
Pleased do I haunt yon grot so dear,
And hover in this silent grove.

Bend to the spring, secure from harm,
Nor weal nor woe it now imparts,
But in it dwells a lingering charm,
To soothe and soften loving hearts !

Bend to the spring, its mystic glass
Strange magic once again shall know ;
In its bright surface, as they pass
Forms of past votaries shall glow.

Seize, and ere yet the pageant fade,
Record the victims of the well;
Alike bold knight, and lovelorn maid,
Shepherd and monarch, wove the spell.

All moulder there,—pale phantoms cling
Like mist-wreaths round the fatal spot;
A wife's devotion healed the spring,
A mother's sanctified the grot.

Thanks be to her! unwound the spell,
On viewless breeze, I wander free;
Thanks be to her! the fated well
Is charmless; save to such as thee!

As dies the forest's whisper when the breeze
Lies cradled deep amid its giant trees,
As fades the rainbow on the gushing spray
When twilight stealing spreads her pall of grey,
Melted the fairy sounds, in voiceless air away!
But, lo! with mimic life the fountain teems,
Forms flashing rise athwart its sunny gleams,
At first all dim and rude, as those portray'd
By savage sculptor on some fane decay'd.
First sordid peasant and unlettered hind,
With wish ignoble* as the grovelling mind,
The fairy fount unwitting desecrate;
These, basely perjured, meet unpitied fate.

* A large copper cauldron or pot, said to have been borrowed and not returned in time, lay on the spot, till removed to a neighbouring monastery.

Stern robber shades, with rites unhallowed, claim
Unerring weapons for their deeds of shame ;
Misers, enriched awhile with stores untold,
Forget to quit, and perish with their gold !
Pride and ambition o'er the magic glass
Forsworn and punished, unlamented pass.

But whose the youthful form, which, unarrayed
As yet for war, seems still for conquest made ;
Whose martial bearing wages wondrous strife,
With peaceful badges of the shepherd life ?

A lover yon, who, more than miser's hoard,
Pines for the knightly treasure of a sword ;
Not to win kingdoms (worthless in his eyes)
A high-born maiden, is the glittering prize !
In love's unswerving faith he weaves the spell,
And, lo ! emerging from the gifted well,
He clasps in ecstasy, the polished blade,
Bright pledge and earnest of the hard-won maid !
There floats a cloud (perchance of battle born)
Across the mirror, but at early morn,
There stand beside its margin, hand in hand,
A lovely pair, and lave a bloody brand
From horror's stain, and to the fay restore
What, having conquered bliss, shall be unsheathed no more !

'Tis well, again we breathe : the faithful pair,
Scatheless as guiltless, from the fount repair !

But lo ! by one in war's wild bosom nurs'd
Behold the shepherd-lover's boon revers'd !
Yet love, too, guides the reckless child of strife
To woo with fairy boon a rustic wife,
“ Grant me, dread fay, a *plough* of magic skill
Yon barren patrimonial wastes to till,
No sordid suit ! 'tis but to win a bride,
Be Lucy mine, I seek no wealth beside !”

The task achieved ; the grateful, prosperous swain
Duly returned the magic plough again.
But wealth brought wishes ; with less holy spell
Oft William woke the echoes of the well ;
Oft borrowed from the fay's exhaustless store,
Trusted to fortune and could still restore.
Now joys domestic round his hearth entwine,
And o'er his roof-tree climbs the spreading vine ;
His Lucy smiles—unconscious of the source
Whence wealth's deep current draws its steadfast
course,
Content its flow to love's bright fount to trace,
And read its witchery in her William's face.
That brow grew clouded—one disastrous day
Saw him a debtor, and with nought to pay ;
Nought save that penalty of forfeit life,
Forgotten long mid smiles of child and wife !

At length, by love's unerring instinct wrung
Reluctant from a husband's faltering tongue,
Flashes on Lucy's soul the mystery dread
Around the fated cavern dimly shed !

She flies to count, with new-born thirst of gold,
The glittering coin her slender stores unfold ;
Then adds, to gifts with happier omens fraught,
Alms with grief's eloquence resistless sought ;
Softens the miser, and the churl inspires ;
Disarms the selfish, and the callous fires ;
And by her wondering self but half believed,
Ere eve her husband's ransom sees achieved !

Ah, short-lived joy ! she flies her hard-won store
Into the lap of stern despair to pour,
To add its treasures to the scanty hoard ;
His wasted coffers yet untouched afford
A wretched pittance ! earn'd with sale of all
That smiled around the once blest prodigal !

What demon rises mid the covering gloom
And gloats exulting o'er a victim's doom ?
The fiend of *play*. When all, he thought, was lost,
The wretch's path that busy devil cross'd,
In an old comrade's guise. To view displayed
The glittering booty of their reckless trade ;
Staked carelessly upon the treacherous die,
The very sum which William's life might buy !
Ere *she* returned, the doom'd one's gold was won,
The tempter gone, and all her cares undone !
Oh, vain were words to paint a wife's despair,
Her last fond hopes of ransom lost in air ;
Her hapless husband, to remorse a prey,
While their sole babe upon a sick bed lay !

“ Why thus despond ? ” muttered an ancient crone,
Who long the well’s dread mysteries had known,
“ A forfeit *life* is all the fay can claim,
Death preys already on yon infant frame,
With her brief waning span, a husband save.
Bear her ere day-break to the fatal cave ;
There shall she breathe in peace her latest sigh,
And ’scape yon throes of infant agony ;
Redeem a parent with her ebbing life,
And save a husband for his doating wife ! ”

“ A life—no matter whose ?—and say’st thou so ?
And before day-break—oh, ’tis time to go !
Thank Heaven my William cannot surely know !

“ Keep watch, kind husband ! by my baby’s bed,
Till for her life mine orisons are said,
Till to a distant cunning leech I fly,
Life-giving balsams for my child to buy.
If we are severed, William, doubly dear
Be to thy widowed heart the slumberer here.
Farewell ! though bonds on earth be sadly riven,
No wizard spells dissolve the ties of heaven ! ”

Frantic she flies across the dewy lawn
All breathless to anticipate the dawn,
Eager to breathe the cavern’s deadly gale,
Ere the dread doom her William could assail.
With hands meek folded on her guileless breast,
She sat and gazed upon the fatal East,

Deeming that with its first faint roseate streak
Would fade the life-blood from her youthful cheek ;
That with the dawning of that joyous sun,
Her days were numbered, and her race was run !
Her courage quailed not, but a wandering thought
With many a mingled sweet and bitter fraught,
Through the long twilight on her babe would rest,
Strained to a widow'd father's sorrowing breast ;
And William, how would he the storms of life
Endure, uncheered by a devoted wife ?

The dawn appears ; yon distant mountain-peak
Borrows the transient rose from beauty's cheek ;
The curling mists from lake and stream ascend,
With wakening breeze the topmost branches bend.
The joyful twitter from each rocking spray,
Proclaims aloud the glad return of day ;
Lo ! one bright bound, and from th' illumined main,
Earth's golden monarch is reveal'd again !

Is yon a wreath of mist that gently curls
And o'er the fount its fleecy veil unfurls ?
Lucy yet lives to gaze, and mark its rise
Like hope's blest rainbow in her wondering eyes !
A radiant form the glittering clouds assume,
'Tis the good fay's—released from wizard doom !

“ Thanks ! wife and mother, gentle one ! receive
A fairy's thanks ! blest mortal to achieve,
At once a husband's and a fay's release,
And bid a cruel wiefd for ever cease !

“ ’Twas mine, imprisoned in yon darksome cell,
Reluctant guardian of the spring to dwell,
Till, of my thoughtless victims, *one* should find
That rare devotion in a kindred mind—
Death for his sake to brave; thine the bold deed,
Thine be the loving bosom's dearest meed,
A husband ransomed, and a babe restored,
A fairy's blessing, and that richer hoard
Of dear-bought love, and love by peril tried,
Your path to sweeten, and your footsteps guide!"

She ceased; the group the mirror gave to view,
Across it then for aye the boughs their shadows
threw!

THE WRECK.

BY A POST-CAPTAIN.

“ Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shore, the dying, and the drown’d.”

HAVING arranged my affairs, and taken a farewell of my friends and acquaintances, I sailed from Quebec in the *Medora*, and with heartfelt feelings of delight anticipated returning to my native home, after ten years absence from England. The vessel was in excellent trim, the crew in high order, and her captain steady and skilful; besides myself, there were embarked, Mr. P—— and his daughter, as passengers.

With light hearts, we dropped down the magnificent St. Lawrence, having all sail spread to a fine breeze, and enjoyed the noble prospects which our advance to either shore presented. As we approached Anticosti it suddenly fell calm; and though we were still at some distance, I felt uneasy, for, from having often sailed about the gulf,

I was well aware of the risk which attends a proximity to that desolate island. Besides the uncertainty of the reciprocating currents, its coasts are extremely dangerous, being lined with reefs of flat limestone, which extend out to fifty fathoms water, so that there are few spots, in its whole extent, where a vessel can anchor.

Shortly after the wind had died away, a heavy rolling swell began to set towards the shore, from the south-west, —the common indication of a gale from that quarter. This drove us so fast towards the island that there was no alternative but to drop the anchors, which was done immediately, in forty fathoms water. Yet there was no chance of their holding, but what might arise from their hooking in some crack in the rock, which was so perfectly clean, that an armed deep-sea lead did not bring up a particle of sand. The anchors, therefore, could not hold; but though they came home, they kept the vessel's head to the sea, which had now become so heavy, that she pitched bowsprit in. The weight of the anchors and chain cables retarded our progress towards the shore, and afforded us hope that the wind, which we knew was precursed by the swell, would arrive before any serious catastrophe could take place. The situation, however, became truly alarming; for, at 6 P.M., we had driven within half a mile of the reefs, on which such a surf was breaking, as left us no doubt of the result, if some change did not occur in our favour. At this critical time a man discovered, from the mast-head, the expected gale on the horizon, approaching rapidly, the waves being capped with foam. We could distinctly hear it roaring as it advanced, and never did any sound give me more pleasure. The

men behaved nobly, both anchors were saved, and the *Medora* was again under a press of sail in an incredibly short space of time. We contrived to carry on all night, and every time we tacked, Massey's sounding-machine assured us that we were deepening our water, and clawing off shore in the direction of Cape Rosier.

At day-break it was found that we were at least a dozen miles to windward of Anticosti, with a brisk gale to work with. This gladdened all parties, especially in the cabin, where the depression of spirits, occasioned by yesterday's accident, gave way to an ebullition which made the breakfast-table gay, notwithstanding the motion of the vessel. All was confidence and cheerfulness; Miss P——, in the joy of the moment, was inclined to laugh at the terror she had manifested; while her father was so pleased with the cool conduct of the seamen, that he declared he would make each of them a present on anchoring in England.

Meantime the wind strengthened, but as it veered westward in our favour, the hilarity continued, and we stood across the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the hope that all danger was now over. But the murkiness of the sky, and the difficult navigation around us, made me still apprehensive, though I said nothing that might be disheartening. This continued a couple of days, and we had passed between the Magdalen Islands and Newfoundland, when my fears subsided; and after walking the deck to a late hour, I went down to my berth, confident of soon gaining the open ocean. I had not been long asleep, when I awoke, and found the ship lying nearly on her beam-ends; and by the rapid tumult of water past her sides, I knew that a heavy squall must have caught her. There

was much confusion above and below ; and the clattering of ropes and blocks, with the screaming of the wind, and the creaking of the timbers, announced the violence of the assault. I hurried immediately on deck—the night was pitchy dark, the wind had freshened to a tempest, and the sea, increasing with it, rose literally mountains high ; the top-gallant masts were sent on deck, the jib-boom run in, spritsail-yard placed fore-and-aft, preventer-braces rove, the hatches battened down, and every thing got as snug as circumstances would allow of. They then endeavoured to keep the ship close to the wind, but the sea canted her head off, so that she made more lee than head-way, and the rigging was terribly strained in the effort.

As the morning broke, the gale seemed, if possible, to increase, the sky was one dense cloud, and the rain fell in torrents. A tremendous gust now split the foresail into ribbons, while, at the same moment, a sea struck her with a force that made every timber and plank tremble. I grasped a rope near the mizen-rigging, and while thus clinging for safety, heard a wild cry of agony break through the howling of the storm ; for, as the vessel righted, the foremast had snapped short off, and crushed several unhappy men in its fall.

The captain and his crew managed so admirably that the ship was prevented from broaching to ; and in order to relieve the wildness of the helm, a hawser was veered over the stern. Broad-axes and tomahawks were distributed, and while one party proceeded to clear away the wreck of the foremast, another rigged the pumps, and delivered the water which had been pouring in. These exertions were successful in easing the ship, but we dis-

covered, with some dismay, that she had opened to the force of the weather, so as to make it requisite to keep the pumps incessantly going.

I now descended into the cabin, where I found all was terror and confusion ; every article that could move having rolled into the lee scuppers, and the water was streaming in at every seam. Poor P——, in deep anguish, was endeavouring to soothe the alarm of his daughter, while the interesting girl seemed to be equally intent upon concealing from her father the extent of her fears. My appearance, and the tidings I brought, that the ship was easier, began, in some measure, to quiet their apprehensions ; and I strove, by treating the matter with affected indifference, to restore their full confidence. The captain, too, soon afterwards joined us, and made some awkward attempts to be cheerful ; though I could perceive, by his vacant restlessness, the deep concern with which his mind was agitated.

Another heavy sea having struck the ship I returned on deck. At this instant, the boats were washed overboard, and every wave seemed to make a deeper and more fatal impression upon her, for she rose to each with a dull and exhausted motion, as though about to surrender to the force of the opposing elements. And as the water within was gaining upon her, in spite of pumping and baling, it became evident that we were reduced to extreme danger. Even the seamen began to look aghast at the prospect of foundering, when, towards the close of day, LAND was announced as being in sight under the lee beam. This discovery gave great joy to all on board except myself, for I was too well acquainted with the iron-bound shores

on either hand, not to know full well the danger of approaching them. In this instance, however, it was a case of desperation, for with the probability of otherwise sinking, the slightest chance of anchoring, or even of running on shore, was considered preferable to keeping the sea. In this state, we drove past a rugged head-land, and perceiving a sort of bay inside it, we tried for soundings, and finding bottom with thirty fathoms, the ship was partially rounded to, and both the bower anchors let go; the cables were then veered away to a long range, and the stream and kedge dropped under-foot. The ship rode heavily, and pitched immoderately, but all the top-hamper being taken off, there were strong hopes that she would hold her on till the morning. But to me the expectation of riding out the tempest appeared frail, for the wind continued to rage with unabated violence, the rain fell like a deluge, and the waves tumbled in tumultuous rollers, washing over the forecastle. To add to the horrors of our situation, the occasional glare of the lightning discovered to us, notwithstanding the extreme darkness of the night, a reef of frowning rocks, whitened with breakers, immediately astern of us.

After contemplating the awful scene before us with a dreadful anxiety, the ship's company, who were greatly worn from fatigue, were called aft to snatch a hasty repast. Scarcely was the melancholy meal commenced ere the ship trembled and reeled to her centre, a huge sea broke in over all, and the cables snapped like twine. "The Lord receive us;" ejaculated the captain, "it is now all over with the *Medora*." Cries and groans burst from the lips of all, and despair paralyzed every breast.

This, however, was only a momentary effect, for each individual quickly became sensible that it was more than ever necessary to act with discretion and firmness, in order to avert the fate that threatened them in the unavoidable destruction of their vessel.

When the bower cables parted, the ship hung for a short interval by the stream and kedge, but then began to drive, broadside on, dragging them along with her. Every man now clung to a rope, determined to remain by the ship while she held together, an effort of some difficulty, as the sea was now making clear breaches over her; and it was only the struggle of desperation that could withstand the rush of waters. A mournful silence ensued among the men, but the horrid brawl of the tempest was broken by piercing shrieks from the cabin; at the same instant, the vessel struck, and was dashed with such violence on the reef, that the mainmast was thrown over the side, and the rudder forced upwards. Fortunately, she canted to leeward, or every soul must have immediately perished; but she continued to beat hard, and we heard, by the cracking of her timbers below, the progress of her dissolution. All hope of saving even life had now vanished, and recommending ourselves to the protection of the Almighty, we began to consider ourselves as beings of another world. The ill-fated *Medora* lay struggling upon her beam-ends, groaning and writhing like a giant in the agonies of death; and the darkness that surrounded us seemed the darkness of the grave! Oh, with what anguish did we hear the cries of those who were successively washed away by the breakers that beat over us—at intervals we saw their obscure forms for a

moment while struggling on the white foam of the billows, and the next instant they were gone for ever !

As it was impossible that the ship could hold together much longer, I determined to get my two forlorn fellow-passengers on deck, as the only prospect, however slight, of their reaching the shore. With this intent I and another hand, made our way through the skylight into the cabin ; the lamp was still burning, and threw its dim rays so as just to lighten up the "darkness visible" of the gloomy scene. The sad father, propped by the fallen furniture, supported his almost inanimate daughter in his arms. He raised his head as we approached ; but I shall never forget the careworn expression, and sickly paleness of his countenance. His heart had fainted within him ; not that he feared to die, but he was agitated at the approaching fate of his beloved child, to whom every crash of the timbers sounded like a summons to eternity. We slung them both, and had them secured under the weather bulwark, where they joined in prayer with those next them. A wild scream was now heard from forward. A tremendous sea struck the ship, rending her fore and aft, and engulfing us in its dread abyss. There was a long protracted yell ; it grew fainter, and all was hushed, save the howling of the gale, and the rolling of the billows. Two of the seamen alone, besides myself, were saved.

THE JUDGMENT OF IDUMEA.

VERSIFIED BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

COME near, ye nations ! Around me gather
And list to the words of your God and your Father,
For my fury is forth on a city and nation,
That are doomed to the slaughter and dire desolation.
In Bozrah the Lord has his sacrifice fitted,
His altar the land where the sins were committed,
Let the dead and the living around him assemble,
And time and eternity hear and tremble.

Oh, wail for Idumea, cast forth unforgiven !
My sword is bathed red in the vengeance of heaven ;
And down on the mountains unnerved and supine,
They shall fall as the dead leaves descend from the vine,
Where heaps upon heaps shall their corpses remain,
And the mountains shall melt with the blood of the slain.

'Tis the day of the Lord ;—prepare thee ! prepare thee !
And mark its approach that it may not ensnare thee ;
Look well to the plain at its throes and its bending,
Lest it swallow you up in the gulf of its rending ;

Attend to the sea when to blood it is turning ;
Attend to the mountains when clothed in mourning ;
Observe the pale moon when her radiance is clouded ;
And look to the sun when his glory is shrouded ;
To the stars when appearing in dimness involving,
In the breath of Jehovah annealed and dissolving ;
Then to the blue heavens heaved hither and thither,
Then folded and rolled like a scroll up together ;
Then, then, is approaching o'erwhelming and early,
The day of the Lord ; prepare thee ! prepare thee !

It is past ; it is over ! The earth's in amazement ;
The people stand silent in dreadful debasement
Before the dire wrath of the mighty Avenger
Of Israel, thus wreaked on the land of the stranger.
Idumea is fallen ! No arm to deliver !
The contest of Zion is settled for ever.

The beauty of Edom no age shall restore it,
The curse of the Lord is in it and o'er it,
The rivers and springs into pitch are turning
The dust is brimstone, the breeze is burning,
The city is shaken unto its foundations,
The land is a waste unto all generations,

Her halls are of emptiness, grandeur's illusion ;
And stretched out upon them the line of confusion ;
In her palaces dark desolation is reigning,
And the briers and the nettle their foliage entwining ;
The owl calls his count with a whoop and a knell,
And there shall the bittern and cormorant dwell,
The lamia shall lie in her chambers of state,
And open her bosom and cry for her mate ;
The ostrich shall stand on her battlements proudly,
And the vultures assemble, discordant and loudly ;

The satyrs shall dance with their howlings and yellings,
The spirits of darkness that haunt the low dwellings
Of mortals cut off in their greenness of sinning,
Ere grace had a spring or repentance beginning,
The toad and the adder shall come from the forest,
And dragons pant o'er it when thirst's at the sorest.
The gloom of oblivion shall over it centre,
Till time shall withdraw and eternity enter,
To all who despise their God and Forgiver,
A beacon of terror for ever and ever.

Mount Benger, August 23, 1835.

TIME PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

BY VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

Time was—when all was fresh, and fair, and bright,
My heart was bounding with delight,

It knew no pain, it felt no aching ;
But o'er it all its airy woes

As lightly passed, or briefly staid,
Like the fleet summer-cloud, which throws
On sunny lands a moment's shade,
A momentary darkness making.

Time is—when all is drear, and dim, and wild,
And that gay sunny scene which smiled,

With darkest clouds is gloomed and saddened ;
When, tempest-toss'd on passion's tide,
Reason's frail bark is madly driven,
Nor gleams one ray its course to guide,
From yon o'ercast and frowning heaven,
Till peace is wreck'd, and reason maddened.

Time comes—but will it e'er restore,
The peace my bosom felt before,
 And soothe again my aching tortured breast?
It will, for there is one above,
 Who bends on all a Father's eye;
Who hears with all a Father's love
 The broken heart's repentant sigh,
 Calms the vexed heart, and bids the spirit rest.

MAY MORNING.

BY L. E. L.

Up with the morning, and up with the sun,
Night, with its dreams and its shadows, is done ;
The lilac's small stars in their thousands arise,
While the garden is filled with their languishing sighs,
I must away with the earliest hours,
To gather the may-dew that lies in the flowers.

The yellow laburnum, the spendthrift of spring,
How lavish the wealth which its bright branches fling,
Is rich as the bough which the sybil of yore
To chase the dark spirits of Acheron bore.
Ah yet, at the sight of its gladness, depart
The shadows that gather in gloom o'er the heart.

The violets open their eyes in the grass,
Each one has a dew-drop to serve as a glass ;
Last night in their shelter the fairy queen slept ;
And to thank the sweet watch o'er her sleep which they
 kept,



The look which she gave them at parting left there
The blue of her eyes, and the scent of her hair.

With his wings filled with music, the bee is abroad,
He seeks the wild thyme-beds of which he is lord.
The lark starts from slumber, and up-soaring flings
The night-tears the clover had shed on his wings.
The chirp of the grasshopper gladdens the field,
For all things their mirth or their melody yield.

The glory of spring, and the glory of morn,
O'er all the wide world in their beauty are borne ;
For the winter is gone to the snows of the north,
And the promise of summer in green leaves looks forth.
The red rose has summoned her sisters from rest,
And earth with the sight of the lovely is blest.

I too will go forth, I too will renew
My bloom and my spirits in sunshine and dew.
I hear the birds singing, and feel that their song
Bears my own heart that shareth their gladness along.
Ah, let me away with the earliest hours,
To gather the may-dew that lies in the flowers.

CASTLE TREENE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

THE vintage, every one is aware, is the happiest season of the year in France; the autumn, even to November's close, is the loveliest in Switzerland; the winter is glorious on the Nile; but of all spring-times, commend me to that of the west of Cornwall. The rains and winds, not the frost and snow, of the preceding months, cause it to break forth early and vigorously. The moors, the hill-sides, even the hedges, are gay with the yellow furze of an unusual size and beauty; the pinks and wild flowers clothe every steep, even to the water's edge. On the southern shore is a splendid assemblage of rocks, called Castle Treene, where the precipices, the haunt of the wild goat and falcon, look like the vast and proud battlements of a feudal castle,—grey, time-worn, yet eternal. There is a village on the adjoining hill, finely situated; even in the wildest abode there will be some inequality of mind and circumstance; and here there was a chief man,

whose home was more neat and pleasant than those of his neighbours, and whose opinion, on most matters, was as a law. Why did the villagers pause often as they passed by the garden gate, or gaze in at the broad window that fronted the path?—was it that the array within was so exquisitely neat—the pots of geraniums, the various shells, and the specimens of minerals from the mines? A kind and attractive being was there, watching her plants at evening, or reading in the window-seat, whose face they loved to look on, and whose voice was pleasant to their ears. The voice of the gay and volatile girl is seldom musical, that of the retired and visionary one, is often so. A visionary, yet a happy one, was Catherine Richards; the long oval face, colourless, yet exquisitely pale and clear, the high forehead, the dark eye, full of dreaminess and feeling, were such as men love, not passionately, but with a long and undying love; the long raven hair, and the tall figure, were suited to the features. In Italy, artists would have desired to paint her as a youthful Madonna or nun; but poor Catherine would have shrunk from the veil with horror, and have given the Abbesship, the rich robes, the lordly convent, to the winds, to preserve her wild home and simple tastes. The father was a man of frank and sailor-like manners; loving his village-despotism, yet kind-hearted; his skiff was moored in the cove below; part of his time was spent in fishing, in piloting a stray Indiaman, or, though more rarely, in some contraband venture. The adjoining corn and pasture-fields were all his own; the dwelling where his fathers had lived, was low and roomy; the rude portico screened the entrance from the wind and rain; a carpet

was on the parlour floor that had anciently known no covering but the fine white sand of the adjoining beach.

The contrast between the two beings was strong: is not affection more the fruit of habit and circumstance than of the ties of blood? Often, when the autumn was sadly passing from the hills, and the winds were wild without, she sat, as evening fell, in the parlour, waiting his return, till step after step died away. The coast was an iron one; even in the cove the surges ran so high with an in-shore wind that the boats often kept the sea till morn. When, at last, the well-known hail came, the girl rushed to the door, threw her arms round the athletic form of her father, and looked wistfully in his face; she drew the heavy arm-chair, the same that his ancestors, for two centuries, had sat in, and quickly poured out the tea—his favourite beverage. Then she took some fancy-work, or read some perilous voyage, to amuse him, while he sat opposite and gazed on her beauty, till his bright eye fell, for his heart was full within him. Her mother had died many years before, leaving her the memory of a love whose tears were more frequent than its smiles, whose last prayer was that the heart of her child might never be desolate. This remembrance was to Catherine like a beautiful and tranquil star on her way: she thought of the words of her parent, whose few surviving friends, now hastening to the grave, said that her spirit lived in the child, though the form and face of the latter were far more noble.

Richards strove never to be absent on a Sunday, for his parlour was the chapel of the hamlet; the parish church was some miles distant; when the roads were bad, the

way over hill and moor was weary. No bell told the hour of prayer; the sea-bird's shriek, or the dash of the billows, were often heard in the stillness of the Sabbath morn, as the people gathered round, in their best array, and with a calm yet earnest expression of feature. It was, in truth, the simple worship of God, without form or ceremony; even without a pastor; the sound of the lifted hymn passed beautifully down the hill side, and over the waters; then a few of the more experienced prayed, and an elder delivered a brief address. If by any chance Catherine was absent on this occasion, the people thought the chief pride of the scene was gone—the music of her voice, the hope and joy of her eye. The poor lingered to speak to her of their troubles, and tell her their wants; not a week passed in which she did not enter their homes; the visits of those who are at ease in their possessions are ever welcome to the cottage, if they come with the mien and words of kindness; otherwise, their alms are thankless, and their presence a burden. But the entrance of the beautiful and merciful being is as that of an angel; when she sits beside the bed, and takes the pallid hand, and speaks to the sinking soul.

Were these the sole excitements of one so young? There were festivals in the neighbourhood; each parish, according to ancient usage, had its own peculiar feast-time; as Richards had many friends no guests were more welcome than the father and daughter. The latter felt her power; she heard and knew herself the unchallenged beauty of all the western parishes, and when the looks of the young, and even wealthy, men kindled at her approach, and their words were earnest, the spirit of the woman

lived within ; the hours fled on wings of gold, and when the time came to return, the wild home, the lone chamber, looked less bright, even the favourite linnet's song was not so cheerful. The last festival was decisive of her future fate ; at the house of a relation, where a large company was gathered, was a young miner, of bold adventure and brilliant success, he loved its career ; he spoke eloquently of its perils, and its chances. Yet the pale complexion, and restless eye, told that the frame was failing, that his years were numbered. Tall, finely-formed, the blood rushing to his delicate cheek with each passing emotion, he bore a strong personal resemblance to Catherine. During many years he had struggled and adventured in vain, with a hope baffled even to the sickness of the heart, and now he gloried in his prospects ; and never till this day was the thirst of gain met and vanquished by a stronger love. Catherine drank in his words ; her dark and dreamy glance fell before his. Three days were passed beneath the same roof ; then he sought the home that he had lately built in a valley, near the mine ; within there were pleasant chambers, where one who had known adversity might sit as on beds of ivory, and listen to the voice of luxury, but without all was dreary ; no tree, shrub, or even wild flower, was on the bank of the red stream that ran harshly by piles of decayed ore, overgrown with rank grass and noxious weeds ; the ruins of cottages, memorials of a past generation, who had here toiled in vain, and either died, or fled sadly from the place. On that night the sleep of Hamill was full of horror ; the agitation of his thoughts, or the nerves unstrung by what he had drunk, were the causes

he assigned ; as he woke, and heard the hoarse murmur of the rank stream, a solitary cry, he fancied, more than once fell on his ear, as of one in pain who was perishing beneath the earth, where there was none to help. Dark and miserable images haunted his dreams till morn, when he rose early, and hastened to the wild scene of speculation. Oh how the soul drinks in her loved feelings of hope, and energy, and pride, after being crushed, and torn to pieces as by many demons of the night. The breaking morn, the busy faces, the glad words, "There is a new discovery," said one—"The vein of silver at last !" said another, hurrying on ; they had just ascended, pallid, dripping from the foul exhalations ; the news passed from mouth to mouth ; the miners raised one loud and universal shout of welcome. Hamill's eye flashed beneath the intense excitement of the moment, he waved his hand in mockery of the visions of the night, and hastily descending to the spot, he bent over it in the dim taper's light. His breathing came thick and fast ; his heart beat audibly in the warm, sepulchral air, and each man's face was white as the sheeted dead, for he laid his hand on the trembling threads of the silver ore, and grasped them eagerly, and there fell on the hand a fatal omen among these superstitious men, one drop of blood so cold, that he started and raised it to the light ; the miners looked at each other in silence—"A good and a bad token at the same moment," said Hamill, with a laugh, and he pointed to the direction of the lode, its white rich lustre, its probable extent. The visions of glory are not more exciting than those of the skilful and reflecting miner ; oh, beautiful field, where all run the

race ; where the rich and the poor meet together, and fate soon equalizes them. The labourer of to-day, smiles in the ensuing year in the face of his lord, points to his bright piles and says, " These are the makers of us all." He takes his seat at the loaded table, near the punch-bowl, but to drink not to excess ; he laughs and exults, but in his anxious, sleepless brow and watchful eye, there lives the future, not in hope—hope is too cold a word—but in broad, boundless, splendid life. Talk not to him of fame, that passes as a vapour, or foam on the wave ; talk not of the dream of love, that dies even with the morning : but talk of the heat that consumes by day, and the thirst by night, which shall be deliciously strong within him ; even when his last enemy bids him come, he goes, and casts a look of inexpressible longing behind, not on wife and child, but on the darling scene of his wasting cares, his victory ! The heavy moan of the engines, the wild exciting cries, the dull fall of the black heaps far beneath, the lights, nearer, how dim they burn !—rich, rich !—what shadow is that !—he dies. But his son buys lands, builds a noble mansion, and waxes great : and the grandson of the poor miner becomes a baronet and senator : so have risen not a few of the aristocracy of the west.

A few days afterwards Hamill took his way to the hamlet ; the visits were frequent ; for the father knew his prosperous circumstances. But there was another suitor, whom he personally liked still more ; who had sailed with him when a boy in all his enterprises, and was of a spirit bold and frank as his own ; he had early been left an orphan, and Richards had taken the boy to his home, and been to him as a father. Subsequently, the latter had

gone abroad, and being an excellent and fearless sailor, had risen to the command of a fine merchant vessel. A few weeks since, he came from the Levant to the nearest port, about ten miles distant, and hastened to the home which had once been his own; where he first loved Catherine, though he never dared to tell her so. He still loved her fervently. He now saw a rival by the side of the beautiful girl—the soft clear sounds of whose voice fell like wailing on his ear; he had known her from childhood, even as a brother, had borne her in his arms over rock and cliff, rowed her often to the lone isle in the Atlantic—and this man was a stranger. More than once, when they were seated round the fire, the past came back indelibly; his brow grew damp with agony, and the strong man felt faint and sick, for he saw that the attractions of Hamill were more powerful than his own; the former played the flute exquisitely, and then he sang with Catherine some of the airs she loved; often did the father beg that they would sing them again and yet again. One evening, while thus engaged, a deep sigh struck her ear, and turning to her old companion, she was shocked at his manner and appearance; she took his hand in hers, *then* the conviction of his passion shot through her mind. It was too late, and she sank into a chair beside him, and heeded not the words of her father or her lover; her head rested on her hand, her lips were white, the long eye-lash sank over the dreamy and beautiful eyes; and when at last she raised them and met those of Hamill, it was strange how there grew upon his face, a long, searching, wistful gaze.

The following day was one of wind and rain; Richards

put to sea early in his pilot-boat, for a fleet of Indiamen was seen going up channel ; as the day wore, they were scattered ; some driving wildly before the gale, and one, that seemed to have suffered most, boldly pushed for the shore. The attempt was perilous ; and it was evident she must be steered by some native hand ; the village was emptied of its people, the headlands were lined, from far and near, with curious spectators : dismasted, and struggling wildly, the noble vessel came on, her decks crowded ; the little cove was beneath, and the villagers looked down often mechanically on its hushed bosom at their feet, and then at the Indiaman, and pressed their children closer to their side. A gun was heard, and another pealed over the waters ; but the people on the cliff were silent ; the vessel began to settle down, and suddenly there was a great cry from on board, like the death-wail—and the villagers cried also, and the wild sympathy so grew upon them that the women and the children shrieked aloud, and in the midst of this miserable excitement, the ship went down ; and no one spoke for some time, or moved from where they stood. The billows broke free and wild over the spot ; she had gone down so suddenly, no mast, or boat, scarcely a spar that showed where she had sunk. Richards had perished with her ; he was seen distinctly beside the rudder, pointing to the cove. One effort only was made to save him ; a boat with a single sailor was seen dashing through the foam, that for some moments shrouded it utterly ; even to the very spot, amid the whirl of the billows, where the father was last seen, Andrews advanced, and would have saved him but that he had struggled his last.

The villagers felt the loss ; the last tribute of respect, of following his remains to the grave, was denied them ; and when the next Sabbath came they looked anxiously towards the dwelling ; but its door was shut, even the garden gate was fast ; thus passed another week ; but when the ensuing day of rest arrived, an intimation was given that there would be worship as before. The assembly was larger than usual ; many came from the neighbouring villages ; a deeper seriousness was on the faces of the people, as they sat and stood in the parlour, that could scarcely contain the number. In the window-seat was Hamill, looking silently forth on the waste of waters, so abstracted, that Catherine stood beside him in deep mourning, ere he was aware ; she had entered silently, for the bitterness of sorrow was not yet past ; there was a loneliness in her look, and when it met his own, there was something so appealing in its expression, that he turned away to hide his emotion. The verse given out chanced to be the favourite of her father, that she had sung to him on the very last evening ; she compressed her hands firmly on the little volume of sacred poems :—

Star of the desert waters wild,
When death shall hush the seaman's cry,
Full on his lonely home, his child—
Beam from thy living realms on high."

The winter was past ; the air, at the close of January, was as soft as in a southern clime ; the primroses covered the vale beneath ; the river, swollen by the rains, rushed loudly through its bright green banks, till it was lost in

the cove beyond; that cove, with its silver rim of sand, and its stern precipices, whose terrors were shrouded by the fern and yellow lichens, even to the water's edge—an anchorite might have gloried in it. Half-way down the cliffs were the samphire-gatherers, one of them suspended by a rope, that was held by his companions above. Catherine, who had wandered again to her favourite scene, paused and looked up at the fearful work; the sea-birds, whose nests were spoiled by these men, clamoured fiercely at their coming, and swept with wild cries nearer and nearer where she stood, as if their instinct taught them she had no share in the deed. Shells, diminutive, yet very beautiful in colour and form, covered the beach; on a lonely patch of green, near at hand, was a cottage; there was no tree or shadow, save that of the dark precipices; but the cheering, splendid furze-bushes, at once an ornament and screen, were as high as the walls. The dwellers sat at the door gazing far to sea-ward for the return of the fishermen; the wintry sun, more grateful and soft in such a scene than that of June, shone full on the bay. Still lingering here, Catherine felt, almost unconsciously, the influence of the place and hour; the waves, just raised, fell with a low, rich, measured sound; not even the voice of music, of friends, the shepherd's pipe in a far land, or the exile's song, steals on the stricken heart with a more luxurious influence than the melancholy murmur of waters on a lone and glorious shore. Her eyes filled with tears as she stood; a faint smile was on her beautiful lips.

Weeks and months passed, and more welcome grew the light step that came at evening, and sweeter the air which

she sometimes heard from afar. A heavier foot also came to the garden-gate ; ever since the day of the tempest, Andrews had been received with a kindness and sympathy that touched and affected him ; he saw, with bitterness of soul, that had this man not been in the way, his own love had surely been successful : perhaps he was right. Their early intimacy, the fast friendship of the father, and his heroic devotion in trying to save him, all pleaded in his behalf. As he sometimes paced up and down the beach, he could observe his rival crossing the fields below the hamlet. The last time the sailor sought this spot, he was observed to be greatly agitated ; the women, waiting the return of the boats, asked what ailed him, for he had been a favourite in every dwelling from a boy ; he made no answer, for the sweet tones of a flute came down the wind ; it was Hamill, advancing slowly ; he listened, till the sounds grew fainter ; swiftly the wasted yet graceful figure of his rival passed up the steep ; he then turned to the shore with a hurried step, and quickly disappeared behind the projecting crags.

Towards day-break, Andrews was observed on the pier, ten miles distant, leaning against the alcove, the glare of whose dying lamp fell on his features. The crews of the numerous ships were yet buried in sleep ; a quick step to and fro on the deck, and at intervals the wild bursts of a song were heard. His look was fixed on his noble vessel, that rose and sank with the billow ; what were the command, the gain, the element he so loved, to him now !—had he come home, after so many years, to be the prey of misery—to have his heart broken ? Again his blood boiled within him ; he gnashed his teeth ;

he would be revenged. The image of Catherine, when she was a lovely child, seemed to pass before him; her weak hands stretched out, her long hair in the wind, her dreaming eyes fixed on his own. His spirit was crushed even as a bruised reed: its darkness passed away, and he wept bitterly. "I will struggle no more," he said, "I will say to Despair, thou art my mother."

Not thus fled the night in the house of Hamill; he had sown, but who dared to say he would reap in sorrow? It was the eve of his birthday; a numerous circle sat round the generous hearth; they drank his wines, they applauded his tales; words of flattery and congratulation were poured into his ear; he listened to them kindly, though he felt they were but as empty sounds; he remembered the hour when no one thought of praising the poor and enduring man. Yet there were words, that night, like melody, though rarely spoken; they were those of the few tried hearts of his early days, whose comfort and counsel were once as balm to the soul. Let no man rashly sever that golden cord, or dream that earth can offer fresh and true attachments at his will; they will come no more. Memory, more faithful than hope, will not be thus deceived; she will often rise in the way, mourning her little broken treasures of mercy, kindness, sympathy; her long, appealing associations: can another hand renew them?

"I will make the valley beautiful," said Hamill; "I will plant Cornish elms in the more exposed parts, and lay out the lower ground in a shrubbery and flower-beds; so fond as she is of a garden, this place will look like a desert."

“And what will you do with the stream?” said the other with a smile; “I have read of the silver, the golden, and the azure, but never of the red waters, in a scene of beauty!”

“No,” he replied less gaily, “I will never turn aside the red stream; it has been the companion of my earliest sorrows; when my parents died, and others looked cold upon me, I used to wander to this dell, among the ruins of the old mine, and sit beside the dark waters. *There* also fate smiled upon me; I first conceived, a few years since, the idea of trying the old mine again; you know how it prospered; look how glorious it is at this moment! groves, gardens, crystal streams, can you compare with that scene?”

The faint lustre of the starlight was on the strange and restless scene; no note of the nightingale was heard,—the wild hissing of the steam, suddenly let forth, the hoarse creak of the wheels and chains, the rise and fall of the engine, like the groan of a great billow, struck on the ear; dim candles, like spectre-lights, flitted to and fro for a few moments, then sunk again into the grave-like shaft. A few pallid forms appeared—the hands, the face, and feet, colourless; their looks mournful and calm. The memorials of the past stood sadly beside the lofty yet desolate engine, on whose brow the grass grew rank, like the gray tower of a fallen hierarchy amidst its silent tombs; the old piles of ore leaned against its walls; and many a rich mass yet gleamed with a serpent lustre in the starlight, as if it mocked the present ambition. The ruined counting-house—will no one write its history, its tales of lost peace and fortune, of colossal gains, the ebb,

the flow, till a palace or a workhouse threw wide their gates? The stairs were broken; the large bow-window—Peru, hast thou many scenes more tempting than that on which this window looked?—it was broken also; what a jovial, exulting company used to gather in that room! hungry and thirsty they came—yet hungrier after gold. Methinks there are voices on the night; if the warrior be allowed to wail over his battle-fields, and the poet to haunt the scenes of his love, may not the miner come again, and sit on the mouth of the silent chasm, or on the rank heap that was once dear, and mourn for his pleasant things of old? There is a splash of falling waters, all else is voiceless; it is the ancient stream that gushed from the depths of the earth, from the very bowels of the rich veins, all redolent with promise; warm, turbid, no spring of Helicon or Delphi was so fragrant or welcome; like the latter also, the treasures lost, the inspiration gone, it still rushes through dark halls and abysses, like the river of Sinbad, flowing from a shore covered with gold and jewels, yet mocking every effort to gain them.

The annual festival, or parish-feast, was at hand; the season had been fine, the crops abundant, the farmers kept it up merrily. A large party was assembled in the old, rambling dwelling, that had been the hold of the seigneurs of the place for centuries; but the last squire died poor. The court-walls were still high and massive; the sides and roof of the spacious dining-room were of oak, as was also the unpolished floor; the failing light struggled through the small, fretted windows. The large ancient punch-bowl, often replenished, was on the table. As the night gathered on the heath, the drinking grew

deep, and men measured not the words they spoke, but laid bare the spirit within,—the smuggler, with hard brow and desperate phrase; the miner, with his flushed cheek and collected eye; and the man whose talk was of bullocks, close of hand and close of heart, sneering at wild deeds and uncertain gains. Hark to the clash of sabres, and the rallying cry, from the white lips of one; the hushed words of another, yet distinct as the words of love or the dying, tell a tale of keen speculation—of gold, gold, won through years of hope and despair—yet won at last; whose hand is clenched, while every feature writhes as beneath the spell of a horrible dream; that tortured man is a beggar, who staked and lost his all; it was wealth—in a neighbouring mine; and the vivid description of the last speaker wakes every feeling afresh. The voice ceased; all had listened, while Hamill thus told of his career, who then turned to a friend at his side, and spoke of his bright prospects, of the attachment and beauty of Catherine, for though averse to excess, he had drunk sufficient to make his words unguarded. Andrews, who sat near, heard and felt them in his inmost soul; he had listened sadly to the tale of his rival; but this dwelling on *her* charms and virtues, on *his* successful love, was more than he could bear; he continued to drink deep, and, at last, losing all self-command, he spoke upbraidingly; there was a brief smile of scorn on the lip of Hamill; he then used words of dishonour; they were fiercely returned. A personal defiance followed; the quarrel was aggravated by their companions, and it was resolved to decide it on the heath, by the clear starlight; Andrews, who had sought the combat, reckoned on a

speedy revenge; for he was a man of great physical strength and activity; to the surprise of all, the more delicate frame, the more buoyant spirit of his rival, prevailed; and the former, after a severe and prolonged struggle, gave back from his fierce and rapid blows. He renewed the fight with a wild rage, but was quickly after struck down; he heard the shouts of applause and derision; incensed almost to madness, he rose, and seizing one of the fragments of rock which were scattered on the heath, he rushed towards the victor, and hurled it with a savage strength at his head. Had it given instant death, it had been mercy, but it crushed the face miserably; Hamill fell beneath it like an infant. A cry of execration burst from every lip; Andrews looked for a moment in silence on the work of his hands, then turned and fled over the heath; no one pursued him. His friends raised the unfortunate man from the grass, that was wet with his blood; they would have borne him within the dwelling, but he muttered that they should bear him to the home of Catherine, about a mile distant, and they did so; deep curses and menaces broke from the group at intervals as they sadly passed on. The beauty of the star-lit night had led Catherine to walk in her garden, and she now stood beside the gate, gazing earnestly at the advancing party, for sounds of distress had caught her ear. In a few minutes her lover was before her, but concealed; they dreaded her suddenly seeing him, and one of them advanced, and spoke to her in a low, deprecating tone; she cast one piercing glance towards the shrouded figure, advanced a few steps, then suddenly grew faint, and sank, with a deep sigh, on the ground. "Better, far better

thus," said the leader of the party, as he raised her gently and beckoned them to bear his friend within. They laid him in her chamber, on her bed, and the nearest surgeon had been previously summoned. He soon came, and saw in a moment that the case was past all cure ; life might be prolonged a few days, but the wound was mortal. At times his senses left him, and then his groans filled the house ; she heard them, and when morning came, she was still sleepless and wretched ; her thoughts in wild confusion. Unable to bear these feelings any longer, she stole softly to the door of his chamber ; he slept—an opiate had been given—the watchers slept also ; she approached the bed, the face was upturned ; *that face !*—oh, horror ! each feature was crushed and flat ; the bones were shattered, the countenance was without form and void. She did not shriek, or turn away ; she shuddered like an infant and covered her face with her hands ; the beating of her heart could be heard throughout the chamber, and when the first paroxysm was over, she knelt down beside the bed, and clasping his hand in both her own, she prayed fervently and long. Did she pray for his life?—it could not be ; life must be a curse. The pressure of her hands awoke him, and he looked with wild earnestness on her ; a deep sob broke from his breast, and then he spoke ; his words wandered at first, for he was trying to master himself.

His voice had ever a peculiarly sweet cadence ; but now to her fancy, its tones were almost melody, and the dark eye, breaking from its expression of anguish, had an unwonted lustre and power. The dread he felt that she could never bear to behold or be near him, was past.

The manliness of his mind, that had borne him through the strife of so many years was useless now; his heart was breaking, even faster than his stricken frame. Till he saw Catherine thus by his side, he knew not that he ever so loved her; for her sake he sought to be spared, "O earth, cover not yet my hope," said the dying miner, with unutterable earnestness; "he who hath chastened me, can he not heal?" He told her not of this thirst of life, and suffered not a murmur, not a sigh, to escape him. When Catherine left him, and hastened to her chamber, her calmness forsook her; she laid her head on the table, and gave way to a torrent of grief; low and unconscious moans broke from her lips; the iron had pierced her soul; one gush of tears succeeded another. She had armed herself to look upon his misery, hear him complain, to strengthen and comfort him; but she saw with what nobleness he rose above his unutterable wrong, that he seemed not to feel his agony, while in his words there was a love "more strong than death, more jealous than the grave." The murderer—was he not nursed beneath her roof, her father's favourite?—"For me he was slain," she said wildly; this thought never afterwards left her.

The flight of Andrews from the heath had been successful; from that night he was no more seen or heard of in the country. It was said that banishment was too slight an atonement to offended justice and mercy; his friends mentioned not his name; the sin of blood, foully—treacherously split—the sin of a base and cowardly revenge, was upon it.

On the following evening, Catherine was seated beside the bed of Hamill, speaking at intervals in that low,

calm, concentrated tone, which, while it veils the heart within, has such power over the hearts of others. The setting sun fell redly through the open window, and the curtains were partly drawn because, he said, the vivid light affected him, but, in reality, to shroud his condition from her sight. One of his oldest friends sat at the foot of the bed, his head resting on his hand, looking fixedly at him. He had been speaking of some bright ventures to amuse the other's mind, but he saw that his words were unheeded; and that the theme she chose interested him deeply, though, at times, a quick repelling gesture of the hand, showed it was not all welcome.

"Not forgive him," said Catherine, "O James, how can *you*, then, be forgiven?" There was so imploring a love in her broken accents, "Do not curse him; for your soul's sake—for my sake, say—"

The sufferer clasped his hands on his breast, that heaved convulsively, "My enemy! of what hast thou bereaved me! Foul, bloody, and cruel deed; in another month she was to be my wife!" There was a long pause, and then he resumed; "Into thine hands, O God, I commit my cause; Catherine, I *do* forgive him." She bent over him, and bathed his hand with her tears, and blessed him; in the silence that followed, it seemed as if the spirit of each was holding communion with that holier world, to which they now looked alone for a union never to be broken.

The night was beautiful; the faint moaning of the wind among the cliffs was lost at intervals in the clear shrill cries from the fishing-boats returned to the strand, their dull sails drooping in the strong moonlight; there were glad and hasty steps, then a fragment of some wild song,

with the voices of children glorying in the harvest the sea had given.

Catherine ever loved these sounds, and now sat late at her window ere she retired to rest. The light so dear to the mourner fell on her sleeping form: was that the slumber of forgetfulness? one dread vision is there, one red, and trampled!—again! her hand waves it away, her lips murmur fearfully. Beneath the rich tresses of her hair, how blanched is the cheek!

This day and the morrow passed as the former; on the third evening, life beat more faintly; Hamill spoke more clearly and more rapidly than was his wont, he felt that his moments were numbered. The late deed—his enemy—dwelt no more on his lips; the past scenes of life came, a visionary host, round his bed; the grave of his father and mother, how he wept there, a desolate boy; the dark road he travelled, long, long; “bury me, Catherine, beside their grave; the shadow of the trees falls upon it; the heat and the blast do not come there. This was foretold to me, for I loved gold too well; the drop of blood that fell on my hand as I grasped—cold, cold, I feel it now. When *you* are warned, when you shall follow, oh, sleep beside me, for we shall rise again. Catherine, I shall see you in your beauty, and you shall behold my face—” there was a low moan, a last flash of the bright eye, and he breathed no more.

On the day of the interment, the village could not contain the number of people. The personal character and temper of the deceased, and his dark doom, caused them to gather from far and near. Sorrow makes but a poor show in towns and cities, where “the mourners go about

the streets ;” but in the country, she asserts her empire, her foot is on the heath and hill, her voice has a wild and affecting power. The dull tower could be seen afar off, the only burial-place to the parishes around ; the grey cromla, like the beacon of ages, was on each neighbouring height.

All were on foot ; a carriage or even a horse, would have intruded on the quiet harmony of the scene. The men who were well off in the world, the petty squire, the farmer, the captains of the mines, led the way ; the bier was borne by the intimate friends of the dead ; and behind came a multitude of both sexes. As they passed down the long declivity no sound was heard but the slow and measured tread, that fell like the marching of a host ; on entering the lone and beautiful valley beneath, as they wound among the scattered rocks, and clumps of yellow furze, they raised a hymn, as if with one voice. I have heard the dread wail of the Arabs as they passed to the desert-sepulchres, and the grief of the Turk in his splendid cemetery, and the plaint of the Egyptian as he looked his last on the dead. Yet none of these were mournfully impressive, as a funeral in the wilds of Cornwall—where, in the midst of intense sorrow, there is tranquillity ; while the heart bleeds at every fibre, the lips raise a chastened and touching melody. At intervals, where the way was rugged, or crossed by a rivulet, the voices paused, and again there was a silence so deep that the distant lull of the waves could be distinctly heard. Near the bier there was a mourner who might have looked around, and said, “Is there any sorrow equal to my sorrow ?” Her face was pale as death, and bent towards the earth ; the large

dark eye was tearless ; once only it was raised, and gave a wild look around, as the procession passed in view of the ruined mine, and the handsome dwelling of Hamill, where no one looked forth, not even mother or sister, to ask, “why were his chariot-wheels so long in coming?” It was above an hour ere they reached the church ; the last service was quickly over, and they laid him in his place of rest ; ere the earth fell there was another hymn, on the very brink of the grave, as if in defiance of its power ; the sounds passed over the heath, like the wail of a parted spirit for scenes lost for ever.

Time flies as fast over the desolate as the happy ; yet it brought no lenient influence to the hamlet ; ere the lapse of a year Catherine had received several offers of marriage ; the heiress of her father’s comfortable property, and of a considerable legacy from her lover, she might have looked as high as the squire of the land, for sorrow had given a more touching character to her beauty. So thought most who knew her ; they also thought it was of no avail to grieve so obstinately. Where were the little cares and hopes, the familiar voices ?—earth had closed over the two beings who filled her thoughts, and were the stay of her present and future life. Oh how heavily time fell during the first year ; her flowers, her linnet, her simple music, could they assuage the fresh wounds of the heart ? She had ever loved the lonely ramble along the shore, the reverie beside the sullen wave, or seated on the little rich clumps of verdure, even at its edge ; and now long fits of abstraction, some said of melancholy, came over her. One excitement was the building a small and handsome chapel for the hamlet ; there was no more service in the

parlour; the people gathered to the new structure, the most tasteful and magnificent temple they or their forefathers had known. Her charity and liberality, with the convenience of the chapel, induced many to build cottages around, and the hamlet increased in size as well as comfort. Catherine was the tutelary priestess, as well as lady, of the place; the minister, for she took care the pulpit should be supplied, hesitated to begin till he saw her tall and now attenuated figure enter. Rarely did she fail to appear; in the wild rain and wind, in the storm and darkness, she might be seen, with her little lantern, passing down the declivity; and when she sometimes shook the rain from her long dark tresses, her eye shot forth a vivid joy, a dear excitement; for she would even sit at times beside the lonely fire, and count, on the large old clock, the moments, till the hour came. And still the neighbours used to pause, in the summer evenings, beside the open window, to hear her sing; they said the sounds were sometimes unearthly.

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There is peril, when an enthusiastic fancy is joined to a seared heart; towards the close of the second year, she took a strange resolve; she ordered a coffin to be made of the finest and most expensive wood, and had it placed in the chamber where Hamill died; the bed being removed, it had been fitted up with some expense as well as taste; the single large window looked out on the cove and the wild sea beyond: in this window-seat she loved to sit. A few of the neighbours said they had seen her there, and heard her voice, as if she spoke to some one, as they went to their work at break of day, and that they were sure she

had not been in bed all night. The coffin was placed on a low sofa in the middle of the room, in the very spot where he breathed his last. Her head leaning on her hand, while her arm rested on the bier, the desolate and beautiful girl sometimes sank into a reverie, when even hours fled away, and she knew it not ; her look was bent on the distant waters, where the sun's last glory was passing away.

The winter that followed was tempestuous ; several ships were wrecked on the adjacent cliffs ; the south-west winds had set in with unusual fury. One day, when the weather was less wild, Catherine walked out, but not towards the beach ; the path led inland, at the distance of three miles, to the scene of the deserted mine. The sky was lowering, and the rising gusts were shrill and dreary ; since Hamill's death, even the new speculation had been given up, as soon as the vein of silver was worked out. The cottages were empty ; in one or two the doors, loosened by the blast, flapped heavily to and fro ; the red stream was loud ; the living waters can take no aspect so frightful as that blood-red hue ; the mansion had no tenant ; such was the superstitious fancy of the people, that no one would dwell within, as if a doom was there ; the grass was rank in the court ; she looked in at the window, but instantly drew back, as if seized with a sudden pang ; she listened, there was no sound in the air but that of the storm ; no voice—surely, she had heard a voice, as of one over whom earth is closing for ever. On the edge of the deep shafts, the dark fern and hemlock were waving where more than one life had been so crushed by the fall, that no form or lineament was left. She turned hastily

to depart ; on reaching her home a fisherman from the cove was waiting to say that he had seen a vessel, a foreigner by her trim, go up channel in the morning, and a boat push off from her with two men on board, who rowed hard for the shore, which he had assisted them to reach ; then he spoke some words in a lower tone, at which a sudden faintness came over Catherine, and, sighing deeply, she sank into a chair. The violence of the gale seemed to increase as night drew on ; there were lights in every cottage, for no one was absent at such an hour ; the roar of the surge was incessant ; the moon, struggling through the mass of clouds, gave a sudden and fitful gleam, and then all was gloom again. In the chamber of Catherine there was no light, she loved to be there alone ; it was *his* chamber. The garden-gate opened, and then the front door, but so softly that she heard it not ; quickly after, there were hurried words below, the voice of the servant in suppressed anger, and then a low, imploring voice (perhaps money was given for silence) ; a step ascended the stairs, the next moment a stranger entered the chamber, and, coming forwards, stretched out his hands as if in deprecation, and then fell on his knees before her. The moonlight rested on the agitated face of Andrews. Catherine stood motionless as a statue for a few moments, then deep sobs broke from her bosom ; the guilty man looked wistfully in her face ; there was no sternness or hatred there ; he prayed for pity, for mercy ; he had been pursued by a miserable conscience, he said, and had known no rest ; being once more near his native shore, he was unable to resist attempting, for the last time, to see her ; and had come through a storm more

fierce than any he had known, since the day her father perished. Involuntarily at that name Catherine held out her hand to him; he clasped it fervently; his pallid eye shot fire, and his words grew more strong;—at last he spoke of love,—their early intimacy: she heeded him not.

Was it the moon that fell faintly there? she had sunk behind the drifting clouds; the grasp of Andrews relaxed, his hands were cold as death; he would have raised them to veil his sight, but he had not the power. At the head of the bier stood the form of him under whom the worm was spread; the shroud concealed the secrets of the grave, they saw only the face; why had he come from his rest? Catherine did not shriek, or turn away from the spectre; O mysterious heart of woman, her look grew in ecstasy on his face—"William," she said, though faint as the whisper of an infant, the word thrilled through the chamber—it was himself as before that dreadful wound! there was no laceration, no river of blood, no—; the lips were parted gently, as in life; the features were little changed, save that the mournfulness of the grave was on them, as of one who wearies of his prison-house. She saw not the unutterable horror of the eye; in mercy it was not turned on her; fixed full on the murderer, it entered his bosom, and wasted the bone and marrow. The form did not move or speak; the living could not have borne it. One moment the face was bent on Catherine, the horror of the eye was gone, and there was a sorrow that could not be told, but no voice—"Dear, dear William!" and she stretched out her hands;—oh, what had love to do with corruption: there fell a deep gloom, a thicker darkness.

When Catherine awoke from a long insensibility, it was morning ; she gazed forth on the face of the waters, in their earliest glory ; the red light breaking on the restless wave, fast and yet faster. The slayer and the slain had met, even at the bier ; she had looked into the face of the cold and dead, and his eye had met her gaze, and its unutterable sorrow passed into her soul. Catherine lived, but not for the world as before ;—who could so live, on whom the doors of eternity had opened. She was seen no more to visit the cottages ; the heart was withered, but not closed to the sympathies of the poor ; the hand was ever open to the distressed.

That solitary chamber was now her only home. On the Sabbath the chapel was her only solace, to which she was seen walking, clothed in the deepest mourning. Every Sabbath her form was observed to be more shrunk, while the eye grew brighter with the hopes of eternity, for he had said, “ Catherine, we shall meet again ; when you are warned, when you shall follow, oh sleep beside me, where the heat and the blast do not come.”

MIRANION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

WHY shouts Quebec?—Why rolls from all her towers
The peal of gladness through the midnight air,
O'er moving crowds?—why do her casements blaze,
Her torches flash, in lines of restless light?
Great Montcalm is returned with victory,
And moves in triumph through her blazing streets.
Before him glide Canadian maids white-robed,
War-widow'd virgins, on whose pensive cheeks
The blush of health hath faded into snow.
Life, life, how heavenly graceful are thy forms,
In joy or sorrow! Soft as sleep they move
High-waving o'er their heads the spotless lawn,
And scattering roses at his proud steed's feet.
Quebec pours forth her people, young and old,
To see again her great deliverer.
The war-unchilded mother, and the boy,

Whose sire had fall'n in battle, came abroad.
Even the friendless, aged, houseless man,
Cast on his ruined dwelling as he pass'd,
But one brief glance, then, dancing with the young,
Followed the glad procession and rejoiced.
The soldier's widow sought the crowded street ;
Oh, deem not that her true heart could forget
Her low-laid husband ! no ! with mournful smiles,
She thought of him and wept ; but while she viewed
The glittering scene, those sad smiles seemed to say,
“ And he, too, was a soldier ! ” Did not then
Love-lorn Miranion of the down-cast eye,
Steal to the lattice of her tower to gaze ?
She (stately nun ! angelic exile ! torn
From nature's bosom !) on the various throng
Looked pale and anxious. Soon again she saw,
Herself unseen, yet mute and timidly,
Though with energetic pensiveness, the lord
Of her affections, Montcalm. Loftier seem'd
His martial beauty, darker his large eye,
With triumph fired ; and god-like he advanced,
To re-divorce her vows. Unhappy maid !
Why was she born ? All-ignorant is he
What cause he hath to feel ennobling pride.
Miranion loves him ! But he knows it not.
He reins his foamy steed ; the mighty crowd
Halts, and is hushed, and living statues hold
Unnumbered torches still ! She sees no torch,
She sees no crowd, her eyes are fixed on him.
He waves his hand, he bows in act to speak ;
Forward she bends, she listens motionless,

Hangs on his lips, and, breathless, drinks his speech,
As if the words that should pronounce her death,
Quivered for awful utterance on his tongue.

“ France is victorious ! Ever-fortunate,
She, mistress of the nations, shall extend
The limits of her sway. Columbia spreads
The verdure of unbounded wilds, and rolls
Her rivers rivalless, to load with wealth,
Our noble country ; and the vanquish’d seas
Shall bound her greatness with their amplitude ;
For England, like a wintry sun, descends,
Nor shall the sloping orb, returned, arise
Again to glory. Laud the Lord of hosts !
The maple, and the monarch of the woods
Magnolia, now in praise lift up their hands,
To measureless Missouri’s serpent folds.
I see the unborn glory of this land,
Her sons high-destin’d, her immortal men,
The stately children of futurity.
Laud, then, the God of battles, my loved friends !
Calamity hath worn you, war hath sow’d
Your streets with woe, but better days approach.
Go to your homes, and to your little ones
Say, Ruin hath stalked near us, with a frown
That awed but blasted not, the storm is past.”

So said he, hapless in his prophecy,
And from the throng retiring, sought repose.
Then, as a catacomb’s vast silence, soon
The living scene was hushed ; a silent crowd,
A peopled solitude, the city slept.

Time ever moves, the only traveller
That tires not, rests not ; dilatory man
May loiter and may pause ; time pauses not.
How fast his wings have swept away the hours !
And lo ! 'tis come ! The important hour is come
That shall make children fatherless, and dash
Into despair the confident hope of pride !
Thou, Quebec, sleepest ! and thy warrior sons,
In visions see the host of England worn
With famine, and subdued without a blow.
But that unconquered host abjures repose,
Crowds every boat, and glides inaudibly
Down the dark river. Wake, proud city, crest
Thy rocks with thunder, while they yet are thine !

Night hears the bat and owlet flit and swim
Over funereal forests, all asleep ;
And mighty rivers, and lakes ocean-like,
That gaudily deck th' eternal wilderness,
Or round the virgin-waist of solitude,
Enamoured, twine their long and beauteous arms,
Slumber beneath innumerable stars.
The snow-white porpoise, rising, starts to hear
The prow-divided wave. How sweet, O night,
'Thy chaste and unperturbed sublimity !
Yet on the shaded river many a heart
Aches, as the British boats, with muffled oars,
Glide with the stream. Of England's happy fields,
Thinks the doomed soldier mute ; of friends and home,
Of love and quiet, and the parting look,
Engraven on his heart, of weeping wife

Oh, never more around his neck to clasp
Her arms, or lift his babes to kiss their sire !
Amid the silent faces, there is one
Most thoughtful. O'er the stern he leans in thought,
Where through the glimmering waves gleams many a face
Of slaughter'd warrior, peaceful in his tomb
Of waters ; for, though heaven's bright queen towers not
Above the mountains, yet the clouds which wreathe
Their highest cliffs, tinged with her mildest beams,
Are visible in magic forms of shade
And brightness, and their edges, silver-fringed,
Tremble, reflected on the glassy stream.
The shrouded heavens, the solemn hour, the vast
River, the rocks enormous, plumed with pine,
That cast their calm shade o'er the gliding wave,
Bend to stern sadness Wolfe's o'erwearied mind.
Ah, soon the battle-crash shall wake these shades,
And bid their echoes howl ; hurl o'er the rocks
The slayer and the slain, and dye with gore
This silent, solemn, loneliest, loveliest scene !

The rocks frowned darker o'er the shoreward fleet,
First on the strand stood Wolfe. Boat followed boat,
And warrior warrior. With uplifted sword
He pointed to the rocks ; and swift, and strong,
And resolute, they scaled the steepness there.
Silent, and each assisting each, they rose
From tree to tree, from cliff to cliff ; and soon
High on the summit twenty veterans waved
Their Highland blades. Mute thousands followed them,
With labour infinite, and cautious tread,

And breathing half-suppressed ; and painfully
Their slaughtering cannon weighed from pine to pine.

Still dost thou sleep, proud city, unalarmed ?
Hush'd are thy streets ; and by the warrior's bed
The sword is idle ; and of peace restored
The matron dreaming, sees her sons unscrew
The rifle, and release the useless helm.
But pale Miranion wakes. She, love-lorn maid,
Hath stolen to the heights, unseen, unheard,
Alone, to hear the river far below
Murmur unseen ; and to indulge fond thoughts,
Sweet wishes, fond and vain. O'er the grey rock
She bends her drooping beauty, and she thinks
How sweetly pillowed on his bronzed breast,
The peasant's wife is sleeping from her toils ;
How well it were to be a soldier's bride,
And couch with love and danger ! Holy maid,
What if thou doff thy veil, in man's attire,
To stand by Montcalm's side, a seemingly page ?
But virgin fear, and virgin modesty,
Chas'd that wild thought at once ; a painful heat
Rush'd to the cheek, which never erst the blush
Of guilty shame suffused ; and " oh ! " she said,
" My God, forgive me ! oh, forgive thy child !
Support me ! strengthen me ! or let cold earth
Wrap poor Miranion's bosom, and the tears
Of pious sisters mourn a sinless maid."

Her eyes are red with weeping ; on her hand
Her moistened cheek reclines ; silent, she looks

On the dark river. "Do those shadows move?"
She rises, listens. "What strange sounds are these?"
The hum continues, deepens—hark, a step!
Men?—soldiers?—what are they?—the foe! the foe!"
She trembles, and her eyes are closed with fear.
What shall she do? Obey affection's voice,
And duty's mandate. And with terror's haste,
She hurried to the camp of sleeping France.

Meantime, o'erwearied Montcalm, on his couch
Extended, sought not sleep, nor had he doff'd
His garments. But the toil of thought intense,
At length, o'erpowered, confused him. Slumbering,
He toss'd from side to side, and sent abroad
The wildly-wandering soul, a reinless steed;
Nor slept nor waked. Upstart'd stiff his locks,
By terror smitten; his bones shook. The gloom
Deepened, the silence deepen'd. Motionless,
In gloom and might, before his troubled soul
A power embodied stood, unspeakable
And hueless. "Sleep'st thou, Montcalm?" said a voice,
"Still, vanquish'd victor, sleep! Why wake to shame?
Sleep! Wolfe hath torn the laurel from thy brow."

Thus spake the evil dream. Still slumbered he,
Unhappy; and a mute, expressive tear
Stole from his eyelids o'er his swarthy cheek,
When, pale, approach'd unseen, with noiseless step,
Miranion. Fear and love had bleach'd her cheek;
And with mute, trembling, inexpressible
Emotion, she beheld the man beloved!

She heard him sigh—nearer she drew—she stoop'd ;
“ He weeps,” she cried ; “ Ah, wherefore, in his sleep ?”
She looked—she paused ; at length, with timid hand,
She touched the hero's forehead, and she said,
“ Rise, Montcalm !” Up, at once, the warrior sprang,
Confus'd, astonished, and, ere well awake,
His hand had half undrawn the ready sword ;
Then on the maid he gazed, with such a look
Of doubt and fierce surprise, as drove the blood
Back from her fading lip oppressively.
“ Who ?—whence ?” he cried, retiring ; and he rais'd
With out-stretch'd arm, the falchion now unsheath'd.
His voice so stern (love was not in the tone)
Came on her heart like death ; and, faltering,
At length she cried ; “ A friend to France I come ;
Wolfe climbs the heights of Abraham, and seeks
The city.” Fix'd in awe, she stood unmov'd ;
The growing light was in her fearful eye :
He gaz'd upon her ; never had he seen
Her face before, never a face so fair,
So mild, so sad, so innocent ! She seem'd
The gentle angel of the dead, ordained
To bear the virgin-spirit to its home
Eternal ; and if beauty could have mov'd
His stern, ambitious heart, sure he had lov'd
That heavenly pensiveness. He stood—he look'd—
He answered not ; he turned in thought away.
Slow grew the light, the darkness dimly waved,
And on the mountains walked the dawn through flowers,
When Montcalm's eye shrank, dark, from what it feared—
The banner'd cross high on the vanquish'd heights

O'er bright steel waving red ; and England's host,
Embattled, like a crimson fortress vast,
Cresting the eminence with hostile arms.

Why bends Miranion o'er a soldier's couch ?
To kiss the pillow of her warrior-love.
Her heart is fill'd with joy, which, soon to fade,
Painteth her pale cheek with a cherub's glow ;
And for a moment she forgets herself.
Rise, tall Miranion of the pensive smile !
Rise, stately vestal, from thy warrior's couch !
Soon shalt thou tremble o'er thy counted beads,
And, faltering, listen in thine earnest prayer,
Telling to heaven, to heaven alone, thy love,
And vainly calling every saint to save.
He is not fallen yet ! But ere that sun
Shall set and rise, one kiss, thy first and last,
On Montcalm's lip thy breaking heart shall print ;
Nor shall the unfeeling taunt of prudery
Flush poor Miranion's faded cheek with shame.
“ My hero ! ” shalt thou say, “ for ever mine !
My soul in this chill kiss hath wedded thee.”
Then shalt thou grasp his hand fast—with a look
That almost might awake the illustrious dead.
But ere grief close thine eyes for ever, one
Proud spectacle, one long procession more
Shalt thou behold ; sad, slow, funereal pomp,
And nations weeping o'er thy Montcalm's bier ;
The victor vanquish'd ! That competitor,
Worthy of Britain's Wolfe—less fortunate,
Not less heroic—doom'd alike to fall,

Immortal both ! Equal their love of fame,
Their genius equal, and their scorn of death.
Then, when the mid-day torches shall no more
Cast the dim gloom of mockery on the slain ;
Although no marble tell where thou art laid,
Miranion, night shall love the lonely spot,
The stars shall look in silence on its flowers,
The moonbeams there shall slumber, and the dews
Weep o'er a hapless virgin's modest grave.

THE SQUIRE'S BARGAIN.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

“ I WON’T say yer honour’s made a bad bargain, for Cæsar’s a good dog and up to much—but for sure, Caleb has got twice the money out of ye, he should have done.”

“ A likely thing enough, girl, when one is dealing with your tribe.”

“ I never cheated yer honour, and many’s the white crown I’ve taken at yer hands.”

Mr. Beckenham, the gentleman to whom these words were addressed (the squire of the parish and lord of the manor,) who had just been purchasing a dog from the speaker’s relative, readily owned this was true, and then whistling his dog to his side, passed forward ; but, somewhat to his annoyance, the girl who had thus addressed him, took the same road.

Miriam Hassan was in truth a kind of privileged person ; she was born a gipsy certainly, but her mother



having become, in the latter part of her life, the settled inhabitant of a hovel in the neighbouring village, and considered "a decent body," Miriam partook the good will extended to her, and the pity her own overwhelming grief and lonely situation as an orphan demanded. She did not, however, assimilate with any person around her, and it was undoubted, that all her attachments were to her kindred nomades, with whose wandering tribes she held frequent intercourse. A donkey, which formed all her earthly possessions, being frequently loaded by them with such merchandize as Miriam found most saleable through a certain circle of the country where she constantly perambulated in order to obtain what she called "an honest livelihood."

That she had attained even in childhood, the occult knowledge once possessed by her mother, was always believed by the servants at Beckenham Park, since never did his honour give a dinner (and he gave many,) without Miriam and her donkey appearing, laden with the very things in which cook or housekeeper found themselves deficient; and although there were times when she lay under the suspicion of dealing with a high, but improper personage, convenience induced *them* to deal freely with *her*. On these occasions, the head of the house not unfrequently became a party; and if it were in the cold season of the year, his gentle daughter frequently made her appearance also, with some article of warm clothing which might add to the wanderer's comfort, or some little donation in money, which might augment the slender provision of her four-footed friend.

When this occurred, Miriam always obtained the praise

due to gratitude and honesty, so that she had a right to utter the words we have recorded, and to look an appeal as to their truth in the face of her customer, great as he was. Whether Miriam was duly instructed on the subject of the per-centage usually required upon perishable subjects of commerce, or whether she thought it right that the squire should be charged moderately for the carp taken from his own ponds, the pigeons furnished by his own dove-cote, the hares snickled in his own meadows, we know not—it is only certain, she was industrious in procuring immediately the dainties required, and moderate in the price she demanded. She had a peculiarity of manner which united archness and penetration, with anxiety to please and habitual civility; yet was by no means devoid of the characteristic freedom of observation, and carelessness of consequences, natural to one who owned no obligations of law or ceremony.

In the enjoyment of this mental liberty, and yet as it appeared, “on higher things intent,” Miriam trudged by the side of Mr. Beckenham some time in silence; but, on his arrival at a gate opening into the park, she stepped forward, and, whilst undoing the latch, said, with a grave and mysterious air,—

“It’s not altogether impossible, yer honour, I might say something that would just make yer heart some little easier. I’ve no great skill, mayhap, but such as I have, I’d be proud to use for yer honour.”

Mr. Beckenham had started at the words which implied a suspicion of his heart being ill at ease, for he could scarcely acknowledge it was so to himself, and for a moment he felt as if the gipsy girl had detected his emotions

in no very creditable manner, and he muttered rather than answered,—

“ ‘ Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,’
and for me hell shall never reveal it.”

“ There’s a good deal passing on earth, Sir, by your leave, that may be seen and heard by them that fear the first and scorn the last, without just referring to either. The dove in yer nest, and the woe in yer breast, ask only a father’s care and a man’s judgment.”

“ Woe ! I have no woe, girl, thank God.”

“ A great solicitude’s not a little sorrow to my mind, when it comes to a rich man’s bosom.”

“ Solicitude !”

“ Aye ! just that, Sir. Ye would give a pretty bird to a gilded cage because it hangs in a goodly bower ; but your heart misgives ye, and says, ‘ Will my birdie sing or sigh when she gets there ? ’ ”

“ How the plague could she read my thoughts so truly ? ” said Mr. Beckenham to himself, but to the young sibyl he vouchsafed no answer, but strode hastily forward in a manner that forbade intrusion, until perceiving that his new purchase was paying his devoirs most assiduously to Miriam, from whom he was loth to part ; he told her to go to the house by a contrary path to that which he was pursuing, and take the dog with her.

Mr. Beckenham, when freed from observation, began naturally to soliloquize on that which was uppermost in his mind. “ I have but one child, and it is natural that I should wish to marry her, and where could I look for a husband so suitable in every respect as young Trevors ? His father was my friend—our estates join—he is hand-

some, and highly educated—if he had not been my Emily's admirer, how much I should have wished him to become such. Why then should I hesitate in—in—— what should I say? *inducing* her to accept him—*insisting* upon her doing it? So I certainly would, if she were not so yielding, so gentle, so obedient to my wishes, that I know she would not refuse, yet might be unhappy in accepting, since I am certain she has no predilection in his favour——

“ But this is nonsense—*men* ought to be in love, and Trevors is so ; in *woman* such decided inclination is not called for. A good man's attentions, added to a good woman's sense of duty, never fail to create connubial happiness, and attachment of the most tender and enduring nature. But is Trevor indeed good enough to make my sweet Emily thus happy? Will he understand a creature so diffident and retiring, and give her the support her real importance entitles my daughter to receive? Will he cherish her and indulge her as I have done, estimating her humility as a virtue, not presuming upon it as a medium of his own authority? Oh! what a miserable old age should I have ensured, if, as the gipsy says, ‘ the dove in my nest ’ were removed thence to a kite's dwelling, or even to an eagle's eyrie.”

At this moment Miriam approached him, leading the dog by a leash she had procured in his mansion.

“ I thought it best to deliver Cæsar up to your honour's own hand, for he's mighty loth to leave me ; he's a good dog, but truth to say, he has his fancies, and hates some particular persons wonderfully, so that he might do mischief amongst yer honour's company if not tied up.”

"He does not fly at vagabonds and beggars, does he?"

"No, Sir; there's no *ingratitude* in him, poor fellow; he loves his old friends, who have shared many a scanty bit with him."

The squire felt that he had spoken unfeelingly, and, with a more kindly look, he said, "I hope the dog is not fierce towards clergymen? *you* would not teach him that, my good girl, I know."

"Oh! no, Sir! for was it not our own curate that brought Miss Beckenham to see my dear mother? and, for sure, I always thought it was like a saint fetching an angel to help a poor sinner. No! to my mind they are *vile curs* that bark at those who pray for us and teach us, whether they run on two legs or four. I don't know one man in the three next parishes who rails at ministers of any sort, that does so from any thing but shame or fear. There's our own blacksmith, your honour——"

"He's a bad man, sure enough, Miriam."

"And the old general, who swears so—and young——"

"Aye, aye, girl, you're right; but who is it that the dog dislikes? that's the question."

"All cross, ill-tempered, cruel people. He will look shy at any proud, hard-hearted man, and would snap at the king on the throne, if he were'nt (as they say he is,) a real good-natured soul. But trust Cæsar for never showing a tooth to a *good* man; and, I'll be bound he'd die on the spot for you or your daughter."

"Well, we'll try him; but I think both you and the dog are rather wiser than you ought to be, Miriam—you know more of your neighbours than would be quite agreeable to them, if aware of it."

“ They that wander by bush and dingle, late and early, that buy of the wicked and sell to the mean (and, barring your honour, I’ve plenty such customers), must see something of all sorts, especially in *some cases*, when one’s not as old as yer honour’s pedigree, nor as ugly as one’s own donkey.”

As Miriam spoke a deep blush gave richness to her olive skin, and brilliance to her dark eyes, but she turned away speedily and was almost instantly out of sight, not, however, till her late querist had pronounced an eulogy on his daughter’s discernment for calling her “as good as she was pretty,” and promising himself that he would befriend her more effectually if her habits permitted it.

But Mr. Beckenham’s guests were now assembling—he adjourned to his dressing-room, and thence to the drawing-room, still accompanied by his new purchase. Guest after guest entered, and all was well until Mr. Trevor appeared, who was received naturally with more than usual cordiality by the master, but with such outrageous conduct on the part of the dog as to alarm the whole party, and occasion, of course, the expulsion of the offender, who was carefully immured for the rest of the day.

A shade came over the heart and reached the brow of their entertainer, which he endeavoured to banish, by pointing out to a stranger guest some admired points in the prospect from the window. Mr. Trevor stood beside them at the time; but, on its being remarked, that the young clergyman, who was their latest visitant, was coming down the terrace, he turned away with an air of disdain, saying, “ Surely, Sir, you did not wait dinner for the curate?”

“ Why not? He has been detained by doing his duty—besides, letting alone his office, which is sacred, and entitles him to respect, Mr. Monsal is a gentleman by birth, a distinguished scholar, and a worthy man : brother, too, to one of the bravest naval officers in our service.”

“ He may be all that, and more, for ought I know, but I confess I dislike all men of his cloth ; and I am sorry to say Miss Beckenham seems partial to them—she has given the last hour entirely to the rector, who is as deaf as his own pulpit cushion.”

Poor Mr. Beckenham, habitually hospitable and intentionally polite and attentive, never appeared to such disadvantage at his own table as on this eventful day ; for not only was his mind troubled and his prospects blighted, but his conscience awakened, and continually whispering words of blame to one, who, with abundant wealth, had allowed himself to hanker after more ; and who, after carefully educating his daughter as a religious and virtuous woman, had yet been willing to peril her present and eternal happiness, by marrying her to one whose estates he had examined, but whose principles and disposition he had taken on trust, in a case demanding rigid scrutiny.

Further conversation with Mr. Trevor confirmed his fears, and also his resolution to dismiss his suit, and having done so, he felt an uncontrollable desire to see the gipsy girl, for, although he felt pretty sure the dog's aversion to Mr. Trevor belonged to the individual, rather than to general intuition, and might be naturally accounted for by Miriam, still she seemed some way linked with the situation of his family. Besides, Mr. Trevor had hinted something about the partiality of his Emily for the curate

as being the true cause of her coldness to himself, and since Miriam also had coupled their names very closely, ought he not to inquire after it?

The gipsy girl had always her share of the broken victuals after a great dinner, therefore she was easily found; and when Mr. Beckenham showed a desire to ask her a few questions, professed a readiness to answer them, but at the same time assumed a dark, mysterious air, and affected to talk of the conjunction of certain planets, and the necessity of making an infusion of herbs by moonlight, and tracing circles in some magical incantation.

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Beckenham "leave off moonlight rambling, you will spare Cæsar the trouble of discovering bad designs, and punishing bad men. Tell me, in plain English, whether you think Mr. Monsal is attached to any person in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes! he loves General Davies's niece; and he will marry her too, sooner than he expects, for the general died of gout in the head not an hour ago. Mr. Monsal entered your house by the library as I came to the kitchen."

"Umph! I will tell him the news, and see how he is affected by it; but, surely, he never could be such a fool as to think of my Emily—and she—she has never thought of a lover."

"‘The foam of the sea’ alone can answer *that*," said the gipsy, resuming her oracular sententiousness.

The squire, too much agitated to laugh at her pretensions, hastened to the library—he found his daughter seated at her piano, just beginning to sing a song which Mr. Monsal was placing before her, and, to his surprise, she uttered these words,—

"The foam of the sea on this bosom may rest,
The foam of the sea——"

"What can you possibly mean—what are you singing, Emily?" This question to the timid, and, as she thought, *discovered* girl, was unanswerable. She appealed to Mr. Monsal by a look, which, in her father's opinion, gave the lie to Miriam's assertion, and he hastily inquired, "Whether he did or did not pay his addresses to the general's niece?"

"I do, my good sir; and most fervently do I love and esteem her: but you know her uncle's unhappy prejudice."

"Aye, aye, I know all that is unhappy about him—but that is past—he will no longer oppose you—no raptures on the subject, but tell me at once what *you* mean—what my daughter means by the "Foam of the sea," they seem to me simple words, but I am convinced they have a meaning—a connexion, a something, that is cabalistic, and understood only by the initiated—of whom I mean to become one."

The curate looked in Emily's eyes—she blushed, trembled, but was silent, and his looks seemed to depend on her's for the power of revelation."

"I must ask Miriam, the gipsy girl, for explanation."

"She can give you none, I am sure," said the curate.

"Yet she told me but this moment that "The foam of the sea" would tell me every thing I wished to know. Surely it is hard that such a father as I have been should seek to learn from *her*, what Emily could tell me in a moment!"

“ Dear father, the truth is, that Captain Monsal (you know Captain Monsal) wrote this song—that this gentleman composed it, and that I was going to play it—and—and—in short—to sing it.”

“ And is that all? It is foam, truly.”

“ Not *all*, dear father—not *all*—poor Monsal has long loved your Emily; and, certainly, I—do not blame me, I never will marry, but I confess—I do confess that I love him.”

“ But you won't marry him, you say—why not, you have a large independent fortune in right of your beloved mother—what signifies my opinion?”

“ Signifies! Oh, surely, every thing to me—it was that very power which sealed my lips—without your approbation I never marry.”

“ But I give it you, my child, in this case, fully, freely,—we have been both to blame—I have brought you up in a seclusion which has made you too timid, and nearly led me into a fatal error. How much I have feared and suffered, only myself and the gipsy knows; she shall be well cared for, cunning and tricky as she is, for the girl is truly modest, and has a thankful heart. Bow, wow, wow; ah, Cæsar! my fine fellow, you shall never want a bone, while Beckenham woods have a bough; but the events now crowding on us are not matter for light gratulation—your happiness, dear Monsal, is connected with an awful removal, and even ours, sweet as it is, yet tells us to ‘rejoice with trembling.’”

THE BRAHMIN'S PROPHECY *

BY MRS. GODWIN.

Author of "The Wanderer's Legacy," &c.

"Oh! blindness to the future kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by heaven!"

SHE paced along the sultry shore,
Where rolls the orient wave ;
And to her heart its sullen roar
Seem'd voices from the grave.

Full oft, when sunset's crimson light
Flamed o'er the ocean's breast,
Had she walked there, and strain'd her sight
Into the gorgeous west.

* This remarkable story is given in Mr. Forbes's Oriental Memoirs. The youth who is the hero of it, was the only son of one of the author's most intimate Indian friends. He had been sent from Bombay to England for his education, from whence he was returning with the appointment of a writer ; but, instead of pursuing his way home to India, as his friends expected, he entered the order of the Jesuits at Rio Janeiro, and subsequently became one of Pombal's countless victims. He was thrown into a prison at Belem, where he remained until the disgrace of that minister released him. But air and light were poison to one who had lived so long in darkness, and the change, in the course of a very few hours, proved fatal to him.

The ships of Albion safely brought
Their cargoes to the bay,
Save one, for which alone she sought,
That lingered on its way.

All but the mother's anxious heart
Had long pronounced its doom ;
She was with hope too loth to part,
To crush the fragile bloom.

Yet hope ran in her breast at last,
Long sickening 'gan to fail ;
Bark after bark o'er ocean passed,
But not the look'd-for sail.

A white-robed Brahmin stood that eve
Upon the silent beach :
He saw the Christian matron grieve,
And soon in gentle speech,

Of one whose soul hath deeply felt,
And would impart relief—
Whose very tones seemed framed to melt—
Inquired her cause of grief :

“ Old man,” she cried, “ if thou art he
To whom men's tongues assign
Prophetic vision, why of me
Ask that thou must divine !”

“ Well hast thou spoken. Thou shalt know,
Beneath a colder sky,
The truth of all I shall foreshow,
The Brahmin's prophecy !

Thy young son lives ! e'en now mine eyes
Hail o'er the shadowy brine,
That far-off ship the destinies
May not reveal to thine ;

“ Another moon—thou shalt behold
Her pennons float the air,
Her keel these waters shall enfold,
But *he* will not be there !

“ And never more to thine embrace
Shall he, thy child, be given ;
Nor shalt thou ever see his face,
If there be truth in heaven !”

That ship came home—Rejoice, rejoice !
That she her way hath won :
Alas ! a mother's frantic voice
Called vainly for her son.

Yet lived he—all in that agreed ;
He, o'er the southern main,
Renouncing his forefather's creed,
The Jesuit's vow had ta'en.

Quenched was the torch of joy in tears,
The parent's fond desire,
To see her boy, in manhood's years,
To wealth and fame aspire.

The child of such fair hopes ! could he
Whom she had loved so well,
From every tie of kindred free,
An exile choose to dwell ?

Alas ! how vainly o'er the deep
He sent full many a scroll ;
His mother's eyes ceased not to weep,
Nor might his words console.

She droop'd, and they who daily view'd
Her meek and placid air,
Her mild eye, pensive and subdu'd,
Mark'd well that death was there.

They sent, to heal the heart's disease,
Far from the orient clime,
That pale form, as though India's breeze
Were guilty of the crime.

Once more, upon her native isle,
Within her father's home,
A ray of peace, and hope's sweet smile,
Into her heart did come.

She lived to hear the stern decree
That broke the Jesuit's bands,
And drove them o'er Columbia's sea,
Outcasts in foreign lands.

But where was he, her son?—his fate
Remained as darkly sealed ;
Nor could inquiry penetrate
That secret unreveal'd.

At last 'twas known—when Lisbon's towers
Gave up their dungeon'd throng ;
And he was there, through life's best hours,
Entomb'd by hatred strong.

She heard—the heart-wrung mother heard,
That her lost son yet lived ;
And joy within her bosom stirr'd
That had through grief survived.

But transient—transient was the gleam,
Like lightnings o'er a tomb ;
Or the strange sun-light of a dream,
Fading in deeper gloom.

A voice from India's sultry clime,
Came o'er her like a spell ;
A solemn voice that seem'd to chime
A spirit's parting knell.

“ O Indian Prophet ! all too true
Thine auguries have proved ;
And thou hast said I may not view
Again his face beloved !”

And t'was fulfilled—the last dark line
Of that dire prophecy,
Those unchain'd limbs ne'er cross'd the brine,
Their freedom was to die !

O priest of Brahma ! Indian seer,
From whence thy gifted sight
We know not, but it would appear
Not of the realms of light.

For why should Heaven's all-seeing power,
Though it decrees and wills,
Torment mankind through life's brief hour
With prescience of their ills.

THE HISTORY OF A BIBLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN," "TALES OF THE
MOORS," &c.

HAVING been much struck lately with a suggestion thrown out by an able and eminently original author, as to the interest and probable edification to be derived from reflection on the vicissitudes of character and conduct, of which any one volume of an extensive library, might have been either the companion or cause—and the salutary influence which, if by any chance traced, such incidents in the lives and opinions of others long gone to their account might have on our own: my eyes, in the natural attempt to realize the process so vividly and powerfully described, chanced to rest on an ancient and singularly bound Bible, the history of whose various possessors (at least for more than a century) I was enabled to recall; partly from the animated narration of a grand aunt, for

nearly that period their contemporary, and more lately, from my own intimate knowledge of, and connection with them.

It immediately occurred to me, that this simple detail of the weal or woe, which in perhaps a dozen of hands the venerable volume had witnessed (if I may so speak), and striven by its silent eloquence to promote or avert, might, though no doubt inadequately, from the limited nature of my information, fulfil in some degree the ingenious author's idea. I was at first deterred from pursuing it by habitual reverence, and by the natural fear of even seeming to identify the hallowed companion of man's pilgrimage below, with those inanimate objects, which fiction has invested for other and far more ignoble purposes, with the imaginary character of spies on human conduct. The history of an atom, of a guinea, various idle effusions of wit and satire, seemed to rise in rebuke of the project, and I shrunk appalled; yet considering the immeasurable gulf which must for ever separate them from a production, having nothing in common with them but a necessary, and I humbly trust, not irreverent personification of the word of truth, I was induced to follow out the idea which, to myself, had suggested matter for meditation, both novel and impressive; and fondly, perhaps, imagining that the history of one Bible may, with the blessing of God, lead to a more careful perusal of many, I cast my mite into that treasury of "*things new*," as well as "*old*," which the spirit of a sated and fastidious age seems to call for. Should I miss my aim in attracting the notice or fixing the attention of the young (for whom the attempt is chiefly made), I cherish at least

the hope that my own reverence may be deepened, and my own supineness awakened, by a review of the incidents contained in the

HISTORY OF A BIBLE.

It was shortly after the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland—after lying for many months unbound, in a vast room at Oxford, in a state of obscurity and inutility rendered more tantalizing, by being surrounded by innumerable folios to which detached portions of my own text had given rise—that I emerged from what may be called my chrysalis-state, and broke forth in all the adventitious splendour, which gold and purple could lend to aught so intrinsically valuable, to travel across the border in the suite of one of the Scottish noblemen, whom the recent negotiations had called to London. A sister of lord G. married and settled in the metropolis, hearing her brother who was esteemed—(how justly will be seen) one of the most religious men of his age complain of the indifferent type and paper of the few Bibles then printed in his native country—testified her sisterly affection by selecting me from a number of larger and more showy editions, for superiority in these essentials; and presented me to his Lordship on the eve of his departure, with one of those somewhat formal embraces of that olden time, under which, I have since thought, glowed perhaps as much warmth and sincerity of affection, as beneath the more unstudied courtesies of modern days.

My safe conveyance, as the journey according to the custom of the period was to be performed on horseback,

became a subject of anxiety both with master and servant ; and, carefully enveloped in the leathern case constructed for me by the fair donor, I was consigned by the latter to the very penetralia of the clumsy valise containing his Lord's wardrobe ; and placed, as a further precaution, within the folds of the birthday suit, in which my noble owner had recently paid his duty to the Queen. Such a juxta-position which might have given occasion to fools to scoff, made me of course doubly grave, and many a reflection on the vanity of earthly pomp, and the precariousness of the favour of princes, had I leisure to make during my dark and tedious imprisonment of three weeks—the time then allotted by travellers to ride from London to Edinburgh. My meditations would have assumed a yet more melancholy character, had I been endowed with the spirit of prophecy, and able to foresee that my new possessor's next journey along this road, would be as a state prisoner, the court dress (whose vicinity I felt so incongruous), his attire for the scaffold, and my own office that of consoling the last moments of a forfeited rebel !

On arriving at Edinburgh, where I eagerly anticipated the benefit of daily and familiar intercourse with my owner, I found, to my mortification, that my utility was to be limited to the hebdomadal perusal of the lessons of the Church service—the splendid covering in which my unweary donor had invested me, having qualified me but too well to minister to the vanity of his Lordship, by figuring on Sundays in the family pew at chapel.

I soon found that my new professor's religion was pretty nearly left there, as well as myself. It is true that according to a laudable custom of the times, he kept a

chaplain, by whom service was performed in the morning to such of the Episcopalian domestics as chose to attend ; and in the evening to such of his master's guests, as could be prevailed upon to rise from table in any condition to join in such an exercise ; but I had reason to suspect (from a difficulty in finding the lessons which all my boldness of type failed to remove), that familiarity with my contents formed no part of the religion of either patron or chaplain. Indeed I was told—but the charity pervading my own very vitals forbade the supposition—that it chiefly consisted in certain cabalistic healths duly pronounced after dinner, and in an abhorrence of presbyterianism then rapidly gaining ground in Scotland.

The only ray of heavenly light which broke in for some years on the empty state and pompous inutility of my situation, was the solace I afforded during many a stolen moment of, I hope, profitable edification to an old woman, whose business it was to sweep the Chapel—whose broom often lay neglected, while she pored for hours on my fair legible pages, and who never closed my silver clasps, but under the influence of evident regret and strong necessity. This woman, as I gathered from some relics of superstition in her devotions, had been brought up a Catholic, and having been more than half persuaded to abjure that faith by the arguments of a protestant mistress, eagerly embraced the opportunity of confirming her wavering sentiments, which access to my pages afforded. From the fervent petitions I heard her often pour out while commencing or closing her, humanly speaking, most unfavourably circumstanced studies, I have no doubt I was blessed to be the instrument to her, of “faith unto

salvation ;" and I no sooner found that to be the case, than the purpose of heaven in my long and vexatious seclusion became apparent.

Soon after the accomplishment of this mission of mercy, I was removed to a sphere where I had certainly not to complain of being associated with external pomp and magnificence. My owner, for reasons which (being at no time a politician) I was little solicitous to penetrate, transferred his devotions to an obscure and mean place of worship, attended nevertheless I could observe, by many members of the same titled and opulent class I had before grown familiar with. Here, my fundamental maxim of "Honour the King," received a considerable shock from the omission of his name in the devotions of the day. I did not feel at all reconciled to such a dereliction of a plain duty ; and my spirit and tenor were further outraged by vehement party discussions in a pulpit which I had always conceived appropriated to expositions of my sacred text alone. My situation became nearly insupportable, when his Lordship, whom the near approach of an unfortunate insurrection forced into temporary caution, withdrew himself and me from an obnoxious place of resort, and I became at length (what I had always conceived my proper distinction), an inmate of his private apartment.

Alas ! however, I lay there for months in an isolation more dreary and complete than that of the chapel ; for there I breathed at least a consecrated and congenial atmosphere, and contributed under Providence, to the conversion of one wavering soul : but here I experienced a neglect which no one who knows me, can for a moment

suppose me selfish in regretting; and was condemned besides to bear much of a nature deeply offensive to my essential principles. "The powers that be," to which I had been taught to bow, I heard abjured and vilified; the popish darkness from which I had been rescued at the expence of so much martyr-blood, I heard extolled, and its probable return gladly anticipated! In short, in that closet, transactions took place which cost me the acutest vexation, and the wretched agents in them, their forfeit lives. What would I have given for a voice to warn them in time, and give utterance to the eternal decree, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood" (unlawfully and unnecessarily of course), "by man shall his blood be shed;" and to read the taunt of the usurper of Israel—"Had Zimri peace who slew his master?"—but I could only deplore in silence the infatuation of all concerned, and wait the moment appointed in the counsels of heaven, when my long neglected efficacy might atone for rashness, of which that very neglect was a probable cause.

It was now carried farther than mere oblivion. My presence, even on a distant shelf, became offensive to a dark and singularly habited personage, whom, from the sole circumstance of his hatred to the Scriptures, I at once concluded, and justly, to be a Romish priest. Whether his arguments succeeded in detaching Lord G. from the *form* of religion in which he had been educated, I could not then learn; for a concern which he had at all times reckoned a secondary one, was, I presume, absorbed in the agitation of rebellion.

The struggle though bloody, was brief, and fraught with ruin to its chief abettors. When Lord G. re-entered his

closet, it was in the custody of a file of soldiers, merely to collect, in haste, a few articles of apparel for his last ignominious journey ; and I recognized the hand of Providence in my late confinement in my former prison—the valise, when I owed to that circumstance my being included in the brief catalogue of necessities tremblingly huddled together by a bewildered lacquey. With my individual self, as with my whole bright imperishable species, the attempt to extinguish had proved the means of rendering me more conspicuously useful.

The deportment of my unhappy owner, was on first arriving in prison, characterized by the same ruthless levity which had embarked him in a chimerical enterprise. But the affectionate counsels of his heart-broken sister, and the deep earnestness with which she called me to her aid, in reviving the forgotten instructions of their mutual youth, soon derived increased energy from the rare devotedness of the guardian of his infancy, a faithful Scottish nurse ; who, on hearing of her fosterchild's lamentable situation, walked, regardless of fatigue, from the west of Scotland to Newcastle, and then embarking (for the first time in her life, at the age of near eighty) in a collier, made her way, in spite of many obstacles, to the place of his confinement, and threw herself on his neck in an agony of more than maternal tenderness.

This good woman was like most of her rank in Scotland, a presbyterian, so that her horror for the tenets of the papacy, had in it something deeper and more perfect than even the rational dislike of the mild Lady Margaret. With what impassioned and eloquent familiarity, did she note my well-known arguments in favour of the pure

faith "once delivered to the saints," as contradistinguished from the subtleties of man, and the traditionary absurdities of Rome!—and while a gentler expositor sought in my pages all that could lend dignity to penitence, and teach submission to a merited fate, old Elspeth, like Anna the prophetess of old, sitting with me upon her knee, fed once more her former nursling, with what my son Paul hath called the "sincere milk of the word." The pious office carried a blessing with it. My oft turned pages were watered with tears of penitence and conviction, and it was with a spirit equally fortified and resigned, that Lord G., the day before he paid with his forfeit life for abjured errors, presented me, with the full concurrence of his weeping sister, to her skilful co-adjutor in the work of conversion, Elspeth B. The old woman received me with a flood of the tears age sheds but charily; kissed my worn boards as fervently as she had just before her nursling's pale and wasted cheek; and then, with a prayer for his brief and blessed transition from the shame and sorrows of time to the purchased joys of eternity, resumed her melancholy journey to the land of her nativity.

She reached it, after a long and painful pilgrimage, during which I found myself, for the first time, in my legitimate and destined office of the wayfarer's daily and hourly comforter, the ever gushing and oft sought fountain refreshing even the desolate wilderness of bereavement, poverty, and age!

I arrived, reverentially enthroned on my noblest shrine, the human bosom, in my holiest abode, the lonely cottage of the poor; where the light I shed, often compensates

for much of darkness beside ; and where my true riches put to shame the hoards of avarice or toys of splendour. But though the chief, I was not the only friend whose presence cheered occasionally the gloom of penury and decay. Elspeth, long since her early services to Lord G., had reared the flourishing offspring of a great west country baron, and it was to their praiseworthy gratitude, she owed her present retreat on his estate, and the many temporal comforts which wealth can make to flow like healing balm across the path of misfortune.

Elspeth loved (though with far different feelings from the lost object of her early affection), the creatures who had grown up in beauty and innocence around her declining age, and repaid with many a precious text, and carefully treasured application, the duteous visits of her young friends. As her sight grew dim, and her end approached, on these devolved the pleasing task of re-echoing these well known passages in the dying pilgrim's ear ; and, after stipulating that a chapter from my identical pages should daily smooth her remaining pilgrimage, old Elspeth made over with her last earthly sigh, her precious Bible to the youngest and best loved of her nurslings—bidding him learn from it with the blessing of God, to avoid the errors of poor Lord G.'s life, and share in the consolations of her own death.

When the aged nurse had been gathered to her fathers, I exchanged once more her humble cottage for the abode of rank and wealth ; but it was to behold them in a far different light from that they had worn in the luxurious mansion and dissipated society of Lord G. It was but by the extent of the gloomy apartments, and the multi-

tude of the grey silent retainers, that any estimate of the consequence of this baronial family could be formed. The slightest symptom of splendour in apparel or gaiety in demeanour, would have been esteemed an outrage on the sanctity of the establishment. The very sunbeams that found their way unchecked through old Elspeth's humble lattice, seemed rebuked into gloom, as they stole through the lofty casements of S— Castle.

It would never have occurred to myself to attribute this unnatural and chilling state of things to religion ! Ignorant, till now, of any save my own bright views and glorious realities, I longed to banish austerity from the brow of the elders, and bring back a chastened smile to the cheek of youth, and thought that to do so, I had only to appear and be known. But alas ! I was no stranger though misunderstood at S— Castle. Being soon after my arrival there, borrowed from his son (for my excellence of type) by the head of the family, for the purpose of conducting its devotional exercises, I soon found that whatever of celestial freedom and cheerfulness my pages unconsciously exhaled, was immediately damped and checked by commentaries breathing the very spirit of bondage and depression ; and that while it is the office of the Bible to make religion beautiful and amiable, her unskilful handmaids, bigotry and prejudice, thought they did God service by investing her with a portion of their own uncongenial gloom. The noblest and most fundamental of my truths I had elsewhere found, were capable of perversion and exaggeration ; but while at S— Castle, these were ably and orthodoxly maintained, there was built upon them a system of monastic infliction, scarcely

less severe than the exploded supererogations of Rome. Every thought and feeling was analyzed and condemned with a minuteness worthy of the Confessional, while its delusive anodyne was withheld; and while the already "strait gate" of acceptance was narrowed, till it almost resembled the bridge of a single hair, which my degenerate descendant the Koran assigns to her votaries, the requirements of the divine justice were so fearfully dilated upon and magnified, that frail human reason either sought refuge in the open revolt of infidelity, or tottered on her throne, appalled by all the exaggerated terrors of the law, scarce mitigated by the obscured hopes of the gospel! When I heard myself quoted as sanctioning conclusions so awful; when, instead of the still small voice of the promised Comforter sent to heal the "faithful wounds of a friend" inflicted by the sterner portions of the holy word, I was made to echo the excommunications of human intolerance, and the intrusions of human judgment into the counsels of heaven, I almost wished once more for the harmless inertness which had so grieved me during my residence with Lord B.

The evil over which I lamented, was not long ere it brought about, in the train of its own inevitable consequences, my emancipation from services so repugnant to my nature and principles. Among the youthful auditors whose alternate looks of petrified horror and reckless indifference during the homilies of the old Baron, awoke alike my heartfelt compassion, there was one of whom the former feeling had taken entire possession. It was the youngest son of the family, a youth of eighteen, the same to whom old Elspeth had bequeathed me, and whose

fragile delicacy of constitution, and sensitiveness of mind, rendered the effect of the dark views perpetually inculcated before him soon fatally visible. The poor lad daily declined in health and spirits, and being compelled by disease to absent himself from the stated devotions of the family, naturally received back, as the solace of his solitary couch, the volume destined for his express edification by his pious nurse.

It was with inexpressible satisfaction that I entered on a benevolent mission so suited to my nature as that of winning back to my great master's fold a lost lamb, driven almost hopelessly astray by the voice of the stranger and the hireling. While health and vigour were his, Norman had turned to the harsh anathemas of his teachers an ear inaccessible as his native rocks. But no sooner did languor and disease unnerve his youthful frame, than the dark dogmas of a narrow sect sank deep into his enfeebled mind. He passed at once from unfounded security to causeless despair; and, so much easier is it to do evil than good here below, when alarmed parental affection would have relaxed the high tone of its habitual enforcements, and palliatives were sought for the wounds of rashness, the bewildered soul refused to be comforted, and chose, though in bitterness and anguish, "strangling rather than life!"

In vain did the unwonted tears of an agonized parent, and the unwonted smile of a rigid chaplain, and the blended smiles and tears of darling sisters, strive to soften or to illumine the stormy wilderness of a benighted spirit. Norman could listen, and weep, and feel gratitude for their efforts, but to lure back hope was beyond their power! It was when, in utter despair, they had ceased to do aught

but pray for the energies of a mightier Teacher, and a more resistless Comforter, that I was placed beneath the pillow of the declining youth by his favourite sister, with a fondly-expressed wish, that as I had soothed the last hours of pious age, I might yet be blessed to dispel the shadows with which the path of youth was so sadly obscured.

The prayer of affection was heard and granted! Norman, at first, from complaisance, turned over my pages as a condemned criminal might be supposed, in listless unconsciousness, to examine the record of his sentence. Fain would I have possessed the power of opening at the thousand cheering texts appropriate to his state of mind; but he in whose hand I was but an instrument, proved a more unerring guide. By degrees, the poor young man found melancholy satisfaction in the general promises of the inspired volume, though as yet unable to apply them to himself; then followed doubts as to the sweeping condemnation which had paralyzed his youthful mind, hopes that it might admit of rare exceptions, faint surmises that even for *him* there might yet be a way of escape; and then—oh, transition as of a shipwrecked mariner to land and safety, or of a benighted captive to light and liberty!—came the overpowering discovery that there was for *all* a hope, a way, a deliverer! Many and mingled had been the tears shed over my pages; affection, penitence, and gratitude, had sent their trickling tribute there, but the floods of joy with which they were now watered were the outpourings of a ransomed soul—precious to my spirit as the dews of Hermon, or even the blood of Calvary!

I must be brief: Norman, redeemed by me to health

and usefulness, lived to a good old age, surrounded by a numerous family, to whom I was the cherished instrument of comfort and edification. I followed his son to the camp while fighting the battles of his country, and when he fell in the lap of honour, I taught a Christian soldier how to die. His son's son is a man of peace, grown gray in the paths of science and of wisdom ; yet, amid the studies in which his life glides peacefully and usefully away, "forgetting not his own or his father's friend," but giving to my pages the honoured place I now occupy in his library, and to my doctrines and precepts the first and dearest place in his heart. Go thou and do likewise !

HUNTING SCENE.

FROM "INEZ DE CASTRO," AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

PERSONS OF THE SCENE.

Don Alphonso, King of Portugal.

Don Manuel, his Minister.

Count d'Aquilai, the Ambassador of Castile.

Don Antonio,

Don Garcia, } *Portuguese Courtiers.*

Don Alvarez,

Lords, Foresters, Huntsmen, &c. &c.

Constance, Princess of Castile.

*Inez de Castro, a Spanish Lady attending on the Princess.
Ladies.*

ARGUMENT.

Don Pedro, son of Alphonso, King of Portugal, being betrothed to Constance, sister of Philip, King of Castile, the Princess is sent to the Portuguese Court to await the espousals. But the ceremony being delayed by various excuses on the part of Don Pedro, suspicions are awakened of his attachment to Inez de Castro, a Spanish lady attending on Constance; whilst Inez is herself sought in marriage by Don Manuel, the Prime Minister of King Alphonso.

SCENE—*The Forest of Setroal, near Lisbon. A Pavilion in the Back-ground.*

Enter ALPHONSO, D'AQUILAI, MANUEL, ANTONIO, GARCIA, LORDS, FORESTERS, HUNSMEN, &c. CONSTANCE, INEZ, *and other Ladies.*

Alph. NAY, nay, my royal huntress, rest awhile
In this fair forest-bower. Thou hast done enow
For game to-day. Art thou not weary, Constance?

Const. No, not a whit. I love the pleasant toil
O'erwell for weariness; and oft have tired
Knights, squires, and dames, in our Castilian woods.

Alph. Aye, skill and liking are twin-born; we love
The art we have mastered; we excel in that
We love. How many deer have died to-day
By that fair slender hand?

Ant. Three, as I think.

Gar. Four, surely, four.

D'Aquilai. No, three;—one at the brake;
One standing by the pool; and one couched down
Beneath the chestnut shade. Three deer have fallen
By her unerring arrows.

Gar. A true eye!

Ant. And a sure hand!

Alph. Fair princess, thou shalt be
The goddess of the woods; hunters shall come
To yield thee worship, as in times of old
To crescented Diana; these huge trees
Thy pillared temple; yonder seat thy shrine;
And we thy priests, to chaunt triumphal hymns,

And tend thy virgin altars. Rest thee, sweet,
The sun rides high.

Ant. [*apart to Manuel.*] 'Tis pity that Don Pedro
Saw not the royal nymph. Her skill, her ardour,
Matching his own, had scarcely failed to rouse
The tardy wooer.

Man. [*apart to Antonio.*] Yet, Antonio, mark me,
I speak not of this princely pair, but man
As in the gross we view him—man loves not
To see his cherished passions and pursuits
Lie in faint shadow on a woman's mind,
Reflected in that feebler element
Like images in water, wavering, dim,
Distorted. Love, like music, often lurks
In seeming discords; and his subtlest springe
Veils in strong contrasts. Mark me, Sir, I speak
Of man in the abstract.

Alph. Lords, hath any seen
My truant son?

Gar. My liege, one of his train,
Lopez the falconer, says he saw him plunge
Deep in the forest, as our stately show
Of hounds, and horsemen, lords, and ladies gay,
Approached to Setroal.

Alph. Wild wayward boy!
Count D'Aquilai, thy brave Castilian hounds
Outvoice our Portugals. I deemed ye not
So peerless in the chase; even these young maids
Be gallant huntresses.

D'Aquilai. Save one. Fair Inez,
Thou wast a laggard in our sylvan sport,

And when thou cam'st across the prey wouldst tremble,
Grow pale, and shuddering, turn thy steed away,
As from a battle-field.

Inez. It is my weakness
To quail at sight of death.

Const. Of death!

Inez. Aye, even
The death of these poor deer. They are so happy,
So innocent, so beautiful, so made
For life and joy. The sunbeams as they pierce
The leafy cork-trees fall on their fine limbs
With a gay glittering light; the painted wood-flowers
Crowd round their delicate feet; the rivulets
Whereat they slake their thirst dance sparkling by,
Merrily, merrily, as pleased to view
Each gentle head down-bending. Nature smiles
On the fair harmless creatures; man hath taught them
The world's worst lesson—fear.

Man. O gentlest maid!

Const. In sooth a goodly sermon!

Inez. Yet I blame not
Them who in manly hardihood of soul
Find in the princely chase a princely joy;
Albeit mine own infirm and timorous spirit
Shrink quivering from the sight. We differ all
In temper as in feature. No two leaves
Be quite alike, though growing on one tree.

Man. Oh wise as gentle!

Const. A right sapient preacher!
Will no one take my veil? Where be my maidens!

Inez. Madam—

Const. Begone ! I need thee not ; young Blanch !
 Beatrice !—Unaca ! Be near me, damsels !
 Have I not said, Begone ?

[then apart to one of her ladies.

Oh, how I loathe
 The cold, reluctant, formal officer,—
 The ceremonial homage,—the lip-duty
 Of you smooth hypocrite ! See how she stands
 With patient downcast looks seeming to shun
 The tender flatteries her feigned tears provoke.
 Ingrateful traitress ! Unaca, it frets
 My very soul to see her with that air
 Of mute and sad submission, and to know
 The secret triumph of her thoughts !

[then to the king.

My liege

The day wears on.

Alph. We are at thy dispose,
 Fair princess, thy vowed liegemen, to abide
 Here in thy sylvan reign, or tread once more
 The city, no less thine.

Enter ALVAREZ, seeking for some one amongst the company in evident agitation and haste, which is particularly observed by INEZ.

Whom seek'st thou, Sir ?

Alv. So please you, Sire, the prince.

Inez. Wherefore ?

Alv. I hoped
 To find him here.

Alph. Seek him elsewhere, Alvarez ;
 He is not amongst us.

Inez. Hath aught ill befallen ?

What wilt thou of Don Pedro ?

Man. [to *Alphonso.*] Mark, my liege !

Inez. Can he not speak ?

Alph. Say forth thine errand !

Alv. Sire,

A vague and nameless fear, too undefined

F'or words—

Inez. On ! on !

Alv. A fiery steed hath passed

Without a rider, houselled royally.

Inez. Who saw him ?

Alv. A poor woodman.

Alph. Never doubt

But 'tis some courser of our train.

Inez. 'Tis Pedro ?

What colour were the housings ? Crimson, wrought
With gold ?

Alv. I know not.

Inez. Wherefore brought ye not

The woodman hither ? 'Twas a fiery steed ?

Alv. Aye, one that seemed 'companion of the wind,
A wild steed of the desert. Tossing high
His slender head and streaming mane, and spurning
The very ground with his proud tread ? a steed
Untam'd, untameable.

Inez. And black ?

Alv. As jet.

Inez. 'Tis he ! 'tis he !

Alph. Knows any man what horse
Don Pedro rode to-day ?

Gar. Last night, my liege,
I heard the prince give orders at the roan—

Inez. I saw him mount Black Saladin ;—'tis he !
And he is dead !

Alv. Nay, lady—

Inez. Out on thee,
Foul raven !—messenger of ill !

Alv. Yet, grant
The steed were Pedro's, he may live.

Inez. Fly ! fly !
Search all the forest ! Be ye men, and fly not
To Pedro's aid ? Oh, if I were as ye !—
Fly ! fly !

Gar. If suit the king's good pleasure—

Inez. If !
Why, is he not a father ? Hence, and speed
True tidings back !—The truth—the killing truth !

Alph. Dispatch some skilful huntsmen, Don Alvarez,
To search the woods. [*Exit Alvarez.*]

I join not this wild fear
Knowing my son unmatch'd in sylvan craft.*
And skilled to rule the stubbornest steed that e'er
Spurned the hot sands of Araby.

Inez. He'll die !
He'll die !

Man. [*to D'Aquilai.*] Dost mark her ?

* Don Pedro, of Portugal, is celebrated in history for being one of the most ardent and skilful in the long list of royal sportsmen. The number of horses, hounds, falcons, and other animals, trained to the pursuit of game, which were kept in his different palaces almost exceeds credibility. His very bed-chamber is said by the old chronicles to have been half-filled by his favourite dogs, whilst his hawks were perched even in the halls of audience.

D'Aquilai. A strange passion !

Const. Inez !

Inez. He'll die ! he'll die !

Const. Command thyself ! Arise !

Quell this strong agony which casts reproach
Upon thy virgin fame. Arise !

Inez. I cannot.

Alph. Lady, what means this passion ? At thy side
Stands Pedro's plighted bride, with cheek unblanched,
And lip unquivering, and calm, even, pulse,
Whilst thou—

Inez. She loves him not. But thou, his father !
Oh, canst thou dally here whilst thy brave son
Lies perishing ? Crushed underneath the hoofs
Of that fierce steed, or gored by horrid tusks
Of fiercer boar—bruised, mangled, bleeding, dead !
Dead, or worse !—worse ! the fearful living prey
Of animals obscene, grim ravening wolves,
Rending the quivering limbs ! whilst he—why waste ye
A moment in delay ? Thou art a monarch ;
Go, pour thy people, thy whole people, king,
Into the woods of Setroal to seek
And welcome thy brave son.

Alph. Go more of ye ! [*Exeunt Garcia and others.*
Her fears have an infection. Yet I doubt not
Of Pedro's safety ; skilled as Theseus
To slay the beast of chase ; active and strong
As great Alcides. Tush ! he's safe. Yet, go !

[*Exeunt lords, huntsmen, &c.*
Go more of ye.

Man. Sweet lady, I would buy

With limb or life, one heaving throb like that
Which swells thy bosom now.

Inez. Hush !

Man. I would be
The wretch thy terror painted, mangled, bleeding,
Dying that long and living death, to win
One tear of thine. But thou from honest love
Dost turn thee, Inez—

Inez. Hush, man, hush !

Man. With scorn
Bitter and hard to bear, whilst—

Inez. Hush, I say !

Do ye not hear a distant horn ? Hark ! hark !

D'Aquila. Her sense is wandering.

Inez. Hark ! the joyful sound
Lives in mine ears ; the glad triumphant note,
His death-mot.*

Man. Ail is silence.

Inez. Hark !

Alph. Aye, now.

Inez. He lives ! he comes ! he's safe ! Oh, thanks,
Thanks to all-bounteous heaven !

Alph. Support the lady.

Inez. Nay, I am well. He's safe !—He's safe !

Alph. She faints,
Bear her to the pavilion !

[*Inez is carried into the tent, accompanied by one or two ladies.*

* Notes sounded on the horn at the death of the deer. A "mot" peculiar to himself was the frequent attribute of a distinguished hunter.

Howsoe'er,

She knew the sound, the mot was Pedro's.

[*then apart to D'Aquilai.*

Count,

Was thy king mad that with his haughty sister

He sent this melting beauty ?

STANZAS.

BY MRS. DEAN LEFANU.

WHEN first I saw thee weep, a tale of woe
Had caused thy tears in gentle drops to flow :
Soft tears ! that fell, like April's balmy showers,
Amidst the sunshine of thy happy hours.

I saw thee weep again ; and sorrow's tide
Swell'd high, with vain regret, and wounded pride :
Kind tears ! such solace desert springs impart ;
Tears that allayed the fevers of the heart.

Once more I saw thee weep ; and thou wert lone,
'Thy last fond hope had taken wings and flown :
Sad tears ! like rains, when blighting storm is o'er,
They may flow on, but *never* can restore !

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

BY L. E. L.

PRAY thee, dear one, heed him not,
Love has an unquiet lot ;
Why for words of fear and fate,
Shouldst thou change thy sweet estate ?
Linger yet upon the hour
Of the green leaf and the flower.
Art thou happy ? For thy sake
Do the birds their music make—
Birds with golden plumes that bring
Sunshine from a distant spring.
For thine eyes the roses grow
Red as sunset, white as snow.
And the bees are gathering gold
Ere the winter hours come cold.
Flowers are colouring the wild wood,
Art thou weary of thy childhood ?
Break not its enchanted reign,
Such life never knows again.



Wilt thou love? Oh, listen all
I can tell thee of such thrall.
Though my heart be changed and chill,
Yet that heart remembers still,
All the sorrow that it proved,
All I suffered while I loved.

'Tis to waste the feverish day,
In impatient hopes away.
Watching with a weary eye
For a step that comes not nigh ;
'Tis to pass the night in weeping,
Vigils the heart's penance keeping ;
Shedding tears, that while they fall,
Are ashamed to weep at all.

There are darker hours in store,
Loving—yet beloved no more.
When the lover's heart is changed,
And the lover's eye has ranged.
Sit thou down as by a grave,
Weep o'er all thy young faith gave ;
Weep and weep in vain, for never
Could endurance or endeavour,
Love in every action shown,
Keep the false heart for your own.
It is won at little cost,
But still easier is it lost.

I shall see that sunny hair
Braided with less anxious care ;

I shall see that cheek grow pale,
As the lily in the vale.
I shall hear those steps whose flight
Is so musical and light,
Dragging onwards languid slow,
Caring nothing where they go.

Woe ! for all I see will come !
Woe for our deserted home !
If to love thy choice shall be,
Farewell, my sweet child, to thee !

A NARRATIVE OF EVENTS

Previous to, and at the time of, the apprehended Insurrection of
1823, in the Island of Trinidad.

BY C. E.

“ Les vrais evenemens de la vie, sont quelquefois beaucoup plus incroyable que ceux que l'imagination presente a l'esprit.”—*L'Abbe Prevot.*

No one who resided in the island of Trinidad, towards the end of the year 1823, will easily, if ever, forget the awful sensations, and heart-rending alarms, of that fearful time. The period I allude to was that previous to and at the time of the apprehended insurrection, which then threatened complete annihilation to the comparatively few white inhabitants. For many successive years the negroes had conducted themselves so quietly, so well, and seemed so happy, that the shock of the anticipated insurrection came like a thunderbolt on most people; and when, at length, no doubt remained even in the minds of the most sanguine, of the approaching serious event, and the attempt about to be made on the lives and properties of the whites, the impression it produced, was of that appalling nature,

which words are almost incapable of conveying any adequate idea of.

With few exceptions, the negroes had all kind and indulgent masters; they had no want unsupplied, no requisite for comfort withheld, every article of food and clothing was provided for them in the most liberal manner and it was only the idle and worthless who did not possess many little luxuries and enjoyments, which were the fruits of the profits they gained from the culture of the *grounds*—or very large garden which every negro on an estate, be it what it may, sugar, coffee, or cocoa, has allotted to him.

The negroes, in all that the legislature of Great Britain were doing for them, had but *one* abstract idea of the whole affair; that *Massa King George* had made them free,—that they might go and *sit down softly*, with food, clothes, sick nurses, doctors, and *medicine* (an article the negroes lay a great stress upon), all ready for them to take or leave as suited their volatile fancies. They imagined that their masters were keeping them employed when they had no right to do so, and that they were denied their liberty by them.

Truly did the unfortunate Madame Roland exclaim, in her last moments, “ Oh, Liberté, que de forfaits on commet en ton nom ! ” For the word liberty, to these ignorant, misguided creatures, was like an *ignis fatuus*, leading them on to the commission of crimes hitherto unthought of, seeming as if it had awakened anew in them all those savage propensities, and that unrelenting cruelty, which, if not entirely extinguished in their hearts, were at least temporarily lulled.

Negroes, in common with most uneducated people, form hasty and rash opinions, and then adhere to them with the greatest tenacity; therefore, when these poor infatuated beings became convinced in their own minds that their proprietors were illegally withholding their freedom from them, a fire of revenge was kindled in their breasts, which, had it not been fortunately smothered ere it burst forth into the wild flames of rebellion, must have been the total ruin of every soul connected with them.

It was about the beginning of September that there was observed a silence and reserve in the negroes of the different estates in our immediate neighbourhood, so very unlike their usual jocose and lively habits, that, almost unknown to ourselves, apprehensions of approaching danger, crept into our minds. We next remarked that they hardly ever brought us any thing to sell, and that what we might require from them, in the way of Indian corn for poultry, vegetables, fruit, or fowls, was unwillingly given, and difficult to obtain, even at the exorbitant rate they demanded from us. But nothing more powerfully convinced us that some crisis was impending, than the cessation of their dances and other amusements; for it is a common saying in the West Indies, that when negroes refrain from their evening dance and mirth, they are about some mischief.

Gradually, too, we perceived a manifest unwillingness in them to work; and in our house-servants, whose labour was so light from the enormous number of them required even in a very small establishment, we found the same disposition. Latterly, they would do nothing for us after

six o'clock in the evening; where they went we knew not—we only knew that the kitchen, and other servants' offices, were abandoned after that hour. We saw a decided sullenness—a dark brooding, which, to us, who understood the negro character, augured ill for the future, and, at last, all sunk into that ominous stillness, that perceptible lull, so awful to those who watch its hourly progression, ignorant as to whether the termination is to be life or death; which may be said to operate upon our moral nature, as in the event of an approaching storm, physical nature betokens it by those indubitable signs which instinct has taught even the animal creation to guard against; when the bird flies to her nest in the thicket—the wild beast to pace up and down his lair, and all to hide themselves in safety and shelter. “Coming events cast their shadows before,” and the attentive surveillance, which anxiety and fear induced in us, made us fully aware, that before long, there must be an open rupture.

Nor were the struggles to appear unconcerned, and as if we feared nothing, less painful than the actual terror of attack; one enjoyment we were however forced to discontinue—our delightful walks in the evening; for as ladies we were in everlasting dread, when we walked alone, lest we should meet any suspicious-looking negro, who made us tremble lest he might be a disguised spy of the irritated people.

The greater number of the negroes belonging to the estate we lived upon, remained silent, as regarded the alarming state of affairs, and some looked as though they would, if they dared, assure us of their fidelity. Still it was utterly impossible for us not to feel the utmost alarm, far

less to dismiss from our minds thrilling apprehensions for our father's life. Every moment he was out of our sight, seemed an age of soul-harrowing dreads—rendered more painful from each of us striving to conceal our fears from the other; we dared not have given way to our feelings; it was a time when fortitude and self-command were imperatively called for from us; and had we ventured to express the hundredth part of what we felt, it would have been impossible for us to continue the daily routine of duties we were obliged to perform both to ourselves and others. Every day was but an aggravated repetition of the previous one; the negroes increasing in their dogged moroseness, and unmoved in their laziness, so that at last, with every exertion, it was scarcely possible to make sugar,—danger gathering in darker folds around us—while those whose presence would have been a comfort and protection to us were called away by other duties. Every time they went out, our fears rose lest they should never return to us alive; and during that time we all envied the secure situation of the poorest man in Great Britain.

Terrifying as were the realities of our situation, they were increased almost daily from the various reports and rumours which reached us. It seemed as if a spirit of cold-blooded massacre was hovering above and around us. The smothered animosity of the negroes to their kind and often too-indulgent masters, had attained to a fearful height in the middle of October, and only awaited a favourable opportunity to show its ruthless rage.

In the latter end of October, the ladies of our family were left in a state of great alarm, from the gentlemen being called into Port-of-Spain on business. During the

days they were away, we suffered much from absolute terror. Even the time when we looked hourly for insurrection was not so agonizing as this; for *then* they were with us, but *now* we were alone; in terror for ourselves, in fevered anxiety for them. It was a beautiful morning when they left us; but nature spread her charms before us in vain, and the beauty of the visible world fell with a sickening sense on our aching spirits; we were absorbed but in those beloved objects. One of them had an old grey horse, called Brigadier, on which he was riding that morning. Negroes are extremely ready in making a song out of any occurrence; and it can be better imagined than expressed what our feelings were, when on his riding down the range where the field-gang were hoeing canes, they began to sing, the moment he past them, the following uncouth lines:—

“ Massa ride da old grey horse,
Brigadier, brigadier, oh, ho ! oh, ho !
Neger hope Massa go broke he neck,
Before he go a Port a 'Pain.” (Port-of-Spain)

which for some time they continued literally yelling forth. It was like most of their songs, more a kind of chorus than any thing else, but, rude as it was, God knows it sounded like a death-knell in our ears. During that day, they were peaceable enough; towards evening, the overseer came up to assure us we had no *present* cause for alarm; but our hearts were too full of dread to be reassured by any one. In the absence of the gentlemen we agreed to sleep all in the same room. We usually had a young negro girl to sleep in the house, in case of any thing being required; and that evening she lay down, as

in common, on her matrass on the floor of an outer room, as in the West Indies, there are no servants' rooms attached to the houses. As soon as she thought we were fast asleep, up she got, opened the door, and let in several men. In a moment we heard the murmur of voices in the hall, which was only separated from the bed-room we were in by thin boards, through the crevices of which we could distinguish (for they had a candle) three of the very worst negroes. We all knew we had no earthly resource but to remain as still as death; we did not venture even to whisper, fearful that if they thought us awake, they might murder us. We soon heard the clatter of glasses and decanters; and then, as the drink began to operate, the voices got louder and louder, songs began among them, and ended in the strange, fearful howl of savages, that sunk into our very hearts. Hours are very early in the West Indies, and we had retired to bed,—though Heaven knows, not to rest, about nine o'clock; let any female of a nervous, gentle mind, imagine what our sufferings were through that dreary night of unexampled terror, which seemed as if day would never break. About half-past four we heard them rise from the deep slumber into which the potations they had swallowed threw them, and one by one slip stealthily out of the house.

The relief we felt when they left the house is quite beyond my description; I can only imagine our feelings like those of a person suddenly saved from immediate death. We at once determined to take no notice of it, as it could only serve to exasperate them still more. S—the young negro girl, got up, opened the shutters, cleared away the glasses and bottles; and when we thought we

had given her time enough to have removed all relics of the last night's Bacchanalian orgies, we rose.

On going into the dining-room the first thing that met our eye was a liquor-case, made of tulip-wood, wrenched open, the lid broken; four case bottles, each holding more than two quarts of spirits, empty; and all the other things, which were in one division, scattered and mixed together in such a *mélange* of confusion that they were entirely spoiled.

At last we began to wonder none of the servants came to clean the house, and prepare breakfast, and after waiting a long time, we called them—rung for them, but no one came. We then went to the kitchen—the cook was not there—no fire lit—neither door or windows opened, but, fortunately, the key in the former. We next tried the boy's pantry, it was, if possible, “confusion worse confounded;”—the door open, the *débris* of the yesterday's dinner, the knives, silver spoons, glasses, jugs, plates, and dishes, all scattered indiscriminately on the earthen floor. At length, it became obvious that they had all run away; and on our return to the house we found S—— had followed their example. At another time, we might have laughed at this, but all merriment was quenched. During that day and night, none of them returned to us. We got dinner and tea for ourselves the best way we could, but towards evening we began to fear a repetition of last night's scene. The overseer paid us a visit; and on hearing how all the servants had deserted us, agreed with us that it would be useless to attempt any punishment when they returned, as now they only did what pleased themselves.

That night was a tranquil one, but we could not sleep ; every noise of the slightest description startled us ; and we hailed the morning light with a degree of transport, none can fancy, except those who have been placed under similar circumstances. In the afternoon we had the delight of seeing the gentlemen return safe to us. They said as little as possible to alarm us, but we could perceive they thought things fully as bad in town as in the country. They had not returned an hour, when all the runaways came back to their duties, though they were far from performing them either well or willingly.

At last, just *one day* before the expected crisis, his excellency, the governor (then Sir Ralph Woodford) got information of the insurrection being expected to take place on the following day, Sunday, the second of November, immediate and prompt measures were instantly taken for the suppression of the revolt ; or in the event of that being found impossible, that the inhabitants might at least be prepared for, and protected in any disturbance, as far as was possible. Orders were issued for the assembling of all the militia ; and on their coming to St. Ann's (the government house), to receive directions, parties of them were desired to patrol the different roads leading out of town. But in the country no such protection could be granted ; those who were on distant estates, were forced to resign themselves to whatever might happen ; for had a serious revolt taken place on any estate, resistance would have been out of the question. Even supposing a few of the good negroes had sided with their master, they would have been as mere cyphers against perhaps hundreds of others, infuriated almost to madness.

In this season of alarm, none were more to be commiserated than the ladies, deprived of their husbands (all of whom were obliged to join their respective regiments in the militia), at the hour of greatest danger, they were left defenceless—often *alone*, among the very people they knew were attempting their lives. As every *white man* was included in the general muster, the wives and daughters of the planters, were in many cases left without a single white man on the estate.

It was on the first of November, that *open* preparations were made in prospective view to the insurrection, which we had every reason to fear, would break forth on the morrow: if indeed we were destined to see another day, as there was much apprehension that they might make choice of the night to rise in. It has been already mentioned, that the militia were ordered to be under arms, all that night—therefore it may be imagined what was the state of mind of the females, who knew those dearest to them were in the midst of danger; who watched the slowly passing hours of that awful night, and as they marked the last red glow of the sun fade away on the clear horizon, knew not if another sun was to rise upon them. Many of them had heard the insurrection hinted at, as daily progressing; some doubtless had seen the change of disposition among the negroes, but still with the confiding hoping nature of woman, they never thought to have witnessed such a state of things. In their weak struggle with the sense of coming evil, they had endeavoured to soar beyond the fearfully impressing atmosphere of their own senses. But now alas! all the horrors and dread of death and danger were around them; and

bitterly did they taste of the agonizing fears and anxieties, so harrowing to the hearts of women.

One lady, whom we had some acquaintance with, as their estate was adjoining ours, was left in a dreadful situation. Her husband was forced to leave her to join the militia; and there she was, on an estate nearly ten miles from Port of Spain; alone, utterly unprotected, with her five children; the eldest of whom, was little more than eight years old. She afterwards told us, that from sunset to sunrise, she kept walking up and down the room, her mind filled with but two thoughts, her husband's and children's safety. "That night," said the unfortunate lady to us, "I shall never, never forget; it was passed in one unceasing prayer, that my husband might be saved, and my children unhurt. From night till morning, I never sat down: it was the only relief to agitated nature, to keep in constant motion; and as I now and then looked on my sleeping children, the thought, have they still a father? rushed into my mind."

Another lady, whose husband was likewise obliged to leave her destitute of any protection, sat up all that fearful night, holding her little boy, an infant of three years old, in her arms. On their estate they had two white men, besides an overseer, but they were all ordered to join the militia. These white men were labourers who had very lately come out; and the exertion of riding about both day and night, during these three days of horror, took such an effect on them, that they were both ill; and one died in consequence of it. Therefore she too was left alone. The negroes on that estate, were not much to be depended on; and by way of annoying their

kind mistress at such a time, they let all the horses and mules out of the *pens*, or stables; and then came up and told her, "dat all da horses and da mules ran away in da bush, and dey no know where for find dem."

This lady was gifted with a singularly firm mind, and, knowing the loss it would be to her husband, if the whole horses and mules of the estate escaped to the woods and savannahs, she looked at her informants, and calmly said, "Very well, you go out and look for them immediately, they cannot be far away yet." In a short time they returned, saying, "Misses, dey no dere at all, all gone away in a bush." Still she continued unshaken: "Go again, and look for them; and do not attempt to come back without them, for you know very well where they are." At two in the morning they brought them all back safe; this is only one instance of the various ways in which they tried to vex and annoy their proprietors.

Towards the evening of the first of November, a friend who held a very high official situation, and who had hitherto been deservedly beloved by every one, found himself so insecure in town, that he came out to take refuge with us, at the earnest request of his wife and family. It gave us a double shock; and proved to us the excited state of the negroes, when we found that one so endeared to all who knew him, for his bland, mild, and conciliating manners, should be forced to such an expedient.

At this period we owed much, and felt very grateful to Sir Ralph Woodford, who, in consideration of one of the gentlemen of our family being a very old soldier, had the kindness to permit him to remain with us. During

the night of the first of November, he and our friend sat up with their loaded guns before them. Any thing in the way of defending or barricading the house, was impossible; as in the West Indies, the dwelling houses are of such slight materials, that the least strength a man chose to exert, would burst open any door. Windows, we had none; for the only way of admitting light into our rooms was through apertures cut in the walls (which are but common boards nailed together), and shutters fitted in, which open by means of hinges at the top, and a kind of wooden lever to raise them from the bottom. Even if we had been able to fortify our house in any way, it is probable, if the negroes had attacked it and found we had used means of defence, that they would unhesitatingly have set fire to it.

The events of that night left an impression on our minds, that we can never forget. There we sat, still and motionless, the ready-primed fire-arms on the table; while sometimes in the midst of the interchange of a whisper, we would stop suddenly short, if we heard the least noise. We scarcely dared to look at each other; the same dreads and fearful forebodings were absorbing us all; for, united to the sensations no one could repress at such a moment, we had the recollection that our family was divided; one member of it was then residing in Port-of-Spain, and we knew not what state of danger or fear she might be in.

At last day dawned; and surely never did any feel the bliss of "God's fair light" more than we did, when we saw it gleaming through the crevices of the house; at length when we cautiously opened the door, and

looked on the sun shining in all his tropical glory, and flinging his rays on the green savannahs and tree-crowned hills, we did indeed thank God that we were spared to light of another day.

Throughout the night all had been quiet—more than usually so—for there had been no dance; and we almost missed the deep *booming* of the negro drum from the distant negro houses, their general accompaniment to dancing; the stillness and silence was so perfect, so uninterrupted, that we trembled for what it portended.

About ten o'clock in the morning, a messenger arrived from town with a packet of *cake*; this was only a *ruse* on the part of a friend in town, to be able to send us a note with more security. It informed us, that they were all safe, but had been terribly alarmed during the night; for, joined to all the sad realities, the negro women were continually coming in, bringing fearful reports, to which their fertile and terrified imagination, doubtless added not a little exaggeration.

All that day was one of overpowering suspense; none of us stirred across the threshold of the door; we sat in mute terror, sometimes half dozing after our night's vigils, and then starting from our troubled sleep, like one who wakes after a terrific dream. Still there was no disturbance of the least description among our negroes. Generally speaking they were a remarkably good gang; most of them were sincerely attached to us; and there were only two or three whose influence, we feared, might operate on the rest. During the forenoon, many of the good negroes, who had behaved with great fidelity,

came up to see us ; thinking, I suppose, that their peaceably paying us a visit, would contribute to re-assure us.

In the early part of the forenoon, we had a visit from a gentleman who seemed to feel a good deal of apprehension, lest the fearfully excited state of the negroes on some estates, might influence those on other plantations who were inclined to behave well, to follow their example. He had been up all night, patrolling the roads ; and told us, that, in passing the bottom of the avenue of an estate near St. Joseph's, which was a short distance from us, in the moonlight, he saw the driver sharpening his cutlass on the grindstone. He said to him, "Andrew, what are you sharpening your cutlass for at this time on a Saturday night?" The negro gave him an horrific scowl, and then, with a fiend-like laugh, said carelessly, "*For cut my Misses' trout (throat) to-morrow morning.*"

That night was but a repetition of the preceding ; and we had many anxieties lest, on the following morning (Monday the 3rd), when they were summoned to their labour, it might produce an outbreak. But, on the bell ringing, they went to work, neither willingly nor good-temperedly, but without *resistance*. Early on the Monday morning, a young friend came out to see us. He brought intelligence from those of our family in town, that they were quite well and safe, though there had been a complete panic on the Sunday.

From him we learnt, that, on the Sunday morning, about church time, the negroes began to assemble in large groups and bodies in the Square, and different public places. They committed no outrage, attempted no violence but stood with their arms folded, and in earnest

converse, eyeing the militia with that insolent coolness as if they would have said, "We defy you all." They remained there during the whole day; firm in their dogged sullenness; but in that state of half-smothered rage and disappointment, that had the smallest offence been offered to one of them, the event would have been instant and indiscriminating bloodshed.

What materially contributed to render the negroes insolent and overbearing, was the knowledge they had that no ammunition, of any kind or description, was allowed to the militia; their bayonets being the only defence government permitted them—a strange order to be issued at such a time; and, especially, when the mutinous negroes were well provided with ammunition of every kind.

One circumstance which proved that the bulk of the negroes had not been ill-used by their masters, was, that as soon as the militia were called upon by Sir Ralph Woodford, all the coloured people, and all the negro soldiers belonging to the black disbanded regiments (of which there were many), immediately and voluntarily offered to join the militia.

By degrees we began to learn more of the actual state things had been in; for, though we were in the midst of it, we knew little beyond what was passing on the estate. There was no doubt left in the mind of any body, that the insurrection at Demerara had tempted the Negroes in Trinidad to a similar attempt. And it was certain that others than negroes had been concerned in it,—the plot was too well-organized, every thing was too cleverly managed, to have been the mere suggestions, and hastily

digested plans, of comparative savages. There was a method and arrangement of no ordinary mind displayed in all the concealments, and long-sustained lull.

The disturbances were first traced to an estate in the quarter of Diego Martin; the negroes on which did not *generally* bear a good character; but the principal rendezvous of the rebellious, and where all the preparations for hostility were carried on, in fact the head-quarters of the whole, was Naparima, a small sea-port on the coast, about thirty miles from Port-of-Spain. What proved it, without a shadow of doubt, was, that many of the uniforms of the insurgents (which had been procured how or when no one knew) were dug up there. They were made of coarse grey cloth, with bright green facings. This showed how determined, and how well-prepared, the attempt at insurrection was.

Another very remarkable occurrence was, that, on the morning of the 2nd of November, *every road leading out of Port-of-Spain was found strewed thickly and regularly with colonial money*. The coins were not laid down, as if by accident, here and there; nor were they laid sparingly; on the contrary, they were strewn thickly, and in a *regular track*. On examination, they were all found to be *false*, and looked like Birmingham manufacture; but to negroes, who scarcely know brass from gold, or tin from silver, they of course would appear as valuable as sterling gold. What surprised every one was, how that quantity of base money could have been landed, *unknown* to any of the authorities, in an island where so strict a surveillance was maintained over every thing; and, moreover, how that money could

have been spread on the roads in the systematic way it was (for it was literally *spread*, it was in such profusion), unobserved by all the militia under arms that night : no *one* man could have done it ; both from the weight of the money, and the great distances it was found from town. All the way as far as St. Joseph's, seven miles from town, the road was covered with it ; and it was said (although it is not vouched for as a certainty) that pieces were found out as far as the Tacaragua river.

The circumstances of the money and the uniforms proved that the plot had been a *deep* and *long-laid* one ; and that although none but negroes appeared *ostensibly* in the matter, there must have been some people of superior and deeply calculating minds prompting, and in secret inciting them, by whom all these arrangements had been made.

For many days a good deal of alarm prevailed ; for, though the negroes went to work quietly, much of the reserve and constraint which had at first attracted our attention, remained ; and it was a long time before our feelings of security returned. We were always in dread of some fresh outbreak, and of their rushing on to our destruction. During all this period, it is only truth to say, that *the women* were the most unruly and unmanageable ; frequently running away, or, at other times, doing their work very determinedly ill, using saucy language, and abuse of a kind that baffles all description.

By degrees, however, the excitement and angry feelings against their masters imperceptibly died away, in so far that we felt no present alarm ; but, then, in the uneducated state of the negroes, in whom so much of

savage life remains, and which is so readily called into action, we could never depend on them for any thing like steadiness. The children of impulse, they act merely from its dictates, without the least reference either to the past, or future. We were sorry—nay, grieved and mortified—to find, that although *civil* to us, that was all. They no longer would listen to any advice, however gently given, or kindly meant. We lamented, also, to observe, that many of the affectionate, or, at least, kindly links, which had previously existed between the masters and the negroes were, if not broken, greatly weakened. It seemed as if they could have said, “We have no longer any feelings in common to both of us!” It was a sad, a depressing change, especially to those bent on doing good; and whose efforts to win them from the ways of savages to gradual civilization had met with as much success as could reasonably have been expected.

It was about three or four months after these distracting events, that a very shrewd and intelligent negro man came on the estate. He had belonged to the one in Diego Martin Valley, where the negroes had been found much implicated in the insurrection. It was, though perhaps unjustly, thought that he had been concerned in it; and, finding his situation very uncomfortable, he wished to be sold off the estate. As such a request is never refused, his wish was immediately complied with, and he was placed upon the estate where we lived.

All we ever saw of him impressed us with the idea that he was far too sensible a man to have joined in such a plan; his conduct was always extremely correct

and respectful. When we got a little acquainted with him, we ventured to ask him a few questions about the affair. He seemed shocked at the idea of being suspected of aiding in it, and indignantly repelled the charge. One evening when we were talking about it, and asking him if he suspected it before it was generally expected! He said, for some *leetle* time he had; "for, oh, Misses," continued he, "me sure dat dey going to do someting very bad, when dey kill a cock." "Kill a cock!" we exclaimed. "Yes, Misses," said he, "dey kill one cock, and put de blood on de drum head, and den dey beat de drum, and shout very bad; and when me see dat, me know for sure dat dey do someting bad too much."

Probably, this was some African custom, betokening war or rebellion, the meaning of which he was acquainted with.

At last, we had the satisfaction of seeing our people return to their gay, joyous dances, under the trees, in the bright moonlight. The white inhabitants became reassured, and for the time, danger was past. Social meetings of a few families re-commenced in the country; and, in town, the evening conversaziones of so truly delightful a kind in Port-of-Spain were renewed. *There* were assembled some literary men; ladies, whose graces, and accomplishments would have done credit to our British metropolis, although a few of them had never even been out of the island; while in this society was found that easy *reunion* of talent and ability which reflected honour on those then at the head of society, and from whom, consequently, the tone of manners was taken.

With this last remark, we may well allude to His Excellency Sir Ralph Woodford, and the late Chief Judge, the Honourable Ashton Warner; both of whom were endowed with singularly cultivated and refined minds. A very few years after these events, the island had the misfortune to be deprived of the services of these truly estimable men; first, by the death of Sir Ralph Woodford, which took place on board of ship, in his voyage home for the recovery of his health in 1828; and, lastly, in that of the Chief Judge, who expired in 1830, leaving behind him a character distinguished for unvarying benevolence, uprightness, and mildness.

So passed this fearful period of dread and exhausting anxiety; but not with it passed away the remembrance of all we, in common with others, endured, both before and after that season of alarm—when we felt, by the experience of every hour, how immeasurably wide is the difference between mere rumours of danger and the absolute presence of it. This, in all the racking varieties of agonized terror, we had now fully participated in; and to such a height as rendered it impossible for us ever to erase it from our memories. Even at this distance of time, the 2nd of November never comes round without all the awful sensations, and dreary remembrances of that terrible time, rising up vividly in our minds.

Such circumstances are of a nature not easily to be forgotten; from the way in which these horrors surrounded us, entering into our homes and hearts—creating in us an incessant gloomy anticipation of the future. The Christmas that followed the intended insurrection was of a less happy nature, both to master and negro,

than any we ever witnessed either before or since ; and well do we remember, when we sat all together, on the Christmas night of 1823, and listened to the occasional sound of the drum, as it echoed from the negro houses through the pasture and distant hill, that we felt not a little anxiety as to whether it was the signal of mirth or murder.

Perhaps there are few, who can readily conceive the train of feelings and associations that have been called up, even by the detail of these scenes ; the perusal of which, if containing little of interest, may at least bring to the hearts of our fair countrywomen during this season of social family intercourse, the conviction of how eminently blessed they are in dwelling in a land of peace and security ; in a land where they may gather round their happy Christmas firesides ; without one ache in a heart filled with fears for the lives of some beloved beings—where they may enjoy, what *we* could not then, peaceful “ dreams and slumbers light.”

May the young, the fair, and the gentle, experience at this happy season, all the exhilaration and gladness of spirit which in future years may enable them to look back on it as a verdant spot in the waste of life ; and may none of *them* ever feel the like fears and dreads we endured during the Christmas of 1823.

THE LADY AND THE FLOWER.

A BALLAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHLIEU," &c.

There be of British arms and deeds,
Who sing in noble strain,
Of Poitiers' field, and Agincourt,
And Cressy's bloody plain.

High tales of merry England,
Full often have been told,
For never wanted bard to sing
The actions of the bold.

But now I tune another string,
To try my minstrel power,
My story's of a gallant knight,
A lady, and a flower.

The noble sun that shines on all,
The little or the great,
As bright on cottage doorway small,
As on the castle gate,

Came pouring over fair Guienne
From the far eastern sea ;
And glistened on the broad Garonne,
And slept on Blancford lea.

The morn was up, the morn was bright,
In southern Summer's rays,
And Nature caroll'd in the light,
And sung her Maker's praise.

Fair Blancford, thou art always fair,
With many a shady dell,
And bland variety and change,
Of forest and of fell.

But Blancford on that morn was gay,
With many a pennon bright,
And glittering arms and panoply
Shone in the morning light.

For good Prince Edward, England's pride,
Now lay in Blancford's towers,
And weary sickness had consumed,
The hero's winter hours.

But now that brighter hopes had come,
With Summer's brighter ray,
He called his gallant knights around,
To spend a festal day.

With tournament and revelry,
To pass away the hours,
And win fair Mary from her sire,
The Lord of Blancford's towers.

But why fair Mary's brow was sad
None in the castle knew,
Nor why she watched one garden bed,
Where none but wild pinks grew.

Some said that seven nights before
A page had sped away,
To where Lord Clifford with his power,
On Touraine's frontier lay.

To Blancford no Lord Clifford came,
And many a tale was told,
For well 'twas known that he had sought,
Fair Mary's love of old.

And some there said Lord Clifford's love
Had cooled at Mary's pride,
And some there said that other vows
His heart inconstant tied.

Foul slander, ready still to soil,
All that is bright and fair,
With more than Time's destructiveness,
Who never learned to spare.

The morn was bright, but posts had come,
Bringing no tidings fair,
For knit was Edward's royal brow,
And full of thoughtful care.

The lists were set, the parted sun
Shone equal on the plain,
And many a knight there manfully
Strove fresh applause to gain.

Sir Henry Talbot, and Sir Guy
Of Brackenbury, he
Who slew the giant Iron-arm,
On Cressy's famous lea,

Were counted best, and claimed the Prince
To give the sign that they
Might run the tilt, and one receive
The honours of the day.

“Speed, knights, perhaps those arms that shine
In peace,” Prince Edward said,
“Before a se'nnight pass, may well
In Gallic blood be dyed.

“ For here we learn that hostile bands,
Have gathered in Touraine,
And Clifford, with his little troop,
Are prisoners or slain.

“ For with five hundred spears, how bold
Soe’er his courage shew,
He never could withstand the shock,
Of such a host of foe.”

Fair Mary spoke not, but the blood
Fled truant from her cheek,
And left it pale, as when day leaves
Some mountain’s snowy peak.

But then there came the cry of horse,
The east lea pricking o’er,
And to the lists a weary page
A tattered pennon bore.

Fast came a knight with blood-stained arms,
And dusty panoply,
And beaver down, and armed lance,
In chivalric array.

No crest, no arms, no gay device,
Upon his shield he wore,
But a small knot beside his plume,
Of plain wild pinks he bore.

For love, for love and chivalry,
Lord Clifford rides the plain,
And foul he lies who dares to say,
His honour e'er knew stain.

And Mary's cheek 'gan blushing bright,
And Mary's heart beat high,
And Mary's breath that fear oppressed
Came in a long glad sigh.

Straight to the Prince the knight he rode,
"I claim these lists," he cried,
"Though late unto the field I come,
My suit be not denied ;

"For we have fought beside the Loire,
And stained our arms in blood ;
Nor ever lost one step of ground,
So long as rebels stood.

"Hemmed in, I one time never thought
To die in British land,
Or see my noble prince again,
Or kiss his royal hand.

"But well fought every gallant squire,
And well fought every knight ;
And rebels have been taught to feel
The force of British might.

“ And now in humble terms they sue,
To know thy high command,
And here stand I these lists to claim,
For a fair lady’s hand.

“ For Mary’s love, and chivalry,
I dare the world to fight,
And foul and bitterly he lies,
Who dares deny my right.”

“ No, no, brave Clifford,” Edward said,
“ No lists to-day for thee,
Thy gallant deeds beside the Loire,
Well prove thy chivalry.

“ Sir Guy, Sir Henry, and the rest,
Have well acquit their arms,
But Edward’s thanks are Clifford’s due,
As well as Mary’s charms.”

“ My lord, you are her sire,” he said,
“ Give kind consent and free,
And who denies our Clifford’s right,
Shall ride a tilt with me.”

Gay spake the prince, gay laughed the throng,
And Mary said not nay,
And bright with smile, and dance, and song,
Went down the festal day.

And when Lord Clifford to the board
Led down his Mary fair,
A knot of pinks was in his cap,
A knot was in her hair.

For it had been their sign of love,
And loved by them was still,
Till death came quietly on their heads,
And bowed them to his will.

And now, though years have passed away,
And all that years have seen,
And Clifford's deeds and Mary's charms,
Are as they ne'er had been,

Some wind, as if in memory,
Has borne the seeds on high,
To deck the ruin's crumbling wall,
And catch the passing eye.

It tells a tale to those who hear ;
For beauty, strength, and power,
Are but the idols of a day,
More short-lived than a flower.

Joy on, joy on, then, while ye may,
Nor waste the moments dear ;
Nor give yourself a cause to sigh,
Nor teach to shed a tear.



THE EVENING STAR.

BY L. E. L.

I COME from the caves of the silent sea,
Where the red and white coral wreath bowers for me.
I leave my blush on the shells beside,
When I rise from the depths of the haunted tide.

I come when the sun has forsaken the sky,
And the last warm colours of daylight die ;
And the west is pale and pure as the pearl
That gems the white brow of some eastern girl.

The birds are hushed on the drooping bough,
Save the nightingale lone which is murmuring now ;
The bee has gone home to his honey cell,
And the lark has gone down in the grass to dwell.

I come when the dew is bright on the rose,
When the leaves of the languid violet close,
When notes of the lute are heard on the wind,
And their music for one, only one, is designed.

The hours of the day are of trouble and toil,
Then fight they the battle, then part they the spoil ;
The hours of the midnight, O pale sleep, are thine,
But one hour, the fairest, the dearest is mine.

Mine is the hour, the stolen, the sweet,
When the young lover listens his maiden's light feet.
There are planets in heaven as bright and as far,
But which has the spell of the sweet evening star ?

LINES ON THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE,

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

—Nec unquam vestri meminisse pigebit
Pastores Thusci, *Milton.*

As on the plain—beneath the wanderer's tread,
Where rise the mounds which hide the nameless dead ;
And lonely winds in Fancy's hearing, sigh
Their ceaseless dirge o'er glory long gone by.
As on the wilderness—where once in ire,
Swept with volcanic might the issuing fire,
Whose yet stern traces speak of ruin past,
A spell mysterious and intense is cast.
So, mighty master of a force divine,
Dwells solemn influence on thy thoughtful line ;
Where, bright with beams whose lustre cannot set,
Undying Passion thrills and harrows yet :
Though low in dust reclines that laurelled brow,

And the once tuneful lips are silent now ;
Owned, wide as speech can spread, or record be,
And telling still through time and change of thee.
To each his province—not to all belong
The self-same paths, and sheltered founts of song—
And boundless is the realm whose scenes inspire
With varied strength the children of the lyre :
Some with a gentle and enthralling power,
Linked with each wandering cloud and opening flower,
When spring, with glance of light and voice of mirth,
Falls as a sunbeam on the expectant earth—
Or autumn's wailing spirit rustles past,
With red leaves whirled upon the fitful blast :
Some, painters of the troubled heart's unrest,
When love triumphant revels in the breast :
And some, whose martial numbers, loud and clear,
Thrill as a trumpet on the startled ear,
To fierce achievements, wrought in peril's hour,
On bristling parapet, or leaguered tower,
Or mistwreathed plains, where stooping from on high
War's crested Moloch leads his hosts to die.
Far other themes thy daring spirit sought,
Majestic borne on wings of soaring thought ;
Ambition's might, inexorable ire,
Scorn's withering glance, and hate's slow wasting fire ;
And sullen vengeance brooding on redress,
And love, which preys upon its own excess :
These were thine element—subliminal, apart
Here dwelt the power which woke thy mystic art—
Gazing with tireless strength, and sight unquailed,
Where weaker vision had grown dim and failed.

And if high heaven's ecstatic bliss to raise,
 Or horror's realms to mortal sight, be praise—
 The burning sepulchre—the lurid glare
 O'er scenes, whose uttered voice is but despair;
 Where hope, the seraph comes not to beguile,
 Or tempt affliction to one transient smile—
 The joys of angels, in their raptured flight,
 Circling entranced the glowing cross of light—
 And space unscanned, and distant homes of rest,
 The beatific mansions of the blest;
 Save one, our nation's boast, whose awful strain
 Nor earth shall hear, nor poet tempt again,
 What name shall stand beside thy great design,
 Or claim the glory of a wreath like thine?

He who but haunts the Muses' seats, to find
 The holier fruits and labours of the mind,
 And feelings, whose enjoined and wished-for birth
 Would make one Eden of this suffering earth;
 Forgiveness, smiling on the oppressor's yoke,—
 And grief that feels, but chides not at the stroke—
 Here, warned aside by thought and word unblest,
 Shall turn, and sighing fruitless own his quest.
 Withering the exile's trust and joys alike,
 The sentence falls; but wo to those who strike!
 Reproach unceasing—and the branding lay
 Whose words are infamy—the wrong repay.
 Chained like the Titan seer, in ages past,
 The passive mockery of each mountain blast, *

* *αιθεριον κιννυγμα*.—Prom. Vinc.

Yet darkly frowned the dauntless brow of pride,
And, though in powerless wrath, the hand defied ;
With unexhausted hate—of sufferance born—
Returning threat for threat, and scorn for scorn.

Yet scattering light beneath the deepening shade,
Shone forth one softer impulse undecayed ;
As in the waste, some spot of beauty still
Smiles with its palmy tuft and sunlit rill.
Mother of little love,* whose vengeance gave
Thine erring seed no refuge but the grave—
And fixed for ever in that pining breast,
The fever of a grief which knew not rest—
Forced from thy woods and vineclad hills to flee,
Still turned the wanderer's heart to dwell with thee.
To thee, to thee, regardless of the past,
Each sigh was breathed, each look of anguish cast ;
And, bowed a victim to thy factious will,
Thou hadst the power to charm thine offspring still.
Thy fame fast linked with every strain he sung ;
Thy name the last which trembled on his tongue ;
What time Ravenna's fruitless tears were shed
In anguish o'er her guest's expiring bed,
And the low requiem from that golden shore,
Announced the hour of closing conflict o'er.
There is a love, which vainly strives to hide
Its sleepless force beneath the mask of pride,
As, covered by the mountain's crest of snow,

* "Parvi Florentia Mater amoris." See the epitaph composed by Dante upon himself according to Moreri.

The viewless fire consumes and wastes below ;
And such was his—whose mournful verse has shown
A power the bard might feel, but scorned to own ;
Whilst, blooming on through darkness and distress,
Nor time could chill, nor absence render less.

And Thou, the idol of an injured heart,
Which, nerved from all on earth beloved to part,
Steeled to misfortune's shock and sorrow's aim,
Shrank as an infant's at *one* hallowed name.
Fair type of what the dreams of fancy bring,
To infant love, in being's cloudless spring,
Blending, in one unstained and perfect whole,
Thy faultless loveliness of form and soul,
With knowledge, such as heaven's bright scenes confer,
And all of woman, save the power to err ;
Thou, who didst stoop from happier realms, to guide
Thy failing charge o'er life's tumultuous tide,
With peace bestowing power and influence mild,
As hangs a mother o'er her fevered child ; *
Oh, sign of what the pure in heart shall be
When death has set the aspiring essence free ;
If, from the grasp of cold oblivion reft,
Thy gentle portraiture alone were left,
Though all beside of that enduring theme
Should fade and vanish as a summer-dream,

* — Ella, appresso d'un pio sospiro,
Gli occhi drizzo ver me con quel sembiante,
Che madre fa sopra il figliuol deliro.

Paradiso, Cant. 1.

Existent in the lingering wreck alone,
Well were the spirit's skill and greatness shown,
Whose power could draw to earth thy form of light,
And paint thy faultless excellence aright.

Yet, than the zeal of love or patriot sense,
Breathes not a thought of sterner nature hence ?
That inward feeling, darkly present still,
Turn from its omened warning as we will,
Whose voice proclaims in every scene and hour
The less than nothingness of human power ?
Here, by the strength of magic verse, portrayed
To memory's sight ; and all but present made ;
Yet factious wrath with startling blast alarms,
And midnight treason calls her bands to arms :
Beneath the bannered keys, by Adria's tide,
And Arno's banks, the gathering squadrons ride ;
And, reared on Alpine heights, descends from far
The northern eagle o'er the waves of war.*
But wasting ages, by whose silent blow,
Alike the lyre and warrior's sword lie low,
O'er earth have swept ; in one unbroken shade
Rest friend and foe, the traitor and betrayed.
Blue Arno hears upon her reedy shore
The answering shouts of adverse hosts no more ;
O'er other lands the waves of discord sweep,
While mightier strife has called the world to weep.

* ————— dall'Alpi non vedrei torrenti
Scender d'armati.

And who shall gaze, where, spread to view, appears
This record of the deeds of vanished years,
Without the thought—For this, from day to day,
Has rapine tracked its unresisting prey ;
For this, from wild contention's larum dread,
The kindly tribe of household blessings fled,
And beauty's cheek with fearful tears been wet,
And feverish councils, scared from slumber, met ?
Brief as the bands, who crossed in shadowy march
The Eastern Sage's allegoric arch,
Soon is our tale of weak existence said,
And one, o'er each the unvarying record read—
A little love, like summer's fleeting reign ;
A little hope, as quickly spent and vain ;
One gleam, perchance, from Fame or Fortune's sun ;
And then—arise, for earth's swift dream is done !
Yet, as if time, and space, and changeless powers
Unfettered as infinity, were ours,
Within this petty theatre of life,
Forth flies the sword, and burns the torch of strife ;
The noblest efforts of our fitful state
Subdued to fierce immedicable hate,
Or factious guile ; and what the prize ? reveal,
Lord of the victor wreath and conquering steel.
A name which, fading, mocks its owner's trust ;
A tomb, fast crumbling o'er the included dust ;
And dear bought power, to prompt, alas ! the while,
The sage's moral, or the cynic's smile !

Deeply admonished thou, whose eye has dwelt
O'er this dark scroll of griefs and passions felt,

And warned to wisdom by the mighty heart
Bared in its secret bitterness, depart ;
Taught by the sure event how little worth
To soothe or heal, the fairest gifts of earth ;
That knowledge is not strength ; nor fame's excess
The seed of peace ; nor genius, happiness.
And if thy spirit, inly moved, repine
That Wisdom marks not powers like his as thine ;
Know, that if stooping from his viewless height,
The bird of war had winged a humbler flight ;
Nor raised through sundering clouds his kingly form
To brave the blast, and dally with the storm ;
The bolt which flamed across his onward course,
And smote to dust the monarch in his force,
Had harmless beamed around his place of rest,
Nor scared one plume of that aspiring crest.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE MUSEUM OF
G. MANTELL, ESQ. F.R.S. &c.
AT BRIGHTON.

BY HORACE SMITH.

COLUMBUS of the subterranean world !
Star of Geology ! whose rays enlighten
What nature to her darkest depths had hurl'd,—
Mantell ! we proudly welcome thee to Brighton.

No more shall we confine our thoughts and hopes
To rounds of dull unintellectual pleasure,
For thy unparagon'd Museum opes
Exhaustless stores of scientific treasure.

Primeval Nature here uplifts her veil,
Here spreads her mystic volume, in whose pages
Her votaries read, and reverently hail
The wondrous records of uncounted ages.

Wrecks of an older world are here combined,
With forms more strange than fabulous chimeras ;
Medals, which Nature to her caves consigned,
As stamped memorials of her changeful eras.

Heavens ! how bewildering is the thought that erst,
Hundreds of centuries ere man's formation,
Thro' Sussex Weald some Mississippi burst
In all the pomp of tropical creation.

Ferns arborescent, on its flowery shore,
With giant palms, and southern fruits were blended,
While birds uncouth, whose races are no more,
Pois'd on the torrid air with wing extended.

Unto these sunny banks—this thermal tide,
Strange and stupendous animals resorted ;
And here a monster monarch, undefied,
The marvellous Iguanodon, disported.

In length a whale—but of the lizard race,
This horn'd leviathan, with teeth tremendous,
Found 'mong the prostrate palms a resting-place,—
For trees were rushes to his bulk stupendous.

Doubt ye these startling facts?—look round—a proof
Some fossil will afford of each averment,
From cliff or weald exhumed—and 'neath this roof
The *Wizard* lives who caused their disinterment.

Yes—where the huntsman winds his matin horn,
And the couch'd hare amid the covert trembles,
Where shepherds tend their flocks, or grows the corn,—
Where fashion on our gay parade assembles—

Wild horses, deer, and elephants have stray'd,
Trampling on early ocean's buried races ;
Beneath us their successive bones are laid,
A chronologic scale of burial-places.

The heaven-exploring Newton brought to light
New spheres, new laws, new wonders of creation—
Mantell hath rivall'd him in realms of night,
New worlds discovering by excavation.

Both have confirm'd the psalmist—"If I fly
Beyond the seas, upon the wings of morning,—
Dive into earth, O Lord, or seek the sky,—
Still of thine omnipresence have I warning!"

'Tis not this rare museum's highest praise
To charm the learned and the scientific ;
But that in all beholders it must raise
Feelings and thoughts of holiness prolific ;

For he who once within its verge hath trod,
And of its prodigies been made spectator—
Will "look through nature up to nature's God"—
And in His creatures own the great Creator.

A LETTER TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SIR :—

A POOR widow from your sister kingdom humbly ventures to address you, in hopes that you will aid her with your advice and assistance in earning a little profit for the support of her orphan family, whose plaintive cries for bread every day wring her heart. Alas! I once thought that heart was rendered callous for ever, and dead to the thrilling ties of natural affection; for the hand of the Lord has been laid heavily upon me, and I weened that my burden was greater than female heart could bear. But, ever blessed be the Divine Goodness that, in my greatest extremity, sent resignation to my aid—humble and heavenly resignation to his holy will; and from that moment my energies were restored, and my fondness for the remaining objects of my love redoubled.

What I desire of you, Sir, is, that as you appear to be deeply interested in the periodical literature of both kingdoms, you will try to procure me some remuneration for such little simple tales and moral essays as I am able to

write. Even the least acknowledgment will be gratefully received; for what else can a poor widow do, who was not bred to any manual employment. I have only once in my life been paid for an article of my own writing; and never can I forget the thrilling pleasure I experienced when I opened the franked letter, and found the liberal enclosure. If there can be such things conceived as *pangs* of delight, I may have been said to have experienced them that night. I did not only shed tears, but I wept outright, and I hugged my two little girls, and kissed them, and said to them, that they should not now want bread or clothes, though their mother should toil night and day.

Alas! many a rebuff have I since that time experienced, with a coldly civil answer from the editor; and, when my hopes were high, and not a sixpence in my pocket, these returns were hard to bear. Among others, I sent you two pieces, one in prose, and one in verse, for Mr. Blackwood; but you never returned me any answer or acknowledgment whatever, which was rather ungracious: though I have heard a different account of you, And, it being from your friend Sir C. Sharpe's advice that I apply to you, I hope you will not neglect me altogether, as you did formerly.

My first must be a tale of juvenile delight, of love, of pain, and sorrow; for how can I tell any tale before that which lies nearest to my heart?

My father was a farmer, and once accounted wealthy, before the wealth of the British farmer began to melt from his grasp. We were bred at the village school, along with the vicar's family, and some others; but be-

tween our two families the greatest harmony subsisted. We drank tea together every Saturday and every Sunday, and joined in all the same rambles and amusements as if we had been one family. William Brand, the vicar's second son, and I, being of an age, our parents often spake to us jocularly of being married ; at which I pretended to be highly offended, pouting and turning up my little nose with the greatest disdain, and answering with sauciness, to the amusement of all present ; even pretty William laughed as heartily as any of them :—" I thank you, mamma ; you are very kind and very officious ; and, pardon me, if I think rather too ready at proposing certain wives and certain husbands for certain young people. Should *you* require another husband, you may chuse for yourself ; which, I assure you, I intend to do."

But, for all this coquetry, I liked well to have William by my side, from which he was seldom wanting. When we read together in the Bible, the language was far more sublime to my ear, and the histories more interesting, when read verse about with him. Nor was the Gospel of Jesus ever so sweet and affecting as when pronounced by his mellow voice. There was a cadence in it that often brought tears into my eyes ; for William was a good boy, had a deep feeling of religion, and a strong sense of moral duty ; so that all his actions and words became him, and sat on him with the most beautiful effect.

Whenever we went a flower-gathering, nutting, or bird-nesting, William and I went in fellowship, there being no girls in the two families of the same age with me ; and, if there had, I don't think I would have gone with them, for William brought always the best things to me,

which they would not have done. But girls should never go a bird-nesting with boys, for the latter will not desist from plundering; and it not only grieves the gentle spirit of the former that they cannot prevent it, but causes them often to regard their brethren and friends with a sort of abhorrence as monsters of inhumanity. I know that many a sore heart and bitter tear these doings cost me, for which I was only laughed to scorn by all but William Brand, whose heart shared in all my sympathies. There are very few good boys. They are a set of bullying, fighting, hard-headed, and still harder-hearted, reavers, which renders a real amiable and manly boy quite a treasure.

I remember being one day out on Beckwith common, the boys in search of plover and lark nests, and the girls of heather bells and other flowers of the waste, when I unluckily perceived a very important bird fluttering round a bush of heath, and making a terrible uproar, chattering and chirping in the most vehement style. It was joined by another of the same species; and the two made such a work there, as if their lives depended on something which was in that bush leaving it. I durst not go to see what it was, for I was afraid it would be an adder, but kept where I was at a distance, and at length I saw a creature come out of the bush, something like a rat, with a short tail. The two birds tormented it terribly, so that it was obliged to sit down and watch them, often flying at them and trying to catch them. At length, it came cowering straight toward me, small as it was, I liked its look very ill, and beginning to think I was too long there, I rose hastily and took to my heels.

But the battle now assumed a more serious aspect. The animal came to a heap of grey stones, where there was a hole, at which it wanted to enter. This the two birds set themselves to oppose with all their might. They placed themselves together in the mouth of the hole, fluttering, chattering, and screaming; and all the while they pelted so furiously at the creature's eyes and nose, that for the space of several minutes, they kept it at bay. And, when sundry times it got its head into the hole, the male bird, as a last resource, seized it by the tail with his bill, and nipped it with such energy that the creature was compelled to disengage itself from the hole and fly at its assailant. Never was there an entry more strenuously defended. The whole vigour of the two distressed parents was exerted without flinching; and had not the male bird suffered some injury (for I saw the creature bring feathers off him), I am persuaded the spoliator would have been ultimately beat off.

It however, at last, succeeded in its enterprize, entered the hole, and suddenly returned, bearing a fine full-grown nestling in its mouth, which was fluttering and crying most piteously. My philanthropy was aroused to the highest pitch by this incident, and all my fears of the voracious plunderer vanished. I could have seized it with my little delicate hands, and wrung its neck about. I pursued it with all my speed, screaming as if my own life had been at stake, while the two parent birds assisted me well, by harassing the little wretch, and impeding its flight. My two brothers, Edward and John, who were nearest to me, came running to my assistance; to whom, in breathless agony, I pointed out the aggressor. It was

a grand business for them. They waylaid him, turned him, and pelted him with stones, till they soon compelled him to relinquish his prey, and then pursued him till he took earth. I asked them what he was, and they said he was *a capital weazel*. With a joyful heart I ran to the released captive, lifted it and placed it in my bosom, but it was in the throes of death, and died amid my caresses ; and, when I thought of its hard and early fate, I shed some tears of genuine grief over it. My brothers laughed at me, and said, they wondered how I could grieve for the death of *an useless stone-chatter*.

Without the least hesitation, but as a natural consequence, I led them to the little crevice where the desperate battle took place ; where, on raising a stone or two, we soon came to other four fine nestlings. Never did I think but that the boys would again cover them carefully up, bless them, and leave them to the kind parents who had fought so gallantly for them. There was no such humane project in their heads. They took one of them, and tossed it up in the air to a great height ; it flew a space, and then, falling, tumbled over—a poor, helpless, inexperienced object, but, instead of pitying, they fell a pelting at it with stones. I screamed violently, and tried to hinder them ; but they laughed still the more, and, taking aim time about, they continued throwing at it till they killed it. When I saw it fluttering and trying in vain to get away from them, and then falling over, gasping, and dying, I thought my heart would burst. I had never witnessed a deed of such enormity, and I remember I wondered that some visible judgment was not poured on the heads of these ruthless murderers,

and destroyers of domestic happiness. Even the two bereaved parents, who had fought so bravely against their first invaders, now sat at a melancholy distance, uttering now and then a hopeless chirp, as if astonished at a deed which had no motive but cruelty.

Yet it was a game of the highest zest for the boys. Away they ran for another to *get a fair batter at it*, as they said; but there I was beforehand with them; and throwing myself above the few grey stones that covered the remnant of the nestlings, I screamed, wept, and told them they should tear me in pieces before they should get another of the birds to murder out of mere wantonness. Finding they could not prevail without hurting me, they tried to reason me out of my resolution by insinuating many bad things against the general character of the stone-chat; but to none of these would I listen. They then set seriously to work to remove me by force; but I clung to the grey stones, and screamed without any intermission or mitigation of voice, till, at length, William Brand came running to my assistance in utter astonishment at what the boys were doing to their sister. "What is it? What is it?" cried he. "Off hands instantly, and tell me what is the matter."

"Oh, nothing at all," cried they; "but only that Alice is the greatest fool that ever was born." I showed him the two victims; told him how the parent birds had fought for the lives of their young, and the wanton cruelty of my brothers; and I shall never forget the glow on his countenance as he reprimanded and shamed them out of their ruthless intent. "I could not have believed that you would have hurt your sister's feelings by such an

act of shameless barbarity," said he; "you say, 'What signifies the life of a stone-chatter?' But it was her estimate that ought to have made it valuable in your eyes. And you should remember that these are all God's creatures; that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his knowledge; and for every act of wilful depravity you shall be answerable to him."

My brothers went away rather out of countenance, saying they did not want to hear any more of the minister's sermon. William and I watched the nestlings till their persecutors were out of sight; we then lifted them, and carried them carefully to a distance, where we watched them till we saw the dam come and feed them. This we did lest the boys or the weazel should find them again.

No, no! girls and boys should never go a bird-nesting together. They should go to the nut-wood together, for the boys are a sort of protection. I have seen them batter off an impertinent clown with stones, and make a boisterous bull-dog glad to take to his heels that he might escape with life. In both these instances, I felt that we girls would have been very helpless creatures. There is nothing that I know of so dangerous as the united attack of a set of resolute boys; there is no possibility either of eluding them or overpowering them; and the more danger to themselves, the more in proportion is such an assault endeared to them.

I shall relate another story of bird-nesting, which I never shall forget as an instance of maternal devotion and heroism without a parallel. I was constantly on the look out for birds' nests, though all that I wanted was the

pleasure of knowing where they were, and visiting them every good day. But there was a small blue hawk which for years had wrought great devastation among my feathered songsters, and which I wished by all means to be revenged on. At length, after unwearied attention to the course he pursued through the air with his prey; and, following in that direction still farther and farther on, I discovered the nest. Joyfully did I hasten home with the information to my brothers. Edward and John both went with me. The tree was difficult to climb, and overhung a precipice. John ventured, and reached the nest; but the dam met him at a yard's distance, attacking his hands and face without mercy. He got so near as to perceive that there were young ones half feathered in the nest; but, with all his exertion, he could not get hold of one of them, and was obliged to return with his right hand and his nose terribly lacerated.

But John was incensed, and the young hawks a prize; he cut a strong sapling, took it in his teeth, and once more clomb the tree. The hawk had all this while been wheeling round and round in air, and with a laughing yell proclaiming her victory over poor John. Whenever she saw him begin again to ascend the tree, she alighted upon the nest, and, meeting him at the cleft below it, attacked him precisely in the same way as before. He had nothing but his hat to strike with the first time, but now the blows of the cudgel astounded her. She threw herself several times in his face with a maternal scream of despair; but, for all the blows that John aimed at her, she never thought of flying. Had the male been present, who was doubtless out on a foraging expedition, no boy

could have reaved their nest without fire-arms. The last sight that I saw of her living, she was gasping and hanging her wings, and John's next blow felled her dead. She died on the side of the nest next to the intruder, and during the struggle never deserted her post one inch. She was a small bluish bird, with large black eyes. My brothers called her a merlin, which others disputed. The young were all kept and tamed, and turned out docile and the prettiest birds I ever saw. There was a majesty in their large black eyes, and the greater their danger the roll of those grew always the more proud and independent.

But these youthful reminiscences have drawn me from my tale. In this way, was William and I bred up together; by constant fellowship and reciprocal acts of kindness, endeared to one another; and, owing to the jokes and insinuations of our parents, I think, as far back as I remember, we both had a sort of vague feeling that our hearts were made for one another.

His elder brother having studied for the church, William was destined for a mercantile life; but the first year he went into a counting-house he was seized with a severe illness, and brought home to his father. It was then that I first felt how dear he was to my young heart. His own family were debarred from entering his apartment for fear of infection; but all their efforts could not keep me away. I sat by his bed the whole day, and let his nurse sleep. I held the wine and water to his parched lips, wept over him, and read portions of Scripture daily, and the service for a bed of sickness. Often would he take my hand, and press it to his burning brow,

then to his lips, and feebly whisper, "Heaven bless you, dear Alice!" My heart was wrung almost beyond sufferance, for I thought him dying, and the purpose of my soul was not to tarry behind him. How gladly would I have suffered and died for him!—so sanguine are the feelings of the youthful bosom, before being ripened by the showers and suns of reason.

The mercantile world having been at this time completely paralyzed, poor William, after a slow recovery, could find no situation for the space of two years; and, though he tried all that he could to improve his mind, and fit himself for any situation, yet he was heartless and cast down, and even took care to shun my presence as much as possible. At length a sort of desperate situation was offered him in the island of Tobago, which he recklessly accepted, and then we two met every day to talk of our separation, and deplore our lot. We never talked of love, we were too young and too modest for that. But there was no occasion for it; for every look, every word, every action, bespoke how dear we were to one another. For me, when the day of his departure drew near, I wept day and night. My parents took alarm, for well they knew the cause; and my father, who was a true English farmer in kindness of heart and honest frankness of disposition, invited William by himself to take a family dinner with us before he set out on his destination.

We made great efforts to be cheerful that afternoon, but it would not do. My father took his ale heartily, but William almost none; and, at length, it so chancing that we three being left together, my father, after blowing his nose, began the following speech, "Why, Willie, lad, do

you know that I don't much like this going away of your's to that plaguy tobacco place. It is a bad spot, and you will be a weary distance from us, should you be taken ill. You say, it is a fine island; that may be: but there's never any body comes home from it, man. I have never yet known a man who went to reside there come home again. I don't much like this, Willie. It's too like getting quit of a son. I think, for the little while a man has to live he might contrive to do so at home. I'll tell you what I have resolved, Willie, for I do not like to part with you; you have long been the same to me as one of my own; and, if you will stay at home, I will stock the farm of Renton for you, and put in the first year's crop for a beginning; and, as your father has a more numerous family than me, and not a great deal more to give them, I'll ask no security but your own honour."

I could stand this no longer, for my heart was bursting with gratitude for the disinterested generosity of my dear father. I sprang from my seat, clasped my arms around his neck, kissed him I know not how oft, and then laid my head on his bosom and wept.

"Alice! Alice!—behave yourself, girl. What means all this flummery? I cannot bear it." I looked up, and the tear was forcing itself slowly over his honest cheek, while William was at his other knee, pressing his hand between both his own. "Give over, children; give over, I tell you! Why will you cause an old man to play the child? Dang it, I was trying to gratify nobody but myself!"

I always loved my father with my whole heart and soul,

for he ruled his family by sheer affection and kindness; but, oh, how I admired his manly generosity that night. There was no word said about me. No such hint as, "If you wed my Alice, I will do so and so." That was left to follow, or not to follow, as circumstances suited.

The result may be anticipated by any one; but these days of delirious joy it is painful to recapitulate. I cannot even remember them, for they passed over like a brilliant dream. The intense eagerness of William to succeed in this farming speculation, so generously conferred, ruined all. He began his improvements on the most brilliant and expensive scale; and the accommodation afforded by the banks at that period had no bounds. Before the soil could produce adequate returns, the banks were extirminated, their notes were of no avail, and the farmers found themselves involved in inextricable ruin. My husband, my poor William, was amongst the first that fell. Though he told me nothing, I saw, by his wan cheek, and the fond and rueful looks which he sometimes fixed on our children, that matters were far from being right. He failed, and brought in both our parents to heavy losses. Mine in particular; which, I am sure, broke my dear William's heart. After that, he never held up his head again. The thoughts of my father's affection, and the way in which he had involved him, was more than his gentle spirit could bear.

The privations, the miseries, that now hedged me in on every side, were indeed grievous, yet the Lord in his kindness afforded me strength to bear them. My beloved husband, than whom a more affectionate never lived, even before the prime of life, broken in heart and constitution,

hasting to an untimely grave. Two helpless infants on my hand, and all of us dependent only on the bounty of those whom he had deeply injured. It was a heart-breaking condition to be placed in, but my poor old father, now brought to the verge of ruin, never remitted his attentions for a day ; and, when my husband's effects were sold, and the proceeds parted among his creditors, my father returned me the whole of his reversion. His last meeting with William I never shall forget. He came to our lowly cottage to see him, and, with the tear in his sunken eye, tried to speak words of comfort and hope. Alas ! it was too apparent they were both hasting to the same bourne ! Both felt it ; and, although seemingly unawares, their conversation turned again and again on the country beyond the grave. I never saw my father so much affected as when he blessed William, and took farewell of him. He was conscious it was for ever. I wept over both their death-beds on the same week, and they lie buried side by side in the little church-yard of the priory of St. John.

I have been obliged to curtail this little narrative of all its painful descriptions, in order to suit it to some of the juvenile periodicals ; where, should it appear, I will in my next subscribe myself,

Your obliged,

ALICE BRAND.

LE CHAPEAU NOIR.

BY L. E. L.

A courtly beauty—one whose life
Has been perhaps a pleasant dream,
The shadow of a flower cast
Upon a sunny stream.

Upon her brow there are no lines,
Upon her face there is no care ;
But such soft pensiveness as oft
The young and happy wear.

The plumes that play around her head
The fan within her fairy hand ;
The pearls that circle that white neck,
With a scarce whiter band,

Are soft, and light, and fair as she
Who weareth them as wears a queen
The crown that from her infancy
Upon her head has been.

Her beauty is a pride and power,
The right divine around a throne ;
It is the triumph of her eyes,
To make all hearts her own.

She steppeth with a silvery step
A sweet yet stately grace ;
She doth not wait to see who marks
The sunshine of her face.

But there will come another time,
Its coming is beside her now ;
I read it on the parted lip,
And on the gentle brow.

When those sweet eyes will seek the ground,
Or, raised, will only seek to see,
What language, till that hour unknown,
In other eyes can be.

That cheek will wear a deeper rose,
Whose crimson colours never glow
But when they speak instead of words,
For the full heart below.

Pause lady, on thy present time,
It is life's brightest and its best ;
Pause ere thou lettest love disturb
Thy spirit's sunny rest.

For never yet came Love alone,
Companions strange and sad has he,
Doubts, fears, regrets, and withering tears ;—
And must these be for thee ?

SPRING.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Oh, is it not a glorious thing to see
The first fresh bursting of the early Spring ;
When delicate leaves unfold on every tree,
And busy birds are ever on the wing,
Flinging their gladsome voices to the sky,
In joyful songs that Winter is gone by ?
The hedgerows wear a shade of tender green,
Showing the sun-warmth has awakened them ;
While here and there the blackthorn blossom's seen,
Resting, like snow-flakes, on its sable stem.
The fields in their green gladness are bedight
With flowers that childhood loves ; the violet,
The star-like daisy, laughing in the light
Of the night's tear upon its fringes set,
The cowslip, cherished by the wandering bee,
The primrose, and the wood-anemone.
The breeze is balmy on the mountain's brow,
The cloudless sky is blue and bright above,

Flooded with light the landscape lies below,
 Mapped out in beauty. If the heart can love
 The glories of creation, it must fling
 Its holiest worship o'er the gushing Spring !
 The woods are full of wonders ! Stern and dark
 Tower the tall firs unchanged ; the sunshine weaves
 No web of youth for them ; their rugged bark,
 Their cone-like fruit, their sharp and spear-shap'd leaves,
 Wear no new livery for the infant year ;
 As Winter saw them stand, so stand they here.
 The larch is budding ; wreaths of dazzling green
 Hang from each drooping spray ; the hawthorn boughs
 Are rife with vegetation ; bursts are seen
 Of beauty on the beech-tree—a rich shade
 Of crimson-teeming life ; buds sanguine-hued,
 As though the sun-set clouds had o'er them play'd
 Until they left their die upon the cone,
 Tipping each slender branch with beauty all its own.
 Majestic o'er the rest the chestnut shows
 Its spreading arms, thickly and brightly strewed
 With snowy balls, like lotus-buds, where sleep
 The fan-like leaves, so soon to lend their grace
 And shadow to the lone and lovely place.
 How the heart gladdens !—how the pulses leap
 In such a scene as this ! The flickering light
 Of the warm sun streams cheerfully and bright
 Among the boughs, and falls on many a glade,
 Casting the distance into deeper shade.





THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

By J. M. W. Turner

THE BOHEMIAN MOTHER

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A SOFTENING thought of other years,
A feeling linked to hours
When life was all too bright for tears,
And hope sang, wreathed with flowers;
A memory of affections fled,
Of voices heard no more,
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That *name* of fondness o'er.

Oh, *Mother*!—in that magic word
What loves and joys combine!
What hopes, too oft, alas, deferred!—
What watchings—griefs—are thine!

Yet, never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls opprest,
Learn we to prize that holiest home,
A living mother's breast.

The thousand prayers at midnight poured
Beside our couch of woes ;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften *our* repose :
Whilst never murmur marked thy tongue,
Nor toils relaxed thy care !
How Mother, is thy heart so strong,
To pity and forbear ?

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay, the past ?
Alas, for gratitude decayed !—
Regrets, that rarely last !
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy blessed bosom o'er,
We muse on all thy kindness shown,
And wish *we'd loved thee more !*

'Tis only when thy lips are cold
We mourn—with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old—
The days for ever set ;
And not an act, nor look, nor thought,
Against thy meek control,
But, with a sad remembrance fraught,
Wakes anguish in the soul !

On every land, in every clime,
True to her sacred cause ;
Filled by that effluence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the Mother's heart the same ;
The Mother's lot as tried :
And, oh, may nations guard that name
With filial power and pride !

THE SPIRIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THE spirit of philosophy consists in having the power to think, and patience to wait for the result. I do not mean to recommend an entire suspension of opinion as a matter of belief or feeling (that would be nearly impossible, and might be dangerous), what I mean, is, that one is to wait for the *proofs* till they come, however slowly or painfully; and not take up out of indolence, prejudice, or vanity with any thing short of a clear and satisfactory account, as a rational and philosophical solution. We may indulge our fancy or prejudices to a certain extent, so long as we do not mistake *prejudices* for *reasoning*. We must keep the understanding free; the judgment must be unbiassed. If we endeavour to shut out and suppress all natural feeling and inclination to one side of a question rather than another, this will be more likely to warp and

precipitate our judgment, and make us impose false and premature arguments upon ourselves as the true, in order to get rid of so uneasy and artificial a state. But with a reasonable latitude allowed to our general notions and conjectures as to where the truth is to be found, we shall wait with more resolution and calmness, for the dogmatical and formal issues of our inquiries. We may fancy, as mere common mortals, that a thing is so; but as philosophers, we are bound to show that it is so: and we should take care how we set up a pretence of being able to do this, either in our own minds, or as a law to others, before we are quite sure of our ground. A man may indulge in a lax and loose belief of any thing as a matter of ease and convenience to himself; but when he comes forward to assign the *why* and *how*, he becomes a dictator to others, and is inexcusable if he does not scrupulously discard all sinister influences of habit, authority, interest, and let reason alone usurp the empire of his breast. People in general suppose they have a right to have an opinion on all subjects, and that they are bound, and are able to prove satisfactorily, that they are in the right: because they have never thought about the question at all, it appears to them self-evident. It is no wonder, therefore, that with such universal and cheap pretensions to infallibility, they are impatient of having any doubt or objection thrown in their way, or of the smallest trouble or serious expence of mental labour in removing it. They very easily satisfy their own minds with some form of words, and are equally ready to convince others by menaces or blows, who do not come into their *common-place* conclusions, and blindly go all lengths with them.

Many persons are willing to suspend their decision, and nearly indifferent what side they shall take; but no one having adopted an opinion is willing to allow he has done so without good reason, and is angry with any one who does not assent to his all-sufficiency in this respect. We find indeed that the most blind and bigoted belief is the most dogmatical; and that those ages and nations which are the most ignorant, are the most intolerant of a shadow of difference from their grossest creeds (for having no evidence to adduce in their favour, they cannot afford to have them called in question), and are the most bent on writing the proofs of their faith in the blood of their enemies. Heresy is, then, chiefly a statutable crime; and antipathies of opinion amount to antipathies of kind. A philosopher should take warning, and avoid this vulgar error. He should have firmness and candour to say, "I think a thing is so, but I do not know why; I will not rest till I have found out the cause (if possible); but till I have, I will not deceive you, or amuse myself with a foolish and idle theory." To encourage this tone of feeling, and to show that there is nothing degrading to the most acute, in waiting for an answer to the question, "What is truth?" it may suffice to observe, that instead of that encyclopedia of wit and wisdom, which every sciolist would hang about his neck, and universal upstart pretension to be thoroughly informed *de omni scibile et quibusdam aliis*, it is as much as any one can hope to do, to discover a single truth in the course of a long and studious life; and often instead of taking for his motto, "I will lead you into all knowledge," he should be contented to say, "I will show you a mystery." The more

we are convinced of the value of the prize, the less we shall be tempted to lay rash and violent hands on it; and the more apt to console ourselves for the slowness of our progress and our frequent failures, by the hope of ultimate success.

When we place our pride in the difficulty and nobleness of the pursuit rather than our own proficiency in it, we may, without a blush, confess that we know little or nothing; but "if reasons were as plenty as blackberries," we ought, then, to be able to "give every man a reason upon compulsion." I conceive that the mind, in the search after knowledge, very much resembles the truffle-hunter: the dog finds out, and is led to the spot where the object of his pursuit lies by the smell, but it is by his teeth and claws that he is able to remove the rubbish that hides it. So there is a certain air of truth which hovers over particular conclusions, and directs our attention towards them, but it is only the acuteness and strength of the reasoning faculty that digs down to the roots of things. In this way common sense or a certain tact may be said to be the foundation of truest philosophy; for there is always a certain number of facts with a general impression from them treasured up in the memory, which it is the business of the understanding to examine, and not to cavil at or contradict. This is one of the general errors of philosophy and sources of sophistry, that persons of more pretension than sincerity try to take an advantage of you, by denying the facts which are notorious to common observation, or for which an appeal may be had to their own consciousness, solely on the plea that you cannot explain them; whereas if the real phenomena are so

(which is the first question), it is their business to account for them as much as yours, and not to make your deficiency in logic a ground of triumph equally over you and truth. Here, indeed, there it a kind of dilemma ; for unless you are impressed with a belief of a certain thing, how are you to submit to the drudgery of finding out a reason for it ? And on the other hand, if we take a thing for granted before we know, and are able to prove it to a demonstration, are we not in danger of giving a wrong bias to the mind, and bestowing vast pains and exhausting all our ingenuity to prop up a prejudice, instead of establishing a truth ? The only preventive to this, is a strong love of truth, and openness to conviction ; for, in inquiring into the grounds and principles of certain facts, the facts themselves are brought again and again under review ; and if they appear to be ill-supported or overpowered by a number of contrary facts, it is, then, high time to retreat from an untenable position, before it crumbles under our feet. The worst is, where interest and authority interfere to patch up a rickety conclusion, and the mind is made the advocate and slave of established creeds and systems. Perhaps nine-tenths of the exertions of the human intellect, have been directed (if we may judge from the contents of learned libraries) to prove the truth of doctrines, of which each individual neither believed nor understood a tittle, except from hearsay, and on the authority of others. Even vanity and the affectation of novelty, owes its force as an engine of sophistry and paradox, to the detection of the weakness and fallacy of so many prevailing and inveterate prejudices. Hence as one party are inclined to believe that every thing is en-

titled to their assent that is old, there are others, who, in the spirit of contradiction, and in their contempt for antiquated absurdity, are fully satisfied that every thing that is new-fangled, and of recent date, must be true. Where neither of these biasses exists, and where the mind judges for itself, and from an undistorted, though vague induction of particulars, there is little apprehension that the inquirer should persist in an error of presumption, after there is sufficient evidence to the contrary; and as long as he does not see ground to change his original impression, he may persist in endeavouring to find out the positive proof, without fear of losing his labour. There is no reason to despair because the required solution does not come in a day: it is well if it comes "with healing on its wings" at the end of years. It is not too long to stay, nor too much to expect, if we have but the right clue to it. This is every thing. If we keep the object we have in view always in mind, and are on the alert to make use of every observation or suggestion of our own thoughts that can illustrate it, then we may (not presumptuously, but with calm and confident breast) promise ourselves a successful result. But the better-grounded our hopes are, the more deep and unwearied our aspirations, the less we shall be disposed to anticipate the lucky minute—with the greater fortitude, and mixture of pride and humility, shall we gird ourselves up to our allotted task—and the more firmly shall we reject every specious appearance and idle shadow that would impose itself on us, for the very substance of truth. The love of truth, like charity, when it is sincere, "hopeth all things, trieth all things, endureth all things." There should be no

desire for immediate applause, no inclination to gloss over shallow sophistry with the colours of style ; a passion for truth, an interest in it that nothing can bribe or divert, a power of brooding over and deriving a supreme consolation from it, must be the basis of all true philosophy. There must be no flirting with mere popularity, no willingness to dazzle others and blind ourselves by a *leurre de dupe*, no eagerness to pluck the fruit of knowledge while yet green and unripe, no soothing flattery of friends, no angry collision with antagonists ; but we must be contented to commune with ourselves and our own hearts, and nourish the appetite and the faith, in truth, in silence, and in lone obscurity, till a light breaks in upon us like a light from heaven ; and the shape we have so long wooed, stands suddenly revealed in all its brightness to our long-ing sight. There is no art or method of invention to “constrain” the truth, or force it to appear by certain cabalistic words or formal arrangements ; it comes when least expected, like a thief in the night ; it is given to our vows and prayers, to our thoughts ever intent on the unperturbed impressions of things, and their workings in the mind, so as to bring out the causes by the continual weighing and scanning of numberless effects—not to a trick, or a *fiat* of the will, or a pragmatistical conceit of ourselves. All great truths (with the previous disposition of mind we have described) are owing not to system, but to accident ; the condition of all discovery is to be involuntary (for what follows mechanically is not in the nature of a discovery). This is the fault of Lord Bacon’s *Novum Organon*, who, after exploding the subtle distinctions and logomachies of the schoolmen, and referring every thing to

experiment, sets up a scheme of invention of his own, and seems to think that ingenuity can lay a trap for truth, and hedge it in with an alternate series of affirmations and negations. This might be feasible, if the facts were (as he supposes) all known and limited in number; but the phenomena are infinite, obscure, and intricately inwoven together, so that it is only by being always alive to their tacit and varying influences, that we can hope to seize on the power that guides and binds them together, by seeing it manifested in some strong aspect or more remarkable instance of the kind. Suppose, for example, there is a contradiction involved in the notion of personal identity; so long as I confine my idea of the subject to the present state, this contradiction may not be so glaringly brought out, as that I should discover it; but let me transfer the notion to a future state of existence where this identity has been interrupted, and I have to begin *de novo*; and the incompatibility all at once becomes obvious—it stares me in the face; but I could not foresee that I should make such a discovery from this new comparison (or *invent* the example for that purpose), till I had actually and unexpectedly made it. But by turning over a subject long and late, these prizes in the wheel turn up oftener; and our incessant vigilance and search, do not go unrewarded. The finding out a *reason* is like finding out a *word*; it does not come at the moment we want it, but of its own accord afterwards, from the effort we have previously made, and our having set our minds upon it, which puts the desired train of association in motion. We know when we have got the right *word*; if we take up with a wrong one, it is wilfully, and because we prefer

sloth to sterling pains, the evasion of a difficulty to a triumph over it; and so it may be said with respect to the search after truth. The temper and spirit of a true and improved method of philosophising, have been agreeably described by a philosophical poet of the present day, and I shall relieve the dryness of this description by quoting the lines :—

“ The eye—it cannot choose but see,
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

“ Nor less I dream that there are powers,
Which of themselves our minds impress:
That we can feed this mind of ours,
In a wise passiveness.

“ Think you, mid all this mighty sun
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

“ One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man—
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

“ Sweet is the lore which Nature brings—
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,
—We murder to dissect.

“ Enough of science and of art!
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.” *

* Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*.

True philosophy is softened by feeling, and owes allegiance to nature. Passion, it is true, may run away with reason ; but when the question is the nature and government of the passions, how understand without entering into them ? The blind might as well discourse of colours ! This is the flagrant error, the crying sin of a set of philosophers in our time, who, referring all things to utility, and a hard calculation of consequences, make clownish war upon all the pleasures and amenities of life, and leave not a single item in their account of good for the sum total to be composed of. They would reduce men to mere machines of iron or of wood ; and in their reasoning on the nature of society, suppose that this transformation is not only eligible, but has already taken place. Like the “ O Lord, Sir ! ” in Shakspeare, their favourite phrase, “ the calculation of consequences ” answers all questions, and solves all difficulties. Courage is with them “ a calculation of consequences ”—cowardice is so too ; so that, by their account, courage is cowardice. Madmen, they say, reason. But at this rate, the world might be a greater Bedlam than it is, and yet they would persuade you that the patients are strict logicians. It is easy to repeat a set of cant phrases by rote, and call it philosophy, while the science of man is not advanced a single jot, but is rather obfuscated and obscured by an arrangement of “ tall, opaque words,” that pretend to explain every thing, and in reality mean nothing. The schoolmen were famous for these verbal fallacies ; the moderns (without sufficient reason), affect to be free from them, and to appeal in all cases to experiment and ocular proof. They lay their hands upon some fact or

object of sense, and think they have discovered a truth, Thus a bump on the head is an organ or faculty of the soul, and the brain is the mind itself. We can indeed feel the bump on the head or dissect the brain, but we know no more of the mind than we did before. Modern metaphysics is (as it has been defined by some of its self-satisfied professors), "*the art of naming*;" that is, it is calling one thing by the name of another, and arises from a want of the true spirit of philosophy, or from an impatience of inquiring into the real causes of things, and a determination to substitute a positive and tangible idea for an obscure and remote one, whether right or wrong. The exchange from *names* to *things* as symbols and exponents of general truths, is not always, therefore, an improvement. The nose on a man's face is a fact, a positive image; but am I, therefore, at liberty to assert (as a cover for my own ignorance, or a bribe to the indolence and credulity of others), that wit or memory is nothing but the nose on a man's face? This would be a strange perversion of the experimental philosophy; and yet it is one that is often made with great parade and formality. Another rule in philosophising is not merely to persevere with the strictest watchfulness and self-denial till we arrive at the goal, but to know where to stop. A man, by great labour and sagacity, finds out one truth; but from the importunate craving of the mind to know all, he would fain persuade himself that this one truth includes all others. Such has been the error of almost all systems and system-makers, who lose the advantage of the conquests they have achieved by pushing them too far, and aiming at universal empire.—

“ Vaulting ambition that o’erleaps itself,
And falls on t’other side !”

Thus the doctrine of the *association of ideas* was a great discovery in intellectual science, and an admirable clue to the developement of an infinite variety of phenomena ; but when it is made to explain every thing, and set up as the sole and primary principle of thought and action (which is impossible by the very terms), it becomes merely a confusion of ideas, and a handle for quackery and paradox.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE FOUR AGES."

A POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIVES OF THE SACRED POETS."

A Complaint for the Decay of Fancy.

May-time yet hath hardly flown,
Wilt thou leave me all alone,
Never, never more to spread
Thy purple pinions o'er my head,
Singing sweetly by my bed,
When Moonlight walketh on the sea—
Soft enchantress, Phantasy?
Open, Sweet, thine eyes divine,
Breathe, beloved, into mine !*
No more unto my couch of leaves,
Comes pleasant sleep by gladness led,
Unbinding all its fragrant sheaves
Of dreams, a pillow for my head.

* The breath of the eyes, *πνευματα ομμάτων*, was a favourite theme of the Grecian Euphuists.

Dear charmer of the spirit, Time
No more of poet's lore doth speak,
Thy feet have long forgot their chime,
The rose hath long forgot thy cheek.
No more at sun-set, Peace and Glee,
Meek graces of the bosom, wait
To lead thy steps with melody,
Through beauty's golden gate.
For hope, life's bird of paradise,
Above my head hath ceased to sing ;
The song hath faded from her throat,
The colour from her wing.

The Early Death of a Christian Friend.

No evil thought, no spirit of untruth,
Had leapt into the Paradise of youth !
Alas ! how soon decay'd that summer-light !
The Muse creeps softly in the hush of night
To the pale sufferer's chamber, where he lay
In the meek twilight of life's parting day.
But peace sweet flowers o'er his pillow shed,
While holy love sat watching by his bed.
His feeble eye amid the deepening gloom,
Followed that gliding shadow through the room.
O, lady honoured and beloved ! in vain
The weeping Muse would crown thee with her strain,
Thy deeds are written by a hand divine,
Thou hast the praise of heaven—I spare thee mine !*

* See Cowper's Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin

What lovely forms the Christian's chamber throng,
Cheering the gloom with sunshine and with song !*
Thrice blest companions ! But a clearer light
Dawn'd on the silent watches of the night,
While the celestial Friend, all friends above,
Shelter'd him with the shadow of his love ;
And every gospel-word, like heavenly air,
Scatter'd the fading darkness of despair,
How could the cloud remain, when Jesu's face was there !

The mist is passing from thee—even now
The am'ranth garland glows upon thy brow ;
Delightful dream ! Thy ravish'd spirit sees
Rays that ne'er glimmered through the forest-trees,
And beautiful on thine uplifted eyes
Beameth the crystal gate of Paradise.

Weep not for him whose race of life is run,
A conqueror of death—a crown'd one.
He knows no wintry wind, no setting sun !
No more he pines upon the bed of pain,
Nor prays for balmy sleep, nor prays in vain ;
Sorrow no more his tranquil heart can find,
He hath no tears to dry, no wounds to bind !

Wilberforce, Clarkson, and the Slave-Trade.

Not mine to scatter from young fancy's urn,
The living thoughts that breathe, the words that burn—†
Not mine, with tender hand, upon thy hearse
To bind the deathless garland of my verse—

* The remembrances of good deeds.

† Gray.

Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
 The noblest fame of being crown'd within !*
 Idle the poet's skill, the sculptor's art ;
 Thy praise, full eyes ; thy monument, the heart ;
 And foremost thou to climb the arduous hill,†
 With Clarkson, struggling through the night of ill.
 Devoted band ! long unrepaid their care,
 No happy omen shone upon their prayer !
 But victory smil'd at last—the galling chain
 Dropp'd from the sore and wither'd limbs of pain.
 O glorious conquest ! O unwept renown !
 O triumph worthy of the Muses' crown !
 The thoughtful fancy loves to sit and dream,
 When evening fades upon Cuama's stream,‡
 And youthful footsteps in that hour of calm
 Startle the moonlight shadows of the palm,
 While the dark mother to her song of glee
 Dances the playful infant on her knee—
 Sweet thoughts of England through the mind may dart,
 And Wilberforce and Clarkson touch the heart !

*A Thought upon Kirke White, in a Walk through
 St. John's.*

Lo, while I gaze, what beauteous visions rise,
 What faces beam into my tearful eyes !
 But dearest thou of all the sacred throng,
 The gentle lover, and the lov'd of song,

* See Cartwright's noble Elegy on Ben Jonson.

† See Wordsworth's Sonnet beginning,—

“ Clarkson, thou hast an arduous hill to climb.”

‡ A river in Africa.

Wafted in mercy to a happier clime,
In the unclouded summer of thy time !
And thou, sweet Mother,* at whose fruitful breast
Mild Spenser's spirit sung itself to rest,†
Weep not, blest Mother, though another sheaf
Be gather'd to death's harvest, though the leaf
Fall, rudely shaken from the Muses' tree,
Long shall its memory be green with thee !
The tree dies not ; undimm'd by Autumn showers,
It blossoms in a land of fairer flowers,
O'er brighter streams its verdant boughs are spread,
And softer sunshine sleeps upon its head.

* An apostrophe to the University of Cambridge.

† Spenser was a student of Pembroke.

THE BENGAL MISSIONARY.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

IN as far as the mildness or the severity of a religion is to be judged of by the extent of personal sacrifice which its founders or ministers recommend or enjoin, the religion of Brahma must be pronounced, without hesitation, to be infinitely more inhuman than that of Mahummed; for there is scarcely any degree of severity that can be voluntarily inflicted on one's own person, which the Hindoo is not encouraged to perpetrate by the hope handed down to him from the most distant ages, that by such penalties he will secure the happiness of his soul in the future world, and be looked upon with extraordinary veneration in this. The Mahometan, on the contrary, has received injunctions of a nature entirely opposite, and in our eyes less barbarous; for we are apt to couple barbarity with superstition, and superstition with corporeal

punishments voluntarily inflicted ; and we therefore deem the Hindoo, who throws his body to be crushed by the ponderous wheels of the car of Juggernaut'h, in the fond and firm belief that the soul thus ejected will surely ascend to heaven, to be lower in the scale of human civilization than the more self-personally tender Mussulman, whose creed compels him to make converts by the sword, and who gilds his intolerance by the splendours of conquest. The fact is as I have rendered it, but the judgment so formed is exceedingly erroneous.

The Hindoo is as proverbially tolerant as the Mahometan is the reverse. He desires no religious victories over an unbelieving enemy ; and is so far from making his sword an instrument for increasing the worshippers of the Brahminic God, that he will neither seek for, nor admit, a convert, and desires not his religion to be polluted by an apostate. The Hindoo faith, and the ceremonies which attend it, cannot be illustrated to the ignorant by any comparison with others which may be more familiar. It resembles the Roman Catholic belief in nothing but the faith it inculcates in the remissive efficacy of corporeal penance. Nay, even in that respect I am wrong to assert that it assimilates ; for, while the superstitious Bood'hist lacerates, and mutilates, and destroys his body in a manner and to a degree the most fearful and revolting, he does it not with the view of having his sins forgiven him (though that must be included in the promised reward), but of ensuring his admission to heaven in despite of his worldly irregularities—many of which are criminal only in Christian eyes, and from the merit solely of his bodily sufferings. While such are his

view and belief, the equally superstitious Roman Catholic, conceives that all his mortifications of the body are effectual only as far as regards past sins and wickednesses ; but is not taught to believe that a cruel suicide will, *ipso facto*, either save him from purgatory, or admit him into paradise. The mere infliction, therefore, of self punishment is all in which the two sects concur, for their motives and objects are essentially different ; while to the intolerancy and persecuting spirit, of the demi-Christian creed, the milder and more amiable doctrines of Brahma have no resemblance. Nor does the Hindoo assimilate with the Protestant faith or practice in any thing but in the simple and beneficent trait of universal toleration ; while from his most bitter enemy, the Moslem, he is as religiously distinct as water is from blood, or foul murder from a peaceful departure on the bed of sickness. From a superficial view of these differences of faith, and variety of rites, some unreflecting people have ridiculed the term mild as applied to the national character of the Hindoos, for, they ask, can the followers be mild of that religion which commands (here they assume the fact, or, at best, argue after a *petitio principii*) the destitute widow to immolate herself on the pyre of her husband—the miserable pilgrim to have himself crushed to death beneath the wheels of an idol's sacred car—and the ignorant fanatic to swing himself* from iron hooks which perforate the muscular integuments of his shoulder ? This, with much more of a similar description, sounds well and forcibly enough in the ears of uninformed men, and in the tone of indignant declamation ; and by the mass of those before

* One of the practices at the festival called the Doorgah Poojah.

whom it is employed, the facts are shuddered at, and the inference is admitted. Yet the chief characteristic of the Hindoo is indubitably mildness.

The Hindoo religion is essentially inoffensive; the Mosaic, the Mahometan, and the Catholic, essentially the reverse; and it may well be doubted whether Buddhism tends more to darken the human mind, which it induces to put faith in the efficacy of its few recommended (for it has no enjoined) sacrifices of the nature described, than do the two last-named faiths—the former, by engendering and nourishing a firm belief in a sensual heaven, to be gained by deeds of sanguinary persecution; and the latter, by compelling the blind and absolute credence of its professors in the sure efficaciousness of corporeal laceration, the certain benefit of posthumous, expurgatorial masses for the soul, and the entire sufficiency of an earthly absolution and remission of their sins. We are too apt to condemn a religion with which we are not very familiarly acquainted, without taking the requisite pains to compare it with those which circumstances have enabled us more deeply to examine, and the ceremonies of which have no longer the power of novelty to startle or revolt us. It is thus that the Brahminical religion has frequently been condemned for incomparable superstition and cruelty of principle, when a very little reflection and comparison would convince the censurers that it yielded to several others in its most idolatrous and bloody traits, and greatly surpassed them in the amount of its humanity.

Without setting myself up as a profound theologian, or a most exemplary and faultless Christian, I can yet judge with impartiality between the several religions that are

best known to a commonly-informed person ; and wholly free from persecuting bigotry, I am a sincere friend to the cause of heathen and other conversion to what I devoutly believe to be the least erroneous faith. But while I give willingly and unqualifiedly, my entire assent to the pious and philanthropic sincerity of those who compose our Bible and other coadjutant associations for the dissemination of the gospel, I do not, and I never did, concur with them as to the mode in which they proceeded so recently as twelve years ago, of converting the Hindoos by the exertions of erratic and often illiterate missionaries, who madly began by reviling the religion they were sent gradually to subvert ; and who deemed the stern and censoring style of the primitive apostles (they never reflected on the difference between their own unletteredness, and the inspiration of the Deity), the only model on which *their* preachings should be delivered. In that part of the system I never could concur, nor can I say that I have ever been opposed by a sufficient defence of it, though this is neither the first, nor the most public manner in which I have expressed my sincere conviction of its utter inefficiency. The natural mildness of the Hindoo character was never more forcibly exemplified, than by the forbearing manner in which these traducers of their ancient religion were received. They were uniformly listened to with the most urbane attention, and they neither exhausted the patience, nor excited the vengeance, of their gentle auditory ; but they would soon have succeeded in diffusing alarm where they failed to spread conviction, had a notion been generally, as it certainly was partially, entertained that the British government contem-

plated the use of force in the work of conversion. I need not say what the consequences would have been, nor how difficult the task of re-establishing confidence.

In the year 1816 a most alarming rebellion was fostered and increased, if not actually commenced, in the district of Bareilly, by the apprehension of such a procedure; and both Mussulman and Hindoo (the detesters of each other's faith) united in such formidable and determined numbers to frustrate the apprehended design of subverting both, that many lives were sacrificed, and much popularity lost, before the government authority could be fully re-established. In many instances (some of them within my personal knowledge) the supreme power has had to interfere, by ordering back to Calcutta, from the interior of the country, certain wandering missionaries, whose extreme indiscretion was producing the most dangerous consequences to the state; while, at the same time it greatly injured the sacred cause with which they were entrusted. No wonder! the majority of these spiritual envoys were of low degree, and of little education.

A learned and a pious divine, like the incomparable Bishop Heber, did, and will ever do, more spiritual good among the natives of India, than a myriad of such well-meaning but ignorant envoys as were formerly sent there; because the people whom such a person endeavours to convert, are compelled to respect his learning, to admire his mildness, to confide in his promises, and to venerate his humility. They perceive that the unveiled consciousness of his own fallibility makes him, to a certain extent, respect their ancient prejudices; and not endeavour to rudely tear away their only spiritual

shelter, till he has convinced them that the one he offers in exchange is more righteous and durable. Such a man is not breathlessly hasty in his condemnation of erroneous sincerity, nor does he belie the alleged meekness of his Teacher and Redeemer, by the violence of his denunciations against all who do not instantly credit what he asserts, and rush to the baptismal rite before they can possibly comprehend the real nature of the ceremony. No; he wins by his charity, and persuades by his example. He allows education to precede conversion; and in the schools he establishes takes scrupulous care that no premature attempts shall be made on the young generation, calculated to destroy their parent's confidence in the great utility of those instructive institutions. In this way alone, by spreading education, and facilitating the means of satisfying that religious inquiry which in the human mind is sure to follow the acquirement of temporal knowledge, will the establishment of the gospel-faith be perfected in India; and such is now the somewhat tardy conviction of the most enlightened and pious persons who are engaged in that stupendous undertaking, and who act upon the rational, and therefore certain, maxim, that *education must precede conversion*.

Although the earlier missionaries were, for the most part, the indiscreet and over-zealous description of persons I have mentioned, yet were there some among them who possessed all the requisites of temper, learning, and judgment, for so arduous and delicate and disinterested a labour; and if they did not succeed in making converts to the extent which their expectations ere they left England, and the (I do not say willingly, but the unconsciously)

exaggerated reports of those who had gone before them,* led them naturally to expect, the failure was to be attributed rather to the mistrust which the already described mode of procedure engendered, in the breasts of the population, than to any want of proper zeal, and ardent devotedness to the cause on their own part. With one of those men I chanced, some years ago, to become very well acquainted ; and a little incident connected with his mission, which his amiable wife one day related to me, may agreeably relieve these pages.

Mr. Woodburne had been long enough (but I do not exactly know how long) in Bengal, before I became acquainted with him, to have made himself so proficient in the Hindostanee and Persian languages, as to be enabled to converse with, or preach to, either Hindoo or Mussulman with intelligible fluency ; and he had been over a considerable part of the Company's provinces by the time we met in the vicinity of Benares. As I happened to be proceeding towards Meerut, and he to the celebrated mala, or fair, of Hurdwar, to which hundreds of thousands resort from all parts of India—the sanctity of the place being exceedingly great—and were both going by water besides, we had the prospect of being many weeks together. I found him such a pleasant and rational companion that I had no desire to separate myself from his party, on a river where you may sail for months without speaking to a country-

* In the reports periodically furnished to the parent Society in England by the detached missionaries, through the branch Societies, the numbers put down as radically converted, are, or used to be, formed of nothing better than mere lip-converts ; poor and ignorant people who have not the capacity to understand even their own faith, and who verbally conform to the new one with a view to the pecuniary reward (in the shape of sums for subsistence) which the poorer converts usually received.

man ; and as I was in no particular hurry myself, I readily suited my progress to his convenience, and stopped while he did, at the celebrated city I have already named. A general concurrence of opinion, whether that opinion be right or wrong, has the effect of raising each of two persons in the other's esteem. By agreeing with your judgment, a sensible man indirectly compliments it, and you are pleased to meet with a companion who coincides in your own opinion, and who has at the same time understanding enough to enable him to examine the opposite creed. Mr. Woodburne and I had scarcely any difference of sentiment, either as to the blessings which orthodox religion was calculated to diffuse, or to the best mode of inculcating the belief of it in the mind of an idolater ; but I learned his opinion more from his lamenting his own want of success, than from his censuring the opposite proceedings of others, whom I had long condemned as indiscreet enthusiasts. Mrs. Woodburne was a most intelligent woman ; apparently about five-and-twenty, and possessing that sort of countenance which is during the first few minutes pronounced plain ; but which grows rapidly pleasing as her conversation goes on, and beams at last in all the beauty of true benevolence. She was his second wife ; his first having died during the voyage out ; and they appeared to me to have been drawn towards each other by the strong but unperceived attraction of virtuous hearts, and to be as happy as a union so grounded was calculated to make them. Their principal pursuits were, both from duty and inclination, of a religious character ; but they each possessed the usual accomplishments of a liberal education, and had none of the austerity which

studies of unmixed theology too frequently impart. Mr. Woodburne would calmly, and for two hours together, converse with a Pundit, or learned Brahmin, on the subject of his religion; would inquire into its origin, its precepts, and its rites; candidly commending what he found praiseworthy in its laws, and firmly, but not insultingly, vituperating what his better judgment, and more advanced knowledge, compelled him to condemn. It is wrong to suppose, as almost all of us do, that the Brahmins are bigoted to an immeasurable extent, and impatient of, or deaf to, argument in favour of every other doctrine. That they are firmly attached to a faith which so many centuries have handed down to them unaltered cannot in justice be urged against them; and still less should the professors of a true and forgiving faith refer that to bigotry which has had no opportunity of being removed by information. It is not at all improbable that an individual Pundit shall be as acute a reasoner as are any nine out of ten missionaries with whom he may dispute;—as perfect a master of his own religion as the other is of ours; and as liable to make the accusation of bigotry as to deserve it. In such a case, when he proves the antiquity of his own religion, by the adduction of documents which are satisfactory to himself; and the authenticity of which his opponent may deny, but may not be scholar* enough to disprove; and when he

* It is almost needless to observe that a missionary should be nearly, if not fully, as well acquainted with the laws and principles of the religion he proposes to eradicate, as he is with those of his own; otherwise he will never be able to point out and confute its heterodoxy; nor to detect the false authorities which its priesthood will bring forward in support of its authenticity and divine original; nor, in a word, to enter, on advantageous terms, upon any apposite controversy with an acute opponent. Destroying the pretensions of an opposing

calmly listens to arguments and objections on the Christian side, often intemperately urged, both in books and colloquy, and in the latter case as often conveyed through the medium of an imperfectly spoken tongue, and is at last not convinced by any thing he has thus heard for, perhaps, the first time in his life; in such a case, I say, it is extremely unjust to brand the Brahmin as an obdurate bigot, and to accuse him, as we do, of preserving his faith in all its extent, for the sole purpose of his own selfish profit and interest (for we have gone the absurd length of asserting that the Brahmins are themselves convinced of the falsity of their creed!) and not from a sincere conviction of its purity. A religion of thousands of years' alleged duration, and in which hundreds of millions of votaries believe; which repeated conquest and cruel persecution have not been able, in any degree, to shake; cannot reasonably be expected to fall before the first attack of even orthodox reason, shedding its light as it has hitherto done, and must for several years continue to do, upon minds of great opacity, which instruction has not rendered pervious to its rays; nor must the priests of such a religion be accused of wilful bigotry, and deep hypocrisy, because they do not incontinently kneel at the same shrine as we do. By having too often adopted such a course, the propagators of the true faith have lost us more spiritual ground in a few years, than what an opposite policy will regain in many; but the time has now arrived when such men as Mr. Woodburne are common in the gospel ranks in India, and the benefits of the change are satisfactorily

creed, is one main step to the establishment of those we advocate: but to do this with effect, requires more than scriptural reading, and more than merely clerical acquirements.

rapid, and plainly discernible. The anecdote which I received one evening from Mrs. Woodburne, tends merely to illustrate as much of these observations as refer to the inutility of attempts at general conversion, without the pioneering aid of previous education; and the inexpediency (to say no worse) of receiving as converts all, indiscriminately, who profess themselves to be so, without searching into their motives, and examining their knowledge of the change they are willing to adopt.*

Mr. and Mrs. Woodburne had been for some months resident at Monghyr, an invalid military station on the right bank of the Ganges, and celebrated for the Seeta-coond, or boiling well, the waters of which are said never to become corrupt, by being kept in bottles; and are, therefore in much request by persons returning, by the long sea voyage from India to England. Monghyr may also be termed the Birmingham of our Bengal possessions, for its artizans carry all sorts of iron-work to uncommon perfection; and will imitate our home-manufacture so well, from a common clasp-knife to a Manton gun with its patent elevation, that none but a most experienced eye can detect the imposition. In as far as verdure is necessary to the beauty of landscape scenery, there must be parts (the hottest parts) of the year, when the Monghyr district will in that respect be wanting; but at the times when I have chanced to be there, it looked the very place I should have chosen to have dwelt in; and the happy, indolent, and healthy native invalids† appeared to wander

* The anecdote illustrates these things, I should have said, not by a direct example, but by showing the good results of an opposite procedure.

† The phrase, so apparently anomalous, of a "*healthy* invalid" must not be laughed at as a true Hibernicism! In the Company's native army a man is

about in such perfect enjoyment, that one almost wished for age to confer upon one's self the same privilege of undisturbed retirement. I was last there about the middle of November, 1823. The rainy season was completely over; its superfluous waters dried up, or drained away; and the grass, trees, flowers, and general vegetation, were in all the freshness, and greenness of the season; for at the period of the year when in England the sere and yellow leaf is fast falling from the branches; when the frost has commenced its ruinous wooing of the flowers; and all nature is donning its wintry and shivering aspect; at the corresponding time in India all is renovated and verdant; the champaign is every where smiling, and the blessed inhabitants have the brightness of spring, with the fructification of autumn—a serene sky and a temperate atmosphere. Monghyr had then a delightful appearance, and the felicity of nature was augmented rather than disturbed by the crowds of men, women, and children, who surrounded my budgerow (the common travelling-boat of the Ganges) with their innumerable varieties of wares, and other articles, to be disposed of at a price comparatively trifling, but which gives the venders abundant profit for the procuration of all the comforts of life, in a land where these are so extremely plentiful. Fire-arms, swords, household utensils, beautifully wrought cane chairs, and morahs (or footstools), together with fifty species of rare and beautiful birds, in novel and neatly constructed cages, form a small portion of the chattering

eligible for the invalid establishment, when no longer fit for the active duties of the field, though still in the enjoyment of a green, or, at least, a salutary, old age. It is a noble establishment, and deservedly ranks as such in the opinion of the sepoy.

and busy bazaar which at the landing-place of Monghyr is quickly formed around the boat of the traveller; and a visitant for the first time finds abundance of entertainment in its busy hum and freshness. At this pretty station,* Mr. and Mrs. Woodburne for some time resided, and he, as was his wont, cultivated the best acquaintance he could with the more intelligent and respectable portion of the Hindoo population, in the worthy hope of doing some, however little, service to the cause he was employed for.

Among those who were the most disposed to listen to his conversation, and yield him, in a mental traffic, their own stock of knowledge in return for his, was a young man of about two-and-twenty years of age, of the Brahmin caste, and by name B'howanee Sunkur. Finding his company at certain hours was not deemed intrusive or troublesome, but particularly encouraged on the part of my friend, he would come to the chubootra† of the house almost every evening, and converse for hours upon innumerable subjects. He was extremely well-informed in all that related to his own religion, and indifferently versed in the general history of his country. He was exceedingly partial to the English character, and thoroughly comprehended the liberal policy with which we governed our eastern territory; being well able to compare it with the tyrannical sway of its Mahometan conquerors, and the insecure as well as despotic domination of its native princes. Their

* All places in the interior of India at which the Company's servants reside, are technically called *Stations*. Some of these, such as Cawnpore, Meerut, &c. are very extensive, and possess every advantage that can render society agreeable.

† A chubootra is a description of terrace generally built a few yards from the house, and used for sitting upon in the cool of the evening.

conversations frequently, but never constrainedly, turned upon the topic of religion ; and while the young Brahmin explained, as clearly as he might, (for there are, or there were parts of the Shastral rites kept masonically, to the knowledge of the priesthood alone) the tenets and observances of his faith to his attentive and much instructed auditor, he listened with deep and reflecting attention to the latter's elucidation of the Protestant creed, and evinced both sense and shrewdness in his inquiries into its various doctrines. As Mr. Woodburne would have had little gratification in hastily reporting, as a convert to our belief, one who was only nominally a conformist, he had no desire to hurry the young man into apostacy, nor to bewilder his intellect by pressing any abstruse point which the other could not so readily comprehend. On the contrary, he patiently recapitulated his mild but convincing arguments in favour of the general superiority of his own religion to the Brahminical idolatries ; and used apt and obvious illustrations in rendering more familiar to his young friend's comprehension the parables and miracles of our Saviour, and the divine influence shed over his apostles. In course of time, B'howanee Sunkur was fully convinced of the superior truth of the Christian faith ; and being sufficiently grounded in its principles to satisfy the conscientiously scrupulous mind of the pious missionary, he was formally baptized, and received into our church ; "a proselyte worth hordes" of those who are subjected to that sacrament ere yet the light of instruction has been applied to dispel from their minds their idolatrous tenebrosity. It must require great mental fortitude, as well as a powerful conviction, to encourage and support a Hindoo, and espe-

cially one of B'howanee's sacred caste, in abjuring his own religion and adopting another. He has not only to sustain the usual scorn and reproaches which are lavished by his tribe on the odious renegade ; but he has to bear the sure and utter loss of the affection and society of his dearest connexions. He is abjured by his own family, and rendered an outcast by them, while yet but partially admitted into the society of his fellow-Christians ; and he has to change his whole mode and habit of life, without any other immediate recompence or consolation for the terrible sacrifice, than what his mind may derive from the certainty that in a future state he has secured for his soul an eternity of happiness. *Such* converts (perhaps there are not even at this day six such in Hindoostan) literally and fully do that which our Saviour enjoined to those who followed himself. They leave their wives, their goods, and all that is dear and precious to them on earth, and cleave unto the Lord ; and few can appreciate the extent of such a sacrifice ; few indeed consider it. When we hear of a native having been thoroughly converted, we reflect very inadequately—numbers have no conception—how much that man has given up of temporal happiness ; so much that, excepting the fact that the protection of our laws preserves him from martyrdom, none of our Redeemer's disciples could have given up more, or incurred a greater degree of obloquy. Upon the present occasion, the sacrifice was as great as the relinquishment of happiness, ample wealth, and great respectability, could render it. Friends, relations, tribe, and worldly prospects, were all for ever abandoned ; and the man by whose persuasion he had taken the important and momentous step, was the only being on

the earth who longer regarded the firm but humanly wretched B'howanee Sunkur—no, *not* the only one ; I am unjust in making that assertion. There was *one* more who could not abandon even him whom she considered lost—spiritually and eternally. Woman's love, which, like hope, “still lingers on, nor quits us when we die,” continued to console the lonely neophyte. He had been betrothed to, and long loved by, a maiden of his own pure tribe ; and though she heard, with the deepest anguish, of his apostacy, and knew that the curse and abandonment of her parents would surely and irrevocably follow the least act of future intercourse with the lost one, she incurred the penalty to bring him consolation. The reserve vanished which in other times would have kept the youthful maiden to the seclusion of the *zunana*, and she flew to the abode of Mr. Woodburne, entreating the guardianship of his wife, and her assistance in obtaining an interview with B'howanee. He came to her, the Christian youth, and their meeting was as that of two lovers who expected soon to part for ever ; for Heera perceived no remedy, save the quite unexpected one of *his* return to the gods he had abandoned, and she wept upon his bosom in the hopelessness of her destiny. Her eloquence—the eloquence of a fond but weak and erring woman, could have but little effect on a mind deeply imbued with the new faith it was so besought to abandon ; yet it was that sincere and most impassioned eloquence—that language of the loving heart, spoken not alone by the soft-toned tongue, but by the ardent eye, the fondly-animated cheek, tinged at the thought of its own unveiled boldness, and the straining embrace of a first-

confessed attachment,—which moved the *man* to agony, though it was repelled by the divine shield which had been newly cast over the spirit of the Christian. She wept in the utter wretchedness of her heart; but she wondered, the artless girl, at the strength of that faith which could remain unshaken even by *her* entreaties, and had felt and feared that her own could not resist a similar attack, when it was gently assailed by Mr. Woodburne and B'howanee. She listened, with a sort of pleased bewilderment, to their united exhortations: calming her sobs of grief as they went on to unfold to her the mysteries of that new religion; and brightening with feelings of pure delight, as her lover depicted to her the measure of both earthly and heavenly felicity which she had the power of securing to herself, and the former to him, by cordially adopting the belief which now inspired him, and which made not the suicidal death of the widow a condition of her rejoining her beloved in heaven. The untutored girl had nothing but her own unreasoning conviction in the truth of that persuasion in which she had been nurtured, to oppose to the fast-flowing, impressive elucidations of her lover:—

“ Her power was but a woman’s power,
Of softness and of sadness made ;”

and if its exertion could not recal the beloved seceder to the path of spiritual worship he had abandoned; it had scarcely the influence to bear up her mind—against which her young heart had traitorously revolted—in its first resistance to his endeavours for her conversion. Her primary surrender to his new faith, was undoubtedly that

of the heart, unaccompanied by any degree of conviction. She would, like the bewitching Hinda, have knelt at *any* shrine for the sake of him she almost worshipped upon earth ; but her reasoning faculties had never been called into any kind of action ; and it was no wonder if they were for a considerable time incapable of encompassing the difficult question of theology upon which they were to make their first trial of strength and acuteness. But she was gifted by nature with an intuitive perception of right and wrong, which enabled her to distinguish with readiness the one from the other, when both were spread out for her mental observation ; and her interest being once excited by the powerful stimulant of her love, she was not long in perceiving the greater rationality and humanity of the Christian faith, compared with the one she had been taught to reverence. But there was one point which the acute though much-bewildered girl pressed urgently on Mr. Woodburne ; one which had escaped B'howanee's scrutiny ; and which perplexed the missionary beyond what any scriptural reference would have effected. When she had heard from both their lips of the spiritual bliss which was the sure consequence after death, of a strict observance of the Christian doctrines, and the penalties which attended a departure from the sublime precepts which were inculcated by its Founder, she desired to know why the European community conducted themselves in a manner so little accordant to the letter of those laws, and why they practised so little what their religion taught. The fact is, and Mr. Woodburne strongly felt it to be so, that in the interior of India (Calcutta was usually, in this respect, more decorous) at the period I

speak of, there used to be little or no regard paid to the duties of religion; and this moral laxity contrasted so strongly and so glaringly with the scrupulosity of both the Hindoos and the Mussulmans in the strict performance of what their religion formally enjoins, that it was more than once, upon other occasions, objected to the missionaries, that if their religion was such as they represented it to be, either their own people did not believe in the efficacy of its doctrines, or paid so little regard to the promises and denunciations of the Deity it worshipped, as to discourage an unbeliever from quitting a creed which appeared to operate on its followers with great strength and efficacy, for one that had no visible influence over the majority of those by whom it was professed. Times have altered for the better, in this respect, since the wise establishment of the Calcutta bishopric. When the objection I have recorded was made by the young and anxious disputant, Mr. Woodburne had little to urge in extenuation of the faults upon which it was founded, though he succeeded in vindicating his religion from the blame attachable to nothing but the heedlessness of its votaries.

Mrs. Woodburne concluded her narrative by informing me that the interesting Heera, yielding first to her love, and afterwards to her reason, had been admitted into the pale of the Christian church, united to her lover, and set an example of rational piety which had the most salutary effect upon many of her old persuasion; while the efforts of her husband were unceasing, but prudent and uninfluenced, in sowing in the minds of his brethren the seeds of true religion. Had this young couple fallen into the hands of any person less peculiarly qualified than Mr.

Woodburne for the great work of gospel propagation, it is to me (who have observed the proceedings of men differently constituted) a point of great doubt whether a similar good effect would have resulted from the intercourse.

FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN PLAYING AT THE SEA-SIDE.

How gay they are ! beside their little fire,
Their triumph and delight ! The fish is broiled
Sweeter, far sweeter, than if drest at home
With all their mother's nicest cookery.
How gay they are !—upon each clear brown cheek
The sun has left a shadow ; and it tells
Of joyous hours spent in the open air
Of summer and of freedom. The far sea
By which they gather has no fears for them ;
They are its playmates ; and its caves and rocks
To them are stories for a winter night.
Well, childhood is a blessed thing ; so free,
So glad, and innocent : the weary eye
Grows like it, looking on its cheerfulness.
Welcome those laughing eyes, those buoyant steps ;
They bring back light where heaviness has been,
And make a music of their own. They are
The young sweet flowers scattered beside our path ;
Hope is their atmosphere ; and round they fling
The brightness of their own bright element.



MY LASSIE WI' THE SUNNY LOCKS.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

My lassie wi' the sunny locks
Dwells in a moorlan ha' ;
Oh, the flower of the wilderness
Blooms fairest flower of a',
When there's nought save the dew
In its bosom to fa'.

My love's the balmy seed
Of the garden's sweetest flower,
Nursed up in fragrant beauty
By the golden sun and shower ;
And nane save the wild birds
Ken o' its power.

Oh! lightsome are her looks,
And as sweet as sweet can be ;
She is the light of morning
In ilka bodie's ee,
And a drap of dearest blood
In this bosom to me.

A maid of eighteen's kindest,
A maid of eighteen's best ;
She's like the merles gorlin
Stown out of the nest,
It sings ay the sweeter
The mair it is carest.

Oh, sixteen's a honey pear
Beginning for to blaw,
And seventeen is drop-ripe
And tempting witha',
And eighteen is pou't
If ye e'er pou't ava.

THE OLD CLOCK.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

“What is it, I pray you?”

“A sketch—a mere sketch.”

Old Play.

I WAS ushered into exactly the sort of room which can only be met with in Old Irish houses ; houses where, to use the admirably descriptive words of the antiquated housekeeper who acted as my cicerone, “nothing is to be seen but the relics of *ould decency*.” Old decency indeed ! —the four-post bed, with its carved supporters, had been manufactured out of the massive oaken beams of a neighbouring castle. A piece of moth-eaten tapestry was drawn tightly across the head, and contrasted strangely with the curtains, rejoicing in yellow lining, and the faded flowers of some fair one’s embroidery “when time was young.” More than one chair, shorn of its fair propor-

tions, was supported by leaning against the wall, or propped in its lameness by a coverless box. A huge iron-bound chest extended its darkened length beneath a high and gloomy window, from which I had an excellent view of the sea breaking furiously over some rocks that sentinelled the lawn, at the distance of about half a mile from the house. No tree, no shrub, threw its shadow upon the green and beautiful turf; but two lofty octagonal pillars, surmounted by round balls, marked where "once the gates had been." Herbage overgrew the traces of carriage-wheels, and the sea-gulls whirled round and round in interminable circles. Without, every thing bore the aspect of the wildest desolation: the wind now screamed, now thundered, amid the chimnies and turrets of the old hall; and groups of peasant girls and boys, ascending and descending from the rocks, looked in the distance, and amid the sea-spray, more like the creations of a wild imagination than creatures of flesh and blood. Within, the scene was different. The hall to which I allude stands nearly at the termination of a peninsula, extending a considerable distance into the sea; and the noble owner to whom it belongs, kindly permits the gentry of the neighbourhood to meet for festive purposes, in the extensive rooms of the venerable and singular mansion. Many pic-nic parties assemble within its sanctuary; and many cheerful dances unite the young people of separate districts in kindly merriment.

During the bathing season, these juvenile parties are very frequent and very entertaining, both to those engaged in them and to the lookers on: the troops of good-tempered, but somewhat awkward servants; the number of

joyous countenances, sparkling with beauty or animation ; the careless gaiety, the brilliant jest, the merry laugh ; the curious vehicles that convey the party to and from their destination, form a *tout-ensemble* not to be imagined by those who have only partaken of the elegant, but formal *dejeunés à la fourchette* which, during the past season, *succeeded* so admirably in town.

At the very moment when the old housekeeper ushered me amid the mouldering remnants of the past century, “knowing,” as she truly observed, that “I was fond of ancient relics,” the echo of the music ran through the halls and passages. Nothing was wanting to complete the contrast ; the rattling storm without, the cheerful sounds within :—

“ The tear and the smile ”

could not have been more happily illustrated. Happily ? Perhaps I should have written, sadly !

The dame herself was a curiosity. She had slept sixty years in the same bed, moved about with the silence and precision of an automaton, was dressed after the fashion of Queen Anne’s reign ; and had a miraculous respect “for good ould times.” She had commenced a dissertation upon the beauties of what appeared to me a very worthless picture, when she was summoned by some one to another portion of the building ; and, making me a formal courtesy, and a promise of quick return, she sailed majestically out of the room. I stood for some minutes, counting the breakers as they neared the shore, and almost wishing that I had visited the hall in its loneliness. The music fell tuneless upon mine ear, from the varieties

of noise with which it mingled ; and, at the moment, I thought youth and beauty in ill-keeping with the mouldering records of departed years. There are times, when we would disclaim our present state of existence, shut out its lights and sounds, and be with the dead—the mighty dead—who lie with countless and departed centuries, in that dread and mysterious sepulchre which we speak of as THE PAST !

There was a pause below ; they were forming a fresh quadrille ; and it appeared that the wind abated from without ; the sun was flooding the ocean with its golden beams, and it was beautiful to watch its rays mingle with the foam of the billows that sprang amid the toppling rocks. Suddenly I heard a ticking sound, and I almost fancied the little noise to proceed from an insect which superstition,—that ancient nurse of poetry,—denominates the *death-watch*. I looked for it in vain ; but, at length, discovered within an ante-room, and covered with dust, an *old clock*, which had set my thoughts and steps “a wandering.” Its case was battered and worm-destroyed, and it had a leaning towards its left side that must have prevented its going (when it did go) correctly. I looked into its face to ascertain the hour ; I felt the blood rush to my cheek, and, positively, my heart doubled its beatings ! The face of the old worm-eaten clock was to me as the countenance of a beloved friend—*I knew it in my childhood !* Do not smile at me, I *could* not be mistaken ! The name in carved letters, whose mysterious curvetings I had copied a thousand times, “ George Bradley, Dublin, Maker ;” the minute hand, to which a tipsy butler had given a never-to-be-forgotten twist ; the slit in the case

which, I am ashamed to confess, I often and often hung by, to push time on, cheating my grandmother into the belief that I had practised my full hour, instead of little more than half; the round hole from whence used to issue sounds that were called "God save the King," and "Saint Patrick's day," thus making my old friend as vacillating in its politics as some of our modern politicians. I could have sworn the old wood and iron knew me; for, as I gazed, and gazed, it struck up the loyal tune that often had announced dinner to our expectant guests! I doubt if any but myself would have recognized what the thing intended its discordant and disjointed notes to signify; and yet they went to my heart, and struck so forcibly upon it that I burst into tears! How was it that such an effect could be produced by such means? Grisi—nay, Pasta—never made me weep; though Pasta has made me tremble. What a picture was before me in an instant!

"Dear me, Madam; some of the children have set the old clock going!" exclaimed the antiquated housekeeper, sailing forward in all the magnificence of hoop and ruffle: "My Lord bought it at the cant* out of a regard he had to its owner, who is now in his grave; so that it might end its days, as a body may say, in dacent company."

"God bless him for that!" thought I.

"The times change with us all," she added, "and there is not the same respect paid to the *real* gentry that used to be in my young days. But come, madam; the daylight is fading; you will not be able to see the pictures; and have lost all this time looking at an *old clock*."

* Auction.

THE CHILD AND HER CAPTIVE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

“BIRD, you are mine !” said a bird-like child,
Ardent, graceful, sensitive, wild—
“I am your mistress, you are *my own* ;
Caught on the window-sill where you had flown.

“Here in this cage, all glittering, new,—
Bought, you must know, on purpose for you,—
With leaves and seeds, and water to drink,
You must be always happy, I think.”

With many a sweetly-prattled word
The child saluted her captive bird ;
With glistening eyes for hours she gazed,
And wondered he sang not while she praised.



THE LANTERN OF THE LADY



“ Sing, my bird !” And all day long
Her ears were open to catch the song.
In vain :—twas surely a singular thing
That a bird so happy refused to sing !

Morning again. Ah, now his throat
Will swell with many an exquisite note !
Silent ! How strange that a bird should be
Mute in a cage who sang on a tree !

Again she listened her morning away ;
And listened, and wondered, day by day :
His cage was darkened, his sugar was stopped—
Still not a chirrup the prisoner dropped.

A spell is upon him ; 'tis sunny spring ;
He has nothing on earth to do, but sing.
Hark !—what a note ! Was it his ? You see
The singer out there on the apple-tree.

* * * * *

The child is asleep. As her eyelids close,
Thousands of wires in golden rows,
Gleaming like sun-beams, shot from the ground,
And forming a circle, encaged her round.

That graceful, playful, laugh-loving child,
She who but now might ramble wild
From sport to sport of her innocent age ;
Ah ! she is caught, like a bird in her cage.

Quite, quite shut in ; she scarce respire,
Her heart is pierced by those sharp gold-wires ;
But a giant Bird is her keeper the while,
And she must gambol, and sing, and smile !

The glorious moon seems deep midnight ;
But the child's despair is the Bird's delight ;
And she must lament, the whole day long,
Her freedom lost, in laughter and song !

* * * * *

The child is awake ; and, with eager hands
On the window-sill the cage she stands ;
She opens the door ; the bird is free !
Hark ! how he sings on the apple-tree !

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

Cheirology.

THE science of palmistry, or cheiromancy, was once held in high repute. It was believed that the lines of the hand indicated the future fortunes of the individual, and Athanasius Kircher, among others, has given a cheirographical map, in which the fate of every individual may be traced, and to this day this map is to be seen in various books of popular astrology, compiled by such ingenious persons as Mr. Moore. But to this fanciful science another more certain has succeeded, as astronomy did to astrology, by which the character of the person may be predicated, not by the lines of his hand, but by his handwriting. A French Abbé, of the name of J. de Maribus, about two centuries ago, wrote a book on this subject. In this he thinks he has proved that both a man's character and his fate may be ascertained by the lines of his pen.

The latter indication I know nothing of, but I think it not improbable that there may be truth in the former. There is something permanent and characteristic in the hand-writing of a man, insomuch so that it is received in evidence in a court of justice, and a witness swears to its identity as he does to that of the face of the individual, the expression and features of both being equally unerring.

When I was at St. Petersburg, I had an opportunity of adding some probability to this theory. During the turbulence of the French revolution, several articles were plundered or purloined in various ways, from the Scotch College and other repositories, and among the rest, books and manuscripts. Certain letters written by the kings and queens of England, and which had been deposited in the Archives of the College, came in this way into the possession of a M. Dubrowsky, a Russian gentleman then at Paris; by him they were brought to St. Petersburg, and finally purchased by the Emperor Alexander, I believe, for the imperial library. I was in the habit of frequenting this library, and was much interested in inspecting these letters; I was particularly struck with those of Mary and Elizabeth. The hand-writing of the latter was stiff, regular, and correct; the letters sharp and angular, the down-strokes steady and straight, and the hair-strokes uniform and connected. Every *l* was looped, every *i* was tittled, and every *t* was crossed. Not so poor Mary's; her writing was crooked, irregular, and incorrect; the letters slobbering and uneven, and the whole, though lady-like, had yet the stamp of great negligence and inattention. Surely these developements of qualities by the hand were, to a certain extent, as much to be relied on as

those of the head; and Cheirolgy has some claims to public attention, without at all meaning to interfere with the rights of Craniology.

It happened to me to have another opportunity of seeing this at Constantinople. The late queen had appointed a Signr. Scaramango there her banker, when she visited that capital, and she wrote to him from Jerusalem on the subject of some money she wished to have paid—I saw and copied her autograph letter. What developements the hand-writing displayed I will not say, but it certainly added another fact in my mind in confirmation of my science. But whatever difference there may be on one point, there can be none on another, and that is, the benevolence and generosity of her disposition. The donation to the Superior of the convent at Jerusalem, mentioned in her letter, was only one of many acts of similar kindness which marked her character in the East.

All' ornatissimo Signore,

Il Signore Scaramango Banchieri,

De S. R. A. la Principassa di Galles, Costantinopoli.

La principassa di Galles desidera du il' Signore Scaramango, son Banchieri a Costantinopoli, paghi per il futuro ogni anno al Reverendo padre superiore del convento d'Gerusalemme, la somma di ducento Talleri di Spagna, per l' utile della Terra Santa, e di repeternie la detta somma dal Signore Marietti suo Banchieri a Milano.

Gerusalemme, le 16 Juglio, 1816.

Carolina, Principassa di Galles.

Cacophony.

In the reign of Elizabeth a proposal was made to abolish the Irish language. When it was urged that the extinction of a tongue in which an ancient nation had spoken and written for so long a period would be an act of singular injustice, it was replied that the language was so barbarous it was not worth preserving, and the advocates of the measure repeated to the queen, in proof of it, the following sentence of genuine Irish, which sounded as it is here spelled—"dhuv dhauve ev ooove auve;" which literally means, "a black ox eat a raw egg." The queen, it is said, moved by this cacophonous example, assented to the project, satisfied that any language was not worth preserving which admitted of such a juxtaposition of sounds. But there is no language in existence that is not susceptible of a similar, and even more harsh, combination of words. In Greek poetry is the following line in Homer, which it is impossible to pronounce, yet the critics applaud it for its very cacophony:—

"Trichtha te kai tetrachtha diatruphen êkpese cheiros."

In Latin is an hexameter which almost dislocates the organs of speech to pronounce. It occurs in Alvary's prosody, and begins with "Gryps, Thrax, Phryx," &c.

But the most curious cacophony occurs in French; not made for any combination of sound, but used in common discourse. During the insurrection at Paris, a magistrate directed a chain to be drawn across one of the streets to cut off a communication, and finding it not done as soon as he wished, he cried out, "Qu' attend on donc tant? Que ne la tend on donc tôt?"

Scrawing.

Miss Edgeworth justly remarks in her Essay on Irish Bulls, that even in the slang of the common Irish, there is a figurative form of expression, which that of the common English wants, and to prove it she exhibits specimens of both. That of the latter is unintelligible nonsense, where a word of uncouth sound, but utterly unmeaning import, is substituted as a name for a thing well known, while that of the former is a string of metaphors, and ingenious associations. So it is with Irish legends; there is a sense in their extravagance, a meaning or allusion of a very serious and solemn kind, mixed up with some of their wildest fictions.

I attended, on one occasion, a funeral in Ireland, and an odd circumstance interrupted the service;—a cow followed the procession for a considerable distance along the road, and when the corpse was about to be interred, rushed in among the people, and attempted to toss the coffin on her horns; and it was with some difficulty she was driven away by the spades and shovels of the sexton. On our return we talked of the extraordinary impression made upon the senses of the animal, whether of sight, or sound, or smell, that had occasioned such an unusual excitement; but one of the company at once accounted for it by confidently asserting that the cow had not been *scrawed*. On asking him to explain what he meant by the expression, he did so in the following words, “There are three weeks,” said he, “before and after Whitsuntide that are called Trinity weeks, and three days out of these are called *cross-days*; for if any thing, whether man or

beast, be born on one of those days, it will surely have the blood of some person on it before it dies, barring it's *scraw'd*. Now no one can tell which are the three cross-days of the Trinity, so whenever a child is born, or a calf is yeaned, about Whitsuntide, they lay it on the ground, and cut three scraws or sods, which are placed on it, so as that it is buried like, as soon as it comes into the world. After that, it becomes a new thing, and the evil of its ould life is destroyed. A brother's son of my own was born on a Whitsun-Monday, which, they say, is the crossest day in the year, so they thought it right to put the charm on him, and what do you think, but he died before the end of the year."

"Then the charm did him no service, it seems," said I.

"I ax your pardon, Sir," said he, "it was all God's doing, he died before he had the blood of a Christian on him, which God saw would happen to him if he did not in his mercy take him out of the way. My uncle's widow had a cow which calved on a Whitsun-Tuesday, so the neighbours said the calf ought to be scrawed; but the widow was a woman that got an edication up in Dublin, and she said it was all old women's stories, and she would not have it done. One said she was right, and another said she was wrong, and at last it was agreed to ask the priest, and he said, as was proper, by his advice. Father Tom had a power of book-larning, surely, and a good man he was, but he had a prejudice like against the customs of the country, and was for setting his face against them; so when he came, he said it was superstitious folly and the like, and he kicked the scraws into the gripe which they had just cut for the calf. Well, Sir, the calf

grew to be a cow, and a wicked cow she turned out. The widow's daughter, a slip of a girl about fourteen, was crossing the bawn one morning where she was milking, and the cow suddenly made at her, and she had just time only to clap the half-door of the biar after her, when the cow was upon her, and nearly broke the door to pieces trying to get at her. The mother, after this, repented that she would not suffer the evil thing to be taken out of the cow; but she made the best of a bad bargain, and sould her to a quaker gentleman, who put her to graze on the hill of Rathcool. A farmer's wife, who lived near the hill, went out one day to buy hucksties, but it was a lone place, and she had far to go before she came to the shop. She was great with child, and near the down-lying, and she left seven more behind her on the floor. When she bought the little things she wanted, she put them in the tail of her petticoat, and turned it over her head, and was returning home over the hill. The cow let her pass till she got to the top, and turned down at the other side, and then she was seen like mad by some labourers digging potatoes, running up the hill after nobody, for the woman had disappeared at the other side. Well, Sir, the woman's husband thought it long she was staying from the children, so he set out to look for her, and there he found her at the bottom of the hill quite dead; she was ripped up by the cow, and the twins that she was carrying lying beside her on the grass, and the cow, with her bloody horns, grazing near them."

"That's a sad story," said I.

"It surely is, Sir," said the man, "but there's more of it yet. The creatures were brought home on a door, and

put into the same coffin, and when they were waking, the cow came from the hill and ran bellowing about the house all night. And the next day, when they were brought to be buried, she followed the funeral to Rathcool churchyard, and when the coffin was laid down, ran in among the people, like the cow to-day, and smelled to it, and it was as much as they could do with the spades and shovels to drive her away, and let the corpses be quietly buried."

"What was done with the cow at last?" said I.

"The neighbours," said he, "saw she was not right, and surely she was possessed by some bad thing on the cross-day, which was never charmed out of her. The woman's husband got a gun, and went to the gentleman that owned her, and insisted on shooting and burying her. The gentleman at first said again it, 'But,' says the man, 'if a Christian is put to death for killing another, why should not a beast, who sent not one but three persons to face their God without any preparation?' So he shot the cow out of hand, and then they dug a hole on the spot, and buried her at last under the scraws, which they ought to have done at first, and so prevented all the mischief."

What became of the cow that disturbed our funeral I had no opportunity afterwards of knowing. It is highly probable she was put to death, and buried as possessed of some evil thing. It struck me, however, that regenerating the animal by scrawing, burying the old bad thing supposed to be in it, and so bringing a new creature to life, had its origin in a distorted and figurative view of a solemn religious impression. I found on inquiry, that a mischievous cow had actually done as the man had reported, and the

vivid fancy of the people had accounted for it as he said, and treated the beast accordingly.

Origin of Poetic Sentiment.

I was once called on to visit a poor man that was lying sick. I found him in the corner of a waste cabin by the road-side, stretched on a little straw, with a few cold potatoes and a broken mug of water beside him. His head was supported in the lap of a young woman; she had thrown her red cloak over him as his only covering, her hand was pressed upon his forehead, and she was gazing on him with a look of unutterable interest and affection. I proposed to have him removed to an hospital; but the common Irish have generally a strong objection to it, because they think it separates them from their friends at a time when they should be more closely united to them, and so implies a want of feeling or affection in those who suffer it. When I urged to the woman the destitute state in which the man was, she took up one of the cold potatoes, and looking at him, she said with an expression of deep feeling, "Sure, Ahagar, it's but little we want here, and that same not long." No doubt Goldsmith, whose memory was stored with the sentiments and phraseology of the peasantry of his country, had taken the idea of his beautiful couplet from some similar expression he had heard among them:—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Raining Fishes.

I acted for some time as chaplain to the 36th Regiment on their return from India, and, chatting one day after dinner at the mess, I asked them did they ever witness that curious phenomenon of raining fishes, so often but so vaguely mentioned by writers. Several told me they had frequently found small fishes after heavy rains on the flat roofs of the verandahs, but they all concurred in bearing testimony to the following fact :—When they were stationed at Bangalore, and were one day at dinner, the mess-man ran in to tell them the sentry at the mess-room door had reported, that it was raining fishes. They all started up from table, and rushed out to witness the curious phenomenon. A sudden and heavy shower had just passed, but had left behind it several pools in which small fishes were floundering about, and others were lying dead where there was no water. One of the officers had taken the precaution to put on his hat before he went out into the rain ; on their return to the mess-room a small fish was found in the cock of it. The report of this phenomenon is not confined to India, but similar things are recorded to have occurred in our own country. On the 9th of March, 1810, the inhabitants of the island of Ulva, in Argyleshire, were astonished to find numbers of small herring-fry strewed over their fields after a shower of rain, so fresh as to be fit to be eaten, and some of them even in which life was not altogether extinct. A gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, assured me he knew such a thing to occur in a farm of his on the sea-shore. They had drawn

up sea-wrack to manure some potatoe-ground, as is usual; on going out next day to spread it, they found a number of small fishes apparently the fry of sprats or herrings, scattered about on the heaps and on the field between them, which afterwards, he supposed, contributed much to the fertilizing property of the sea-weed. I have never seen these things myself, and the credit of them depends on the authority of the narrator, *fides penes auctorem*. They are accounted for, by supposing a waterspout raising them up with the fluid, when a small fry happened to be floating on the surface within the circle of its influence; and I was witness on land to an analogous fact. It was a gusty day, and I was watching some columns of dust which the eddies of wind were raising in different parts of the road, and moving from place to place in miniature representation of those magnificent pillars of sand, which travellers describe in the deserts of Africa. Suddenly a violent gust came on, which seized some hay and straw in a neighbouring farm-yard, and raised it to a considerable height, without breaking the mass. It then dispersed, and was born along to a great distance, raining hay, straw, and bits of wood heavier than small fishes, for a mile along the road.

Hair turning suddenly grey.

There is no fact so well authenticated as this, and none which has been so unsatisfactorily accounted for. Some affirm that it arises from the contraction of the skin about the roots of the hair, and hence polar animals in winter change their colour, from the effect of cold contracting the

vessels; to which moral writers add, that it is a wise precaution of a good providence as a protection of the animal against its enemies, by changing its colour to that of the snow in which it lies unobserved and secure. The moral cause may be just, but certainly the physical one is unfortunate, for the inhabitants of cold climates are less liable to this change than those of warm ones, and Swedes and Russians do not become grey so soon as Spaniards and Italians. But if it were true in general, it would not at all account for that sudden change which takes place in all climates in persons afflicted or terrified. In these latter cases, a medical friend suggests to me that it arises from the diminution of the vital powers by the depressing passions, which deprive the minute vessels supplying the colouring matter to the hair of the power of acting, so that either they cease to supply it, or the absorbing vessels take it up faster than they pour it out—and thus grief, terror, debility, fever, and age, operate in this way, and produce the same effect. It is an objection to this, however, that in young persons whose hair becomes changed from any depressing or debilitating cause, the colour should be restored when the constitution is again invigorated, and the vessels have again the power to act; but to this it is replied, that the vessels are so fine and minute, that if once they lose their functions they become obliterated, and can never be again stimulated to action.

Be the theory as it may, the facts of the hair changing in a short time from grief, and suddenly from terror, are as curious as they are certain. Of the first the young and beautiful Queen of France affords a well-known and melancholy example. The fine hair of this unfortunate

lady, from one year of suffering and affliction, became as white as snow. The sudden effect produced by terror is recorded by Pennant, in his *Account of Scotland*, and which was told to me by the people when I visited the Hebrides. A young peasant of St. Kilda proceeded, with his companions, to rob an eagle's nest. It was situated on the ledge of a cliff, inaccessible from below, and only to be reached from above, by letting down a person to it, suspended by a rope. This was prepared ; the young peasant attached himself to it, and was lowered by his companions over the projecting ledge above. He had provided himself with a Highland broadsword, to protect himself against the parent eagles, should they return while he was taking the young ; so he held the cord by one hand while he wielded his weapon in the other. When he was suspended at the level of the nest, one of the eagles did return, and made a stoop at him ; in aiming a blow with the sword, he missed the bird, but struck the rope ; it twisted round as if about to break, and he perceived he had cut it nearly across, and he remained suspended over the precipice by a single strand, or twist, which was so strained that he expected every moment it would separate. In this state, he was drawn up by his companions in safety, but so agitated that he fainted. When they took off his hat to give him air, they were surprised to see that his dark hair had become white in the short interval during which he was suspended over the cliff, and it continued so all his life.

Another circumstance of this kind is recorded to have happened lately in London. At the funeral of the late Duke of York, a gentleman descended into the vault to

copy some inscription. He was so absorbed in what he was engaged in, that he forgot the time till he was roused by a loud clap of a door, which he found was that which closed up the vaults. It rushed upon his mind that the vault would not be again opened till another interment, so he concluded himself buried alive. In the first access of terror, he sunk into a state of insensibility. From this he recovered, and then a gleam of hope shot across his mind, that the undertaker would return, as usual, to take away the plumes and other decorations which had been left during interment on the coffin, and so he had a chance of deliverance if he could survive so long. This supported him, and the next day they did come for the purpose, and he was released. He was discovered in a state of total exhaustion, and almost fatuity ; when he was sufficiently collected to feel lesser ailments, he complained of an intense pain in his scalp, and it was found that his hair, which was very dark, almost black, had in the course of the few hours of his confinement, become grey ; the process of discolouration seemed to be going on, and in a short time it became white.

To these accounts I can add one more, from my own personal knowledge. A young and comely married lady in Dublin, remarkable for the beauty of her hair, was accustomed to drive in her jaunty-car with some of her family every day during the summer, to Clontarf, to bathe. On one occasion, her horse, a very spirited animal, took fright, and ran furiously along the strand road. The people with her on the car, were either thrown, or threw themselves off. She alone clung to the rails, and in this way was hurried along in the highest state of terror and

excitement. At length the wheel came in contact with a rock which projected from the side of the road, and the car and horse were both upturned. When the people came to her relief, she was discovered under the car in a state of insensibility. From this she recovered, but her leg and arm were found to be broken. A violent fever supervened, and her medical attendants thought it necessary to have her hair cut off. The barber who attended me, was the person sent for. He had often cut and dressed her hair before, and he anticipated, in the way of his business, the beautiful and valuable tresses he was likely to obtain on the occasion. He, next day, complained to me of his disappointment. He could not recognise that which he had so much admired a few weeks before—it was quite grey; the specimen he showed me as a curiosity, was like that of a woman of seventy years old.

Vegetable Irregularity.

The wonderful harmony of all parts of the vegetable world, the singular permanence and regularity of those minute marks, on which botanists have founded their general and specific distinctions, are among the decided proofs that a wise and careful Providence suffers nothing that it has made to become confused or obliterated; and the same small projections and indentations, and other seemingly accidental and insignificant parts, which distinguished one plant from another at the creation, do so unchanged at the present day. Solomon's treatise on Botany is unfortunately lost, but it is highly probable he described "the cedar of Lebanon and the hyssop that groweth out

of the wall," with the same characteristic distinctions as Linnæus. There was nothing that struck me so much in the East as this unaltered character of the vegetable world; and whenever I compared a plant with the description of Theophrastus or Dioscorides, I found all the characters exactly as they described them, more than two thousand years ago. There are some plants whose habits deviate from those of the rest in a most remarkable manner and seem like *lusus naturæ*, but their very irregularities are equally permanent. The *Colchicum Autumnale*, or meadow saffron, is a striking instance of this. The flowers appear in autumn without any leaves to cover or conceal them, and they are therefore called, naked ladies; in March following, leaves spring up, and in April, seed-vessels rise from the ground; the seeds ripen in May; and the germ is buried with the root. All which circumstances are exceptions to the general order of vegetation in other plants which flower in spring, ripen seeds in autumn, and bear germs above ground with the blossom. Its juice also is exceedingly acrid, and highly poisonous. These characteristics are described by Dioscorides, who is thus particular lest people, deceived by the bulb of the plant, should eat it, and so be poisoned. I found it in abundance in the East in places where he probably saw it, and I was often amused with watching its peculiarities. He says, it came from Colchis, and hence its name. It was probably one of the *dira barbaræ venena Medææ*, with which, however, she restored strength to the old and gouty limbs of Æson. It is remarkable that the plant is used for the same purpose at the present day. Though highly poisonous it proves the principal ingredient in the celebrated

eau medicinale, which has effected such cures in arthritic cases, and so restored young vigour to the limbs of many an old and gouty Æson.

Crossing the Equator.

There is no circumstance more curious, nor yet more involved in mystery, than the origin of that practice, so universal among all the nations of Europe, the ceremonies of baptism to which all those of the crew are obliged to submit, who for the first time cross the Equator. It is so remarkable a circumstance that it is not left unnoticed by any writer who has passed the line, though the earliest speak of it as an old custom long practised by the people of every country. Baptism, or immersion in water, is invariable in all, though the ceremonies and personages attending it are different. The English lather the catechumen with a composition of tar and tallow, and shave him with an iron hoop, a process which the polite French omit; but in the frigate in which I passed the Equator for the first time, there were among the personages a bear and a bear-leader, which, I was told, had an astronomical allusion to *Ursa Major* and *Arctophylax*, a tincture of science which I have not observed in the absurd ceremonies recorded of any other nation.

It appears that the usage, though now confined to the Equator, was formerly extended to other places. The following circumstance I do not find noticed by any writer who has detailed the ceremonies of the Equator. It occurs in the *History of the Buccaneers of America*, written in various languages. The author sailed from

Havre-de-Grace in 1666 ; and in passing the dangerous shoal at the mouth of the river Ras, on the coast of France, the ceremony of baptism was performed on all who were in the ship, who had not passed it before. The master's mate clothed himself in some fantastic robes, holding in his right hand a wooden sword, and in his left a pot of ink. He commanded all the uninitiated to kneel down, and made the sign of the cross on their forehead with ink, struck them on the shoulders with the wooden sword, and then caused a bucket of sea-water to be cast upon them. Each of the baptized finally made oblation of a bottle of brandy, by laying it beside the mainmast, and then silently departed.

The Dutch practised a similar ceremony in passing the rocks called Berlingers, on the coast of Portugal. The person to be baptized was hoisted three times to the main-yard by a tackle, and then let down, and dipped in the sea. Each paid a small sum which was laid out in wine at the next port, and drunk by the crew. This ceremony, they say, was instituted by Charles V.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY ISABEL HILL.

I come, a lowly caroller, to greet this happy morn,
And bless the sacred festival when Mary's Son was born ;
All ye good hearts who suffer now, remember how he
died,
And our Father's will in patience as obediently abide !
He taught the meek and moral worth which we must
practise here,
To earn a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

All ye who sit by glowing hearths, and feast mid gems
and gold,
Show pity to the homeless ones, the hungry, and the cold ;
Whoe'er befriends th' unfriended now, the way to pardon
wins,
For 'tis God's truth that charity shall cover many sins ;
Forgive each friend who did offend, let him again be dear,
So merry be your Christmas, and happy your New Year !

God bless all noble masters with comfort and with health,
May all their virtues be repaid by honours, fame, and
wealth !

God bless their chaste and faithful dames, and lovely
maidens too,

And brave as constant be the youths who shall their
favours woo !

Long may they live, nor darker dooms for their children's
children fear,

Through many a merry Christmas, and happy New Year !

Ye flowers, who deck the winter's gloom, my native
country's youth,

Oh, be ye pure as sweet and fair, in everlasting truth !

While ye lie dreaming of your dears, may the tuneful
waits alone

Send hymn-like notes, to temper ye with faith's exultant
tone.

May your duteous smiles of every cloud your parents'
prospects clear,

And make each Christmas merrier still, and happier each
New Year.

Then every harmless pleasure on all your kindred be,
And with the friends in foreign lands, far o'er the dan-
gerous sea ;

Lord, guide them safely to thy fold, thence never more to
roam,

And may we meet on earth again, or all make heaven our
home

Full surely now they think of us, who bless them mid the
cheer
Of this our merry Christmas, and our happy New Year.

All the pastimes of the season to the merry and the wise ;
To young and old, to high and low, my cordial wish applies,
To see our Christmas out, and to welcome New Year's
day,
We'll drain a hearty, sober cup, to those who are away,
And send fond looks and kisses round, to every favourite
near,
Whom we wish a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

Some seats, alas ! are void, or filled not now as they have
been,
Ere death the magic circle broke, in days that we have
seen ;
We know not what may be our lot, ere past the next year
rolls,
But, come ! we've lived through many a grief, so peace be
with their souls !
In silence to their memories we'll pour one grateful tear,
E'en while hailing merry Christmas, and, we hope, a
happy Year.

Gentles, my simple carol's done ; and these are not the
times
When bards were sure of golden wreaths, and love for
civil rhymes ;

If lays so homely wring one smile from those they strive
to please,

'Tis boon enough for minstrel heart, in days so chill as
these.

But long may good old England this holiday revere,
And so keep her merry Christmas, to deserve a happy
Year !



